PICTORIAL REVIEW

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Announcing Pictorial Review's $5,000 Achievement Award for 1924

AS ANNOUNCED last month, Pictorial Review's Annual Achievement Award for the American woman making the greatest contribution to the country's artistic, philanthropic, or scientific advancement has been won for the year 1923 by Mrs. Edward MacDowell of the Peterborough Colony, New Hampshire. The story of the fine work Mrs. MacDowell has done and is doing is told on another page in this issue.

This annual achievement award has created wide-spread and enthusiastic interest among our readers, from the humblest housewife in the smallest hamlet to the woman with a successful career in a large city. A flood of letters and telegrams has come into Pictorial Review congratulating the Achievement Award Committee for its happy choice.

And now already women are beginning to ask, Who will be the recipient of the 1924 award? Send your recommendations in early, but be sure to observe the conditions, namely:

The candidate's work must be national in its scope and influence and it is desirable that it be original. It must have been completed or have reached its highest point of success within the year 1924.

The candidate must have received the recognition of an appreciable number of people of standing in her particular field. The award will be made by a majority vote of the judges on the actual record of the candidate and will not be influenced by the number of people recommending her. IT IS NOT A VOTING CONTEST.

While it is highly desirable that the judges be made acquainted with the accomplishments of the candidates, such information should be brief, well authenticated, and in typewritten form.

All recommendations must be made on application-blanks which will be furnished upon request by Pictorial Review.

No recommendation received later than July 1, 1925, will be considered by the judges.

The check will be mailed to the winner before Christmas, 1925, and the announcement of the award for the year 1924 will be made in Pictorial Review for January, 1926.

THE JUDGES

Mr. William Allen White
Mrs. Mary Austin
Dr. Edwin E. Slosson
Mrs. John Dickinson Sherman
Mrs. Robe.t J. Burdette
Julia Arthur. Mr. Clark Howell
Mr. Edward Markham
Dr. Henry Goddard Leach
Mr. Walter L. Clark
Mrs. Charlotte Perkins Gilman
Dr. John H. Finley. Miss Ida Tarbell
Dr. Marion Le Roy Burton
Dr. Sophonisba P. Breckinridge
Mrs. Maud Wood Park
Mrs. Henry W. Peabody
Madam Louise Homer
Miss Rose Brenner. Mrs. Michael Gavin
Miss Mary Van Kleeck

An Extraordinary Feature

A Lifetime with "Mark Twain"

The Memories of Katy Leary, for Forty Years His Faithful Servant and Friend

Recorded by Mary Lawton

Many books have been written about Samuel L. Clemens ("Mark Twain"), critical essays, appreciations, biographies, but for a real human picture of the man, of his family life, his joys, his sorrows, his defeats, his triumphs, this unique reflection of the many-sided author of "Huckleberry Finn" is unrivaled and unsurpassed in American literature.

The recent publication of "Mark Twain's" autobiography, written years ago with the proviso that it should not be published until after his death, only adds additional interest to this intimate record of Katy Leary's forty years in the Clemens household.

You who knew "Mark Twain," you who know of him through his books, will appreciate every word of this really great human document, which is illustrated with many rare and hitherto unpublished photographs. To be published in four parts, beginning in Pictorial Review for April.

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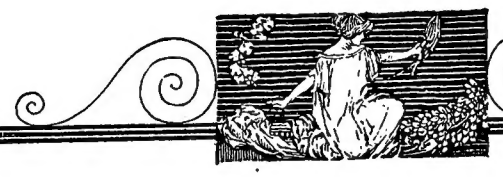

Dish-Washing and the Death-Rate

An Editorial by Ida Clyde Clarke

WHO would dream that such things as dish-washing have any bearing on the death-rate? And yet there are those who seem to think that they have. One of them is the head of a great life-insurance company.

Now, life-insurance companies are not philanthropic institutions, and the men who run them are not paid to uplift humanity or save the world by employers who are altruistic reformers.

Life-insurance companies are, strictly speaking, hard-boiled commercial institutions, whose major object is to make money. These companies and those who manage them are usually sordid realists, not ecstatic idealists. But they have learned through many years of experience that it pays in dollars and cents to decrease the death-rate and to teach people to keep physically fit to keep at their jobs. They have learned that for every million dollars expended in finding out how to prolong human life and prevent disease a million dollars is saved.

That is why they can afford to employ highly trained men and keep them at work year after year exploring every field of science—biology, sociology, psychology, and the rest of them. That is why they are able to set master minds at work to study, analyze, criticize, and experiment with every new discovery, every new theory. That is why they find it to their interest to have experts constantly gathering, tabulating, analyzing, and charting information and statistics of all kinds from all fields.

But, you ask, *has* life been prolonged? *Are* people learning to keep their bodies sounder and healthier—to live more comfortably and more happily?

The scientist will answer with an emphatic "Yes." He will show you neat little charts, which are deadly and dull to the average person, but which are the breath of life to his scientific, sanitary soul. These little charts, if you will study them a moment, carry a message vibrant with hope for suffering humanity in their little wavering black lines. The newest of them, prepared from statistics gathered from among 18,000,000 life-insurance policyholders—among whom an intensive health campaign has been waged—indicates that 52,600 people were alive at the end of 1924 who would be dead had the death-rate of ten years ago been maintained.

Something over 5,000,000 of these policyholders are women, and here, for the first time, a first-hand study has been made at close range of the physical ills and frailties of millions of average American women in the ordinary walks of life—largely, it is presumed, women engaged in industrial pursuits themselves or wives of industrial workers.

Now, if any person has found any way to prolong the lives of these millions of women and make them healthier and happier we want to learn the formula and broadcast the good news. Mr. Hoover has found in his investigation of national waste that the greatest economic loss to the nation comes from the waste of human energy through slight and preventable illness and death. He estimates this loss to be $3,000,000,000.

What has been the greatest contributing factor in prolonging the lives of women and preventing illness and disease? Believing that the answer to this question would be of priceless value to our readers, Pictorial Review put it squarely to the director of a great life-insurance company. He was thoughtful for a few moments. Then he took from his files a pamphlet just from the press—a pamphlet which he planned to place in the hands of millions of women, and he put it before his questioner. "After years of experience," he said, "and in the light of facts and statistics, I am convinced that it is such things as this. Our welfare work is certainly responsible for the results we have attained."

And the subject of the pamphlet was "Dish-washing"!

Yes, believe it or not as you like, science is convinced that women who allow machines to do the drudgery for them in their housework live longer and are healthier and happier! Cold science says that any woman who will bend her back, stand on her feet until they ache, and concentrate on tedious tasks that a senseless, soulless machine can do better and in less time, is as senseless as the machine and will come, in time, to be as soulless.

We live in a mechanical age. There is now some sort of machine that is quite capable of doing nearly every tedious task about the house that needs to be done—many of these machines are easy to manipulate and economical to operate. No wonder the death-rate was higher among women when we wielded by hand a heavy broom on our rugs and carpets every day, and took them up at intervals to give them a good personally applied beating, pounding away at the life of the fabric and expending in the process enough physical energy to last a month of real, joyful living. Not only did we give the carpet more hard wearing during one such treatment than it would have had in a season, but we absorbed, as we worked, particles of dust into our eyes, skin, and lungs. Now, *weren't* we stupid!

Beating a carpet, or doing any piece of average drudgery connected with housekeeping, regularly and monotonously over a long period of time, will automatically short-circuit every current of thought we may have sent flowing through our thinking apparatus. That's why so many of us are kitchen-minded. We've drudged our lives away, short-circuited our thought-currents, atrophied our minds, and closed our souls to beauty and joy so long that we don't know how to live. No wonder we live hardly and die easily. No wonder the sordid scientists and the policy-writers are trying to save us from ourselves.

Yes, statistics tell us that women who keep house happily and easily, with modern conveniences with a background of sound scientific information as to food, clothing, etc., are the healthiest and the happiest women in the world and that they live longest. They say that modern-minded women live longer and live better than kitchen-minded women.

There is no money value that can possibly be placed on the great wealth of scientific information that is available to the American housewife. And it is entirely free. The manufacturers of food products have home economic experts on their staffs. Like the life-insurance companies, they don't do this

CONTINUED ON PAGE 72

Martha Ostenso Wins Pictorial Review's Prize-Novel Award

ONLY twenty-four years old, Martha Ostenso, the product of Minnesota and Manitoba, has been awarded the $13,500 prize offered by Pictorial Review, the Dodd, Mead Publishing Company, and the Famous-Players Lasky Corporation for the best first novel by an American author. Miss Ostenso is the only daughter of Norwegian parents, with whom she came to this country when she was a tiny child. She has been to college in Canada, taught school in the country, and taken night courses at Columbia University.

We consider Martha Ostenso a genius and her novel of pioneer life in the Northwest a literary achievement. The call of the land, the suppressed emotions of a meek mother and a fanatical father, and the passionate yearning of a young girl for release from her tragic inheritance and sordid environment make the story. The present title of the book is "Wild Geese." During the current year it will appear in Pictorial Review. It is vivid, dramatic, and compelling.

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Add golden years

Free Sample Package

and book of recipes showing many dainty and economical ways in which Wheatena may be served. Write today!

Try Wheatena Bread

½ tablespoon sugar
1½ teaspoons salt
2 tablespoons shortening
1¾ cups boiling water
1 yeast cake dissolved in
¼ tablespoons lukewarm water
¾ cup uncooked Wheatena
3 cups flour

Add sugar, salt and shortening to water. When lukewarm add dissolved yeast cake. Add flour and WHEATENA and mix well. Turn out on floured board and knead for 5 minutes. Place in bowl, cover, and set in warm place to rise. Knead dough again for 5 minutes. Form into loaf and let rise nearly to top of pan. Bake in moderate oven (340 degrees F.) about 50 minutes. Brush top with melted butter and cool on wire rack.

Begin whole wheat today!

Golden Wheatena is bringing the nation to health-giving whole wheat through its irresistible flavor!

Millions of children and grown-ups eat it for its goodness every day. And every day, this easily-digested, nourishing food is also sending perfect nourishment to every muscle, bone, and tissue, helping Nature to give extra energy for play and work, and to add golden years to their lives.

The healthful vitamines; tissue-building proteins; bone-making mineral salts; *bran*, the natural regulator; and *even the little golden heart of the wheat*, with its energy-giving carbohydrates—all are retained from choicest winter wheat by the exclusive Wheatena method of roasting.

Golden wheatfields! Golden Wheatena! Golden years added to the lives of the nation.

Your grocer has Wheatena, or will get it for you. Get the yellow-and-blue package today—for a delicious whole wheat breakfast tomorrow.

The Wheatena Company, Wheatenaville, Rahway, N. J.

Wheatena

Out of the wheat field cometh strength!

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OHIO

"I am so impressed by the many good qualities of P and G The White Naphtha Soap, that I am moved to send this note of commendation. The use of this soap not only makes clothes whiter but at the same time lends such a clean odor and makes cleaning so easy, that I am sure there is no soap quite so good for the general household. P and G means 'perfectly great' to me."

Mrs. W. J. S.,
Dayton, Ohio

OHIO *and* ARIZONA

2,000 *miles apart, but neighbors in their choice of this* white *laundry soap*

IF you should travel from Cleveland, say, across Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Missouri, Kansas, Oklahoma and Texas to Tucson, you would scarcely expect to find the women in Arizona enthusiastically using exactly the same laundry soap as those in Ohio used.

Nevertheless, as you looked out upon the lines of glistening white clothes, you could be sure that the majority of them had been washed with P and G The White Naphtha Soap, because P and G is the largest-selling laundry soap in Ohio and Arizona, just as it is in most of the other states covered by your trip, and in the country at large.

What a recommendation for a soap! And how much it really means to you!

For it is clear that such wide favor must be based upon good reasons.

And it is. Here are the outstanding ones, as given to us by women themselves —women who have used all kinds of soaps and have decided for P and G.

P and G is *white*, and women who are careful and discriminating seem instinctively to prefer a white soap.

P and G keeps *clothes* white and colors fresh, because it washes clean.

P and G washes clean with less labor because it gives a fine, rich suds—in any kind of water, and in water of any temperature.

P and G requires much less hard rubbing, much less frequent boiling. Yet it is *safe*—it acts on dirt, not on fabrics or colors.

Finally, P and G rinses out thoroughly, thus preventing all grayness and soap odors.

Just try P and G for a few weeks and watch your clothes regain their fresh, new look. See how much time and labor it saves. Use it for all your household cleaning, too.

There is no mystery about the national supremacy of P and G—it is simply a better soap.

PROCTER & GAMBLE

ARIZONA

"When I first began to keep house, laundering and dishwashing were two of my biggest worries. Finally someone suggested that I try P and G Naphtha Soap. I did and found it entirely satisfactory as my using it for the past three years will testify. It cleans the clothing with less rubbing and does not injure delicate fabrics; it makes a suds in the hardest of water without the additional use of washing powders; and it does not hurt the hands."

Mrs. L. D. S.,
Globe, Arizona

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At Last the Real Novel of Motion-Picture Life—The Story You've Been Waiting For

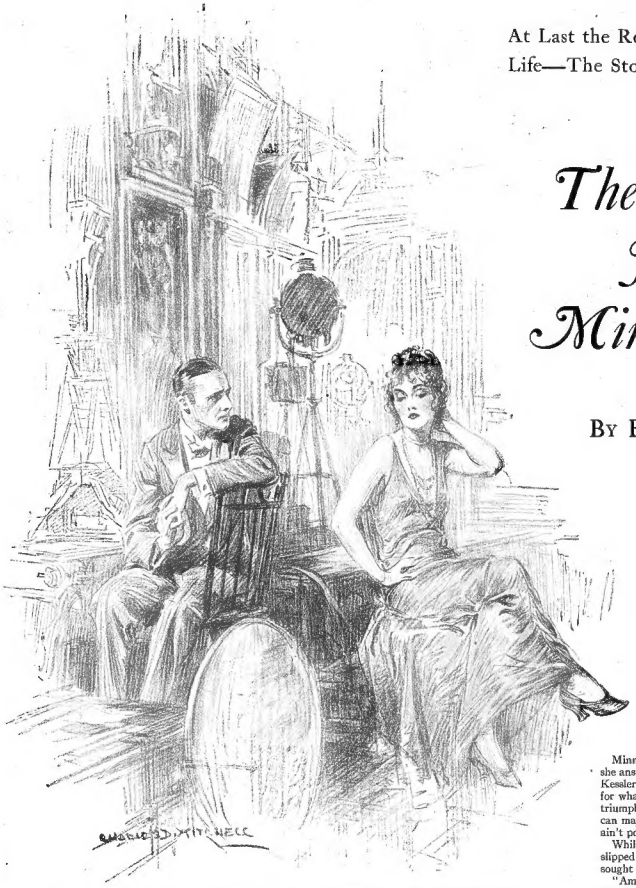
The Rise and Fall of Minnie Flynn

By Frances Marion

Illustrations by Charles D. Mitchell

Complete in Four Instalments

Part Two



"MINNIE TRIED TO IMITATE ALICIA'S DISDAINFUL EXPRESSION AS SHE ANSWERED, 'I'VE ACCEPTED ALL I'M GOIN' TO FROM YOU, AL KESSLER.'"

The Story of the Story

AN AROMA of boiling cabbage and an atmosphere of family quarrels always hung over the flat in which Minnie Flynn lived with her father, an anemic plumber; her mother, a household drudge; Nettie, her sickly sister; and Jimmy and Pete, two husky brothers. Minnie made nine dollars a week, slaving in the Odds and Ends Department Store, but she was young and pretty and pleasure-loving and yearned for comforts and gay clothes.

Her beau in the butcher business, Billy MacNally, dreamed of matrimony; but, to Minnie, meat and romance could not mix, so his attentions were only tolerated. Then at a dance one night Minnie met a movie actor who promised her a place in his company. Overcome by Al Kessler's tales of grandeur, the whole Flynn family fell in with Al's schemes to make a movie queen of Minnie.

Introduced to the manager by Kessler and backed up by Eleanor Grant, an acquaintance of the dressing-room —once a screen favorite, but now a back number—Minnie is allowed to "listen in" at a trial act, having been promised a position in the mob scene of a big set. Bacon and Binns, the moving forces, get the machinery going, and Minnie Flyan, all eyes and young emotions, is launched upon a career of—"watchful waiting." (*The story continues.*)

THE afternoon brought no definite advance to Minnie. Bacon succeeded in getting to his satisfaction only his "big scene"; so Minnie sat there all day long, waiting to be called. The interest of watching didn't hold her very long; she was too restless and eager to be a part of it. Twice Al Kessler drifted over and made overtures, only to be repulsed.

"You certainly look sweet, honey; you certainly look sweet," he murmured in his most caressing tone. "I'm glad Eleanor fixed you up the way she did. But if she hadn't you can bet I would of done it. I certainly would, honey."

Minnie tried to imitate Alicia's disdainful expression as she answered, "I've accepted all I'm goin' to from you, Al Kessler, and I want you to know you showed yourself up for what you was this morning." Then with undisguised triumph as she turned to walk away from him, "I guess I can make some friends without your help, Mr. Kessler; I ain't poison-ivy."

While Bacon was rehearsing the leading woman, Eleanor slipped away from her tiresome post by the stairway and sought out Minnie.

"Am I getting on, Eleanor?" Minnie asked eagerly. "Do you think I got a chance here with Binns that nice to me?"

Eleanor nodded. She had been through enough to make her bitterly cynical. "Play them for all they're worth, Minnie," she advised, "and give them nothing. You don't have to. And you can get away with it—I mean with the small fry. Of course, it's different with the big ones. They're worth landing, especially if they've got something you want. Gee, if you could only get a fellow like Hal Deane interested in you, or Binns. They'd treat you decently. I've heard it rumored that Binns is going West to be the studio-manager of the new organization."

"Al Kessler told me to put the works on Letcher, Eleanor. I've certainly done it, too."

"I see you have. But that's just what I'm advising you against. Letcher is a four-flusher. He's just old Bacon's echo, and Bacon's got no real confidence in him. You can't go very far with a fellow like that. He belongs to the little fry I'm talking about."

"But, Eleanor, don't any of the girls make good by themselves?" asked Minnie.

"Sure they do," replied Eleanor; "lots of them. Only that's the hardest way around."

"But if you've got talent as an actress?" persisted Minnie, her mind flashing back to the time when her

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imitations had amused the girls in the "odds and ends." "I don't like to seem conceited, but everybody says I'm cut out for the stage, Eleanor. I've acted all over the place ever since I was a kid, like Mary Pickford," she added. "I was readin' in a movie magazine only the other night how Mary Pickford began her career when she was five years old. She didn't need a pull to get on, did she?"

"Sure she didn't. But how many Mary Pickfords are there? Thousands of girls in the moving-picture business—and only one Mary."

They were standing in a draft, which made Eleanor cough an ugly, strangling cough.

"Gee, Eleanor, can't you do something for it?" cried Minnie. "Don't you think it would help if you kept a cough-drop in your mouth all the time?"

"It's nothing much," reassured Eleanor; "just bronchitis. Say, it's hot in this place, isn't it? Let's ask Letcher if we haven't time to go to the dressing-room."

"Anything your little heart desires," Letcher assured her, after looking around to make sure that Bacon was out of hearing. "I'll run up and call you myself when you're wanted."

UP IN the dressing-room the two girls discussed Minnie's serious need of a wardrobe. Without doubt she would work the following day, as Bacon hadn't finished with his ballroom scenes. Eleanor said if she were only in a position to give Minnie her evening gown she would do so gladly, but under the circumstances she felt that she couldn't afford such generosity. The gown had cost her—at a sale—fifty-five dollars. The sum made Minnie gasp, for in the second-rate department store where she had worked the most elaborate evening gown had never been marked over forty dollars. Eleanor explained that Minnie could have it for the trifling sum of fifteen dollars.

After much figuring Minnie saw how she could pay for it in ten working-days. That was fair enough, Eleanor said, and it also gave Minnie the chance to buy some other things she needed. Eleanor knew of a shop where Minnie could get an afternoon frock, an evening cloak, extra slippers, and some lingerie. Minnie laughingly repeated the word "lingerie" several times before she could pronounce it. Funny word to call underwear. Eleanor explained that all the girls had their own wardrobes. If they played in costume parts the company would supply the clothes, but there would be dozens of other calls for afternoon teas, garden-parties, boarding-school scenes, and dance-halls.

That evening when Minnie signed the voucher-slip and was given three dollars and a half for her day's work, she paid a dollar and a half on account to Eleanor.

"I feel as if I was cheatin' you to get that classy dress for only fifteen dollars," she said. "I never dreamed of ownin' anything like it. I'll take it home and show the folks. Bet it'll be an eye-opener for them, too."

Minnie's name was on the call-board for the following morning.

"That makes seven dollars in two days," she figured. "And I've been slavin' a whole week in that rotten basement for only nine. Oh, ain't I in luck!" she thought as she hurried from the studio to wait at the street corner for Letcher. "I just as lettie says, I was born with a gold horseshoe in my mouth."

MINNIE and Letcher held hands as they stood in the prow of the Fort Lee Ferry boat. Minnie because she thought it was through Letcher she would make another step toward her goal, and Letcher because he was always pleased to be seen holding hands with a pretty girl.

"I thought you was Al Kessler's sweetie," he told her when he saw she wasn't going to withdraw from him. "And Al stands ace-high with the ladies. I didn't think a poor fat slob like me had a chance."

"Say, you ain't so indifferent to the girls yourself," she said, recalling his attitude in the dressing-room.

"It's just because I don't want to hurt anybody's feelings," he replied. "It's part of my business to kid 'em all along and keep 'em happy. But on my honor, Mineola, I'm not a fellow that often falls for a girl. She's got to be some baby when I do."

"Yeh," she smiled archly, "and what kind of a girl do you fall for?"

"The real kind, sweet and innocent. Say, do you know you made the biggest kind of a hit with me today when you got sore at my freshness. I wouldn't of blamed you if you'd given me a good slap in the face."

"Is that the kind of a girl men really like, even in the movie business?"

"Sure it is. I've known some hard-boiled guys in my day. They hate a woman that's common. You'll see a lot of girls in this game, too, fresh and vulgar. But that don't get 'em anywheres. Look at the men, how they fall for the innocent, sweet girls. Look at me, for instance. I'm sure gone on you."

He drew her closer, and she could feel his warm breath on her cheek. Minnie wanted to play up to him, but his advances repelled her.

Letcher went with her as far as One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street and Broadway. When they paused in the jostling crowd to say good night he was still holding her hand.

"There's such a mob around here nobody will see," he laughed. "Kiss me good night, will you, dearie?"

He bent his fat face toward her, his lips puckered ludicrously.

"You know, I ain't that kind of a girl," Minnie said with a hurt expression.

"But just a little one. There's nothing wrong about a little one."

"I don't think me and you are goin' to be very good friends if you keep that up," she said, drawing away from him, the hurt deepening in her eyes.

"Oh, come now, dearie; I didn't mean anything. You're a sweet little kid and I respect you. On my honor, I'd die rather than lose you for a friend."

Minnie smiled charitably and pressed his hand.

"Of course we'll be friends," she said. "I'd love to have you come up to my house some night. Ma's an awful good cook, and I'll have her get up a chicken stew or some little simple thing like that. She'd be very pleased to meet you. So would my old man."

"Look here," said Letcher suddenly. "You might as well know it right now—I'm married."

"Married!" echoed Minnie. "Honest, you're kiddin', ain't you?"

"No, married and got a couple o' kids, a boy and a girl. Look!"

He drew from his pocket a thumbed photograph of two fat youngsters.

Minnie felt a hot wave of disgust race over her. It blurred out the image of his grinning face.

"Oh," she cried. "Oh, I never would of guessed it. Why didn't Eleanor tell me?"

"You won't be shocked by a little thing like that after you've been around the studios a while," Letcher laughed. "Funny little kid you are. Well, good night, dearie. There is my car. Got to beat it, or the wife's goin' to meet me on the top step with a flatiron. So long, Mineola; see you to-morrow."

Riding down-town in the subway Minnie was almost overcome with fatigue. The paper bundle weighted heavily on its string as she swayed back and forth, clinging to the strap. Why she should think of Billy MacNally she didn't know. Maybe it was only because she was used to him, but, half dreaming, she could almost feel the warm pressure of his kisses. She wondered what he had been doing. She hadn't seen him since she had told him that

"MINNIE BOUGHT A RED-VELVET GOWN, A CHARMEUSE AFTERNOON FROCK, AND A HAT, FOR, AS ELEANOR SAID,

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she couldn't sit in the lower hallway any more on account of her neuralgia, and then he had seen her in the drug-store with Al Kessler, eating an expensive sundae. Poor Billy, he had eyes just like a good dog's. She felt so sorry for him that she made up her mind to send Jimmy to his boarding-house that evening with a note to come on over and see her.

Mrs. Flynn had made dumplings that evening to garnish the stew, but they were cold and soggy by the time Minnie reached home. It was the first night that dinner had ever been delayed for any one member of the Flynn household; but not even Nettie complained as she sat there darning the large holes in a pair of Minnie's stockings.

"I wonder if she'll bring Al home, Ma?" Nettie asked as she glanced into the mirror to see if her hair would meet with Minnie's approval.

"I hope not," Mrs. Flynn replied. "My dinner's absolutely ruined."

"Don't you think Minnie would rather we'd not wait for her?" ventured Mr. Flynn, a pain of hunger gnawing at his stomach.

"Now look here, Pa," protested Nettie, "I'd think you'd have the decency to make that little sacrifice for Minnie. You'll be the first one to ask her for favors when she gets her fifty per."

"Don't, Nettie; your father eats his lunch early, and you stuffin' all the afternoon on pretzels," Mrs. Flynn added accusingly, "it's easy enough for you to wait for your dinner."

When Jimmy came into the dining-room he had on his blue suit.

"Glad you dressed up, dearie," his mother remarked. "It will be kind of a celebration to-night. Minnie's got a lot to tell us, and Pete's comin' over."

"There she is!" they cried at the sound of hurried footsteps on the stairs.

But it was the girl who lived in the flat above them.

Minnie's entrance was different. She came stodgily into the room, lugging the paper bundle now slipping from its loosely tied string. Her face was pallid with fatigue.

"Minnie!" cried her mother in a voice filled with fear. "You didn't lose your job, did you?"

They all pressed forward eagerly.

"Don't worry, friends," she said finally. "Everything's O. K., I guess."

"Gee, Sis, you look all in," Jimmy said sympathetically.

"Don't she, tho?" regretted Mrs. Flynn. "That's all right, Minnie dear, you needn't tell us anything about what you done to-day. You're too tired to talk, ain't you?"

"Yes, I'm awful tired."

"I should think she would be," came Nettie's defense. "Al says it's no cinch to act.

"Did you act very much to-day, Min?"

"Not at all," she answered wearily, "but I guess I will to-morrow."

"She'll act to-morrow," repeated Mr. Flynn. "Just think of it." He had only a vague idea of what acting meant.

"What do you say we dish up, Ma?"

"All right, Jimmy dear. I guess our little girl's half starved."

"No, I ain't, Mama, and I don't want to eat. Had a hot lunch over to the studio—hash with eggs on it. A fellow named Letcher treated me and a personal friend of mine, Eleanor Grant. Say, Ma, she used to have a flat with three darky servants to run it."

Mrs. Flynn made a clucking sound as she hovered over Minnie. "Three servants! Wha'd'you know about that? And I'd be glad to have Mrs. Plots come over once a week to help me with the washing."

"We'll have a couple of Plotses before I'm through with it," said Minnie, leaning back to put her stockinged feet upon the table. "I won't go into no details now, folks, but you can take it for what it's worth—nothin' can stop me after the start I made to-day. Nothin'!"

Minnie didn't join in with the hilarity at dinner, but when Pete and Elsie came over Minnie unwrapped her paper parcel. Their enthusiasm was hysterical.

"Who gave it to you?" asked Nettie. "Al?"

Minnie held up the dress for her mother to touch, but Mrs. Flynn was afraid her grimy hands would soil it.

"No. I bought it. Worth eighty-five dollars and I got it for fifteen."

"You mean to tell me you paid fifteen dollars for a dress, Minnie Flynn! You are an extravagant fool!" Pete shouted.

"Pete's right," wailed Mrs. Flynn. "You could get a coat for that much money, and you need a suit awful bad."

Minnie sat there unnaturally still and waited for them to calm down.

"You're the fools," she said in an even voice, "and if it weren't for pa and Jimmy I wouldn't take the trouble to explain."

"The only thing I want to hear explained is how you got the money to pay for it," challenged Pete, pounding out his words accusingly.

Minnie rose. She steadied herself, trying to hold her anger in check, but the sight of Pete's leering face drove all reason from her, and she cried out in a fierce spasm of angry protest:

"You'll remember that dirty crack, Pete Flynn; you'll remember it. I'm goin' to be rich. D'you get me? *Rich!* I'm goin' to give Jimmy Flynn everything on earth that his heart's set on. I'm goin' to give ma a servant—two of 'em. I'm goin' to give Nettie clothes that'll knock your eye out. I'm goin' to set my father up in the plumbin' business. D'you get me?" Her voice was rising to a hysterical crescendo. Jabbing her finger at Elsie, she screamed with triumphant malice, "I'm goin' to give *her* a real fox fur whether you like it or not. D'you get me?" Then whirling Pete around and seizing him by both lapels, she shook him until her strength ebbed away. "But *you*, you can come crawlin' on your knees to me, starvin'—and I won't give you a crust of bread. That's all I got to say to you, Pete Flynn. Now get up and clear out of here!"

Mrs. Flynn crumpled into a chair with a tortured moan. "Pete," she said, when Minnie had flung herself sobbing on the sofa, "it's your fault this time. You had no business talkin' to your sister that way. I—I'm ashamed of you."

An awed silence fell upon them. Then Pete walked slowly over to the sofa and rested his hand upon Minnie's shoulder.

"Min," he said, "I ain't such a dirty wretch after all. You can take it or leave it—but I'm sorry for what I said. Honest, I'm sorry."

It was a jolly evening after Minnie made up with Pete. Michael Flynn made two trips to Sullivan's; the first time he carried one pail of beer, on the second trip two.

They saved a little of it for Billy MacNally, but when midnight came and he hadn't shown up Pete drank it, toasting to Minnie's future.

AFTER three days' work at the studio set the contacts seemed less formidable to Minnie; the road to success more difficult.

On the third day, when Bacon called her up to his platform, she thought he was going to give her a chance to show what she could do. The day before she had seen Alicia Adams dance for Bacon; so she was prepared to do the only stunts she knew, "The Chink Act" and the imitation of Jeeps, the old floor-walker of the basement. She had practised them the night before at home, and Jimmy, doubled with laughter, had rolled off his chair onto the floor. Of course, her father hadn't laughed, but he had joined in the general applause.

"Well, young lady," said Bacon as Minnie stood before him. "I'm beginning to wonder what you are going to do for us."

Minnie was undaunted by his bantering smile or the

"IF YOU WANT TO LOOK CHIC YOU'VE GOT TO GET YOUR FASHIONS FROM THESE FRENCH MODISTES'"

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sarcasm in his voice. She was getting used to men like him. The girls had told her how Hal Deane often lashed the people working for him with stinging ridicule.

"Have you got anything particular in mind?" she asked, adding with unmasked assurance, "If you ain't I got a couple o' things I can do."

Bacon merely nodded.

"Shall I do 'The Chink Act'?" she asked eagerly. "It's a little stunt I got up by myself."

"Yes, my child; what is it?" asked Bacon. Then lowering his voice for Deane's ears, "Stick around, Deane; I need sympathy. This last week I've been driven almost crazy. We've had three laundresses on the set, two nurse-girls, half a dozen Slovaks, and a flock of married women who stick their kids in day-nurseries to pick up silk-stocking money."

"So have I, Bacon. But what's the use of kicking. There aren't enough people in the theatrical business to supply the studios. We've got to choose from the masses, and there can't be any great discrimination until we've weeded them out. Look at our popular stars. Few of them came from the stage. You know yourself, Bacon, the success of the picture star is nine times out of ten a fluke."

Bacon, irritated, was scratching his head.

"Yes," he said, "I know it, but it's enough to drive a man crazy just the same."

In the pause that followed Minnie stepped forward. "I'm ready," she spoke gaily, tho her voice trembled with nervousness. "Shall I begin now, Mr. Bacon?"

"All right, fire ahead."

She cleared her throat and spoke with a childish roundness and clarity of tone. "I'm pretendin' that I'm a little Chinese girl learnin' to dance like the Americans. Shall I sing the verses that go with it, or just do the act without singing?"

"Oh, go on," ordered Bacon. "I haven't got all day to give you."

Minnie went on. She danced; she pirouetted; she mimicked the high, lisping patter of the Chinese as she sang "Chinky, Chinky Chineeman—sabe washee clo'es."

TWICE Bacon turned away and once he made a motion as if to stop her, but Minnie went right on. Peals of laughter. Letcher had to hold to the sides of his chair. Bacon wiped his eyes more than once. But Deane was like her father; he had no humor; he just stood there looking at her, tugging at the lock of hair that fell over his forehead.

Spurred on by their applause, she fell into "The Jeeps Act." She walked flat-footed; she imitated his wheezy, asthmatic voice.

"That's enough!" shouted Bacon. "Any more of it and I'll blow my brains out."

Funny remark for Bacon to make, but Minnie had given up trying to understand the men in the picture business.

"Rotten cruelty," said Deane, lowering his voice so Minnie couldn't overhear. "I can't get any pleasure out of it. I'd just as soon stand before a caged animal and poke sticks at it. Same principle."

"Nothing of the kind," exploded Bacon. "Animals are sensitive. Look at these creatures. The more you make fun of them the more you compliment them. I haven't had a laugh like this for a week. I tell you, the girl's a moron."

Minnie was parading before them, waving her fan as she walked with a quaint undulating swing of her hips. She held her chin up and arched her eyebrows as all ladies do, according to Eleanor's advice. The excitement was over. She had had her chance and there wasn't a doubt that she had conquered.

"What's the name of that girl, Letcher?" Deane had turned his back on Bacon.

"Her?" exclaimed Letcher incredulously, pointing a fat finger at Minnie.

"Yes, quite an unusual type, isn't she?"

"Solid ivory from the neck up," said Letcher, cued by Bacon's expression of disgust. "Name is Mineola Flynn. You know I've been playin' around her for a couple of days and I honestly thought she had too much sense to pull off a stunt like that. But they're all alike. Their conceit sure makes them targets for us."

But neither Deane's eyes nor ears were for Letcher. He was intently watching Minnie. Then he electrified them by a prophecy that they were never to forget.

"Mark my word, Bacon," he said to them, "that girl is going to rise to the top one of these days. She's got that something which makes for success. If I had time I'd work with the youngster. Yes, she's got the stuff in her. Look at her now. See how her eyes light up, how her mouth trembles under the pressure of any excitement. She's little and lithe. She could be taught to handle herself. I'd like to try and make something out of her."

"I tell you it can't be done!" stormed Bacon again. "The girl's an idiot."

Bacon was antagonized by Deane's enthusiasm, so he took it out on Letcher. "The next time you bring any one like that to me and allow her to take up my time," he said, "I'm going to fire you, do you understand?" Bacon was livid with rage.

"Yes, sir," Letcher said.

The result of this call-down was that Letcher gave Minnie such a surly look as he passed by that fear again lay hold of her. Baffled, she sought the answer to it. Letcher was jealous of her. He was jealous of Bacon. Excited by this thought, she smiled naively at Bacon as she hurried to the dressing-room in search of Eleanor.

"Eleanor," she cried, "everything's worked out great. Bacon called me over, put me through the paces, and you oughta heard him laugh at my stuff. Got a laugh out of everybody but Deane, who was stickin' around for some reason or other, but I don't care."

Eleanor's silence was disconcerting.

"You think I'm gettin' on, don't you, dearie? Tell me the truth, now, ain't I?"

"You're doing very well, Minnie, I guess. Did Bacon promise you anything definite?"

"Sure he did—well, that is—well, anyway he let me go clear through my act without stoppin' me. Say, Eleanor," eager to change the subject, "did Letcher tell you how long we got to work to-day?"

"No, but I heard the head electrician say we'd be stalled this afternoon for lights. They'll need all they've got for Deane's set. He's going to start shooting his big scene to-day. Did you see that Roman banquet-hall, Minnie?"

"Yeh, but I didn't think much of it; nothing cozy about it. Oh, Eleanor, would you mind comin' down to those stores you told me about? I'd like to start gettin' some of my wardrobe on the instalment. I seen the sweetest dress in one of the fashion magazines. Net thought I'd look awfully good in it, a light pink with velvet trimmings, and maybe get a velvet hat to match."

"All right. I'll go with you just as soon as Letcher calls it a day."

LETCHER called it a day at fifteen minutes past three. Minnie, so confident that her name was listed among those to work the following morning, signed her voucher-slip, cashed it, and hurried to meet Eleanor. Neither of them noticed that Letcher avoided saying good-by. They were too busy speculating how much Minnie would need to complete the first layout of her wardrobe. Eleanor suggested three dresses, a suit, and several hats. Minnie had already made three payments to Eleanor, reducing her debt by four dollars and a half.

"Madame Papillon on Fifty-ninth Street keeps a shop where one can get the most remarkable bargains," Eleanor said, "and if you want to look chic you've got to get your fashions from these French modistes."

Minnie bought a red-velvet gown, a charmeuse afternoon frock, and a hat that afternoon, and she had had her first fitting on a very elaborate fur-trimmed serge suit. She paid thirteen dollars on account, three dollars out of her own earnings and ten dollars which Eleanor lent her.

It terrified her when she realized that she was one hundred and thirty-five dollars in debt to Madame Papillon, and that she owed Eleanor Grant thirty-two dollars and fifty cents.

In panic she turned to her friend, and implored her to come for dinner that evening. She insisted so feverishly that Eleanor, who was curious to know what Minnie's family was like, finally accepted.

"HE LAUGHED EXPLOSIVELY. 'SAY, IF YOU CAN'T GET INTO THE MOVIES SUPPOSE WE STEP INTO VAUDEVILLE. HOW ABOUT IT?'"

FORTUNATELY, when Minnie came in her mother was in the kitchen and Nettie visiting down the street. No need to get them all upset over the new wardrobe, so she swiftly slid the box under the bed before she sought her mother in the kitchen.

"Say, Ma," after a perfunctory peck on the cheek, "what you got for dinner to-night?"

"Pigs' knuckles, Minnie, the finest I've seen in Hessleman's this Fall. Billy put 'em aside for me."

"Pigs' knuckles!" shrilled Minnie. "Oh, say, Ma, if that ain't my luck to ask somebody home for dinner and you'd have pigs' knuckles."

"I'd like to know who's comin' to this house that's too good for pigs' knuckles, Minnie Flynn," said her mother indignantly, "with fresh cabbage, too. Pete would rather have it than chicken stew any day."

"Of course he would. He's that common. Cabbage! Phew! It's enough to turn anybody's stummick. We'll never get the house cleared by the time she arrives. Listen, Ma, that girl I told you about, Eleanor Grant, the one who had a flat with three servants, is coming to dinner."

"To-night?"

"Sure. She'll be here in an hour. A girl that's used to everything, Ma, that wears nothin' but silk next to her skin. She's got a hat with real feathers on it just to go to work in."

Mrs. Flynn, spinning around helplessly, wrung her hands.

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"Douse the pigs' knuckles, Ma, the first thing. Then set the cabbage out on the fire-escape. Is Hesselman's closed at this hour?"

"You know it is, Minnie; it's after five-thirty. But Shultz is open. He's got a pretty good line o' cooked meats now."

Minnie flew for her hat and coat. "Do you have to pay cash there?" she screamed to her mother above the roar and rattle of the passing elevated. "All I got left is thirty-five cents."

"What? Thirty-five cents! Why, Minnie Flynn!" her mother gasped. "What have you done with all your money?"

"I got no time for that now. Where's Net?"

"Maybe that's her comin' up the steps. I gave her a dollar to get a bottle of horse liniment for my rheumatism. She's got change from it."

"Nettie! Nettie! Is that you?" shrilled Mrs. Flynn as she rushed into the hallway.

"What's the excitement, Ma?" Nettie came trudging up the stairs, leaning heavily on the wabbly banister. "House on fire?"

"That rich girl Minnie's been goin' with is comin' home for dinner. How much change you got from that dollar?"

"Forty cents. I had to get a package of toothpicks for pa."

Minnie came tearing into the room. "'Lo, Net!" she cried excitedly. "Give me the change, quick! I found a quarter on top of the gas-meter and a couple o' dimes in Jimmy's blue suit. Shall I get cold meats, or what'll I get? Think quick, Ma, for the love o' Mike! Net, you get dressed and fix your hair up while I'm gone, and set the table nice with the red-fringe table-cloth and the paper carnations in the center."

"Minnie Flynn, you talk as if you was out of your head. Carnations on a table when there's food on it!"

"No, I ain't. All swell tables at the studio got flowers on 'em. Burn two punk-sticks. Net, honest, it smells like a dago joint. Ma, see if you can't get Mrs. Molowonsky to loan you her glass butter-and-sugar set. Net, when pa comes in see that he don't take his shoes off. Tell him he's got to keep his coat on all evening if it kills him! Open a quart of peaches, Ma. I'll get a loaf-cake. And be sure to peel the potatoes. I don't want Eleanor to think we're any low-down Irish family that sets the potatoes on in their peelings. How about a can of tomato soup, Ma? We ought to start with some kind of a soup. I wish Mrs. Molowonsky would lend you them soup-plates, too; they're awful up to date."

Mrs. Flynn and Nettie set the table, brushed the gathered dust and lint under the rug, burned the punk-sticks, and laid down the law to the bewildered Mr. Flynn, who came home, as usual, exhausted from his work.

At the delicatessen Minnie bought a can of soup, a can of corn, some cooked macaroni, potato salad, six very thin slices of magenta-colored roast beef, two dill pickles, and half a pound of raisin-cake. On her way home she stopped at Sullivan's, hurried in, through the ladies' entrance, and ordered two quart bottles of beer.

"Barrel-stock?" asked the bartender.

"Not on your life," answered Minnie rather airily; "the best you got!"

"You must be entertainin' society this evening," said Mike, the bartender. "How's your old man?"

"He's all right. Say, if you don't mind, make it snappy; I'm in a hurry."

On her way home she met Jimmy and imparted the news to him, emphasizing the importance of Eleanor's visit.

"You can't tell what may come of this friendship. I've certainly been lucky to meet a girl like her. She knows everybody in the business. You ought to see the way Bacon treats her. Think of it, Jimmy. He used to be workin' for her; when she was a star in the company out West he was only the director and she got more money than he did."

"Like to cop off a girl like that myself," said Jimmy banteringly. "Glad you brought her home with you."

They walked in silence a few moments, then a sharp outcry from Minnie brought them to a sudden halt. She seized hold of Jimmy's arm dramatically.

"Jimmy," she said solemnly, "swear to me on everything holy that you won't forget one thing at the dinner-table to-night." Jimmy raised his right hand.

"SHE WAS HARDLY CONSCIOUS OF HIS PRESENCE. RACING MADLY THROUGH HER MIND WERE FRAGMENTARY PICTURES OF THE HEIGHTS SHE WAS TO CLIMB"

"*Don't ask for any soup!* I only got a can and it's tomato, the kind you can't thin out so well."

Eleanor wasn't astonished at the neighborhood where the Flynns lived. But from Minnie's description she had visualized better surroundings.

Minnie met her in front of the Flynn apartment and tittered nervously an excuse for the dark hallway.

"All apartment halls are dark," said Eleanor, to make her feel comfortable. "I paid two hundred dollars for a flat once and the hallways were terrible."

"You hear that, Mama?" cried Minnie as she drew Eleanor into the apartment. "She paid two hundred dollars for a flat once—and would you believe it, the hallways was as dark as ours. Oh, I'm so excited I almost forgot to introduce you. Eleanor, I'd like to have you make the acquaintance of ma—Mrs. Flynn."

Eleanor's face was paled by the exertion of the long walk up-stairs, and there was a bright-red spot on each cheek, which Minnie thought was poorly laid-on rouge.

"Mrs. Flynn, I'm delighted to meet you," she said with much manner. "I hope I haven't put you out by dropping in unexpectedly."

Mrs. Flynn was bobbing up and down in curtsy, and as she pumped Eleanor's hand she insisted, "Indeed you ain't. I'm always glad to have my daughters bring their friends home for pot-luck any time. We never put ourselves out or go to any extra work for 'em."

A nudge in the back from Minnie made her break off suddenly; unstrung, she pounced upon Eleanor's hat as she drew the hatpins out of it and carried it into the other room.

"You've got a very nice place," said Eleanor to Mr. Flynn, who had come in to be presented. He was wearing his best black suit, which smelled strongly of moth-balls; and his thin, corrugated neck protruded above one of Pete's collars, which was three sizes too large for him.

"Pleased to meet you, Ma'am. Make yourself to home," he mumbled with confused alarm, glancing sidewise at Minnie to see if he were conducting himself according to her orders. "Yes, Ma'am, sit right down and make yourself to home."

"Thank you," said Eleanor with a distant expression in her eyes.

Mr. Flynn's hands made a grating sound as he rubbed them together. When he walked his new shoes squeaked. Just then Nettie appeared, her face coated with a heavy-leaded white powder. Her hair was neatly combed.

"I hope you don't mind the way the house looks," she said to Eleanor politely.

"It looks very nice the way it is," Eleanor said. "I'm sure if any one dropped in unexpectedly on me they'd never find such a well-kept establishment."

"It's not a bad little joint," said Nettie. "We like it pretty well; don't we, Min?"

There was quite a little hubbub when Jimmy arrived. After he had shaken hands with Eleanor he cried, "Well, Miss Grant, what d'you say if we put on the feed-bags?"

"I'd say fine," smiled Eleanor politely. "I guess that's what you'd want me to say."

Strained laughter.

A moment later Minnie's heart fluttered in a panic of fear. Looking up, she caught Jimmy's eyes focused upon the glass butter-dish. She tried to signal to him, but his glance never rose to meet hers. Just when Nettie reached across the table to pass Eleanor

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Love and Lightning Are Similar—You Never Know Where They Will Strike

"'STOP, FOR GRACIOUS SAKE!' CRIED LAURIE. 'IF I WERE MARRYING AN ENGLISH ACCENT I'D LOVE, CHERISH, AND IMITATE IT!'"

Miss FERRY *and Mr.* BARGE

BY LOIS SEYSTER MONTROSS

Illustrations by Nancy Fay

AS SOON as she met the fiancé of her sister, Jan, Laurie began to flirt with him. Laurie had been jilted once, married once, and divorced once, and now at twenty-seven she was back warbling the same old love-song, dashing off the same old arpeggios on her emotional keyboard, but with more brilliance and less fervor.

Jan was different, being younger. Laurie's belief in exotic fragrances, candle-light, waving hair, and pianissimo seemed too romantic to Jan—seemed a slightly old-fashioned reminiscence of anachronistic flapper-ambulation. Jan's mind was direct—a slim, fleet, lissom mind, something like a silver greyhound. She liked straightforward speech, straight, short hair, unscented powder, planked steak, and dawn. She was not as noticeably good-looking as Laurie because she could not take beauty as solemnly, even her own. She had a habit of derision—said "Flubdub!" and "Pishtosh!" frequently with the jerky violence of twenty-two.

Three years ago when Laurie had been jilted, Jan had comforted her with fierce denunciations of the man, Alan Van Madden. "He's only an ass! A poor fish! A perfect cad! Don't cry, Laurie; don't think about him again." It *had* been terrible. An elaborate wedding at the great

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house—orange-blossoms and old lace—shoals of guests—tons of presents—the rector—and the shocking realization that Alan was not coming.

He had simply dropped out of sight at the last minute. And in her heart Jan felt disloyal, for she could not convince herself that he was a cad. His dark eyes had seemed to her beautifully keen and humorous, his mouth a straight line of conviction and mental honesty beneath the likable cynicism of its faintly lopsided black mustache.

One afternoon sitting with him on the low stone wall of the rose-garden she had suddenly been fond of his hands—very thin and tanned and restless. And she usually hated hands. They had talked about how complicated the world was and how they would like to strip it of its overgrowth and find some peace in simplicity. She was only about nineteen then, a rather shy, inarticulate creature only beginning, confusedly, to be pretty, and she felt their talk to be deeply philosophical. He called her "child," and it seemed to her an amazing tenderness. Yes, when he funked at the wedding she had been as disillusioned as Laurie. Only nobody knew.

After that, life got more and more complicated. Jan was increasingly hunted and harassed by its burden of money and bored gaiety, the eternal struggle for position, the possession of infinite *things*, the hordes of people that came and went without touching her spirit, the difficulty of feeling straight and honest and free!

And now she was going to marry an earl. Jan tried not to be sensitive about the earl part, but it made her feel like the victim of a practical joke. To her American mind the name of the man she was going to marry was far worse than Smithers or Nutter: John Henry Fitzhugh-Beauchamp, Earl of Stradbroke, K. C. B., K. C. M. G., V. C., D. S. O., of Stradbroke Manor, Herts., England.

Apart from that he was not so bad—an ordinary, well-bred fellow in his thirties, with a ruddy skin and rather thin blond hair. He didn't use a monocle nor say "Aw" and "'Pon my word!" Not nearly so much of a dumb bunny, Jan thought, as lots of the American men she danced with. It wasn't his fault that he was an earl or that Stradbroke Manor needed money quickly and in quantities. He had tried to sell his estate many times before taking this alternative.

His nervous haste and embarrassment were so pathetic as he proposed that Jan had felt warmly maternal even tho she hardly knew the man. At the same time she was thinking, "Well, I'm done for now." Her family would never forgive her if she refused an earl, struggling as it had all these years to live down the catchup on which it was, vulgarly speaking, floated into affluence, and after Laurie's tragic failure to capture a Van Madden (better than an earl) and her last year's unfortunate divorce!

So, "I think you're quite right," Jan had accepted him with cool briskness. "We shall get along very nicely together. And since that's that, shall we dance?"

But she wanted to say, "My poor, dear fellow, it isn't going to be nearly as bad as you think. I'm not ugly and I'm not a hoiden, even if I do have millions." Of course he couldn't guess her thoughts, and he gave her a grieved look as if wondering why, after all, she couldn't make some decent pretense of romance.

THE engagement had been announced, the plans for the wedding all made before Laurie returned from Europe.

"So you've gone and vamped an earl!" Laurie's beautiful eyes with carefully appointed shadows under them—Laurie's sentimentally waving golden hair—her semi-precious smile, and predatory perfumes!

"Don't say 'vamped,'" said Jan gently; "it went out long ago."

"The word, my dear, but not the deed," protested Laurie. She settled her head comfortably against the very black damask cushion it needed for a background, and waved her long jade cigaret-holder thoughtfully. "London women are taking snuff now," she brightly observed.

"Are they?" said Jan. "I'll feel quite at home there. You know great-grandmother smoked a cob pipe and great-grandpapa chewed ——"

"Sh—sh—" hissed Laurie, for just then John Henry Fitzhugh-Beauchamp, Earl of Stradbroke, K. C. B., entered. He was no sooner presented than a sad, covetous mist arose in Laurie's beautiful eyes. If she had lived in the time of Jane Austen she would have contrived to swoon. As it was she dropped her cigaret-holder. Four minutes later her lovely white hand was wistfully on his susceptible arm. "But you haven't seen the moon from the upper terrace yet? Oh, haven't they been unkind to you! I'll take you right now. And I promise to talk about little sister."

Little sister grinned and reached for a book, hunching her slim, silken knees up comfortably high. "*Great catfish!*" she thought, appropriating the jade holder much as Laurie had appropriated the earl. "Laurie came back exactly too late!"

Jan's candid mind held no doubt the Earl of Stradbroke agreed with her. He had given her a plaintive, reproachful glance on beholding Laurie's superior qualifications.

"Laurie," mused Jan, "would have convinced him it was a love-match."

But it was too late. The invitations were all out.

THE Summer-house was across the Hudson, and when Jan wanted to shop she and the car and the chauffeur went all aboard the ferry. To-day Laurie had refused to go along—she hated the nasty ferry and, besides, she was teaching the earl to play Mah Jong. Jan had climbed upon the upper deck and was intent upon a magazine article, one of those chatty things about titled people to please the taste of democrats. This one was called "A Day in the Life of Her Ladyship."

"Now," thought Jan grimly, "I shall find out how it's done." She had a vague fancy that the English lived quite simply, mostly out-of-doors under ancient elms drinking tea. This article told how Her Ladyship promptly sent for the head butler each morning after breakfast and gave him all orders for the day in regard to guests, linen, silverware, marketing, menus, carriages, the airing of the dogs and children, the cutting of flowers, the polishing of the coat of arms, the embellishing of the escutcheons, and a few other little things like that. This took only two hours. The head butler in turn confided all her orders to the under butler, the head footman, the under footmen, the doormen, the cooks, the scullery boys, the gardeners, the kennel men, the coachmen, and all the maids and valets.

"My Lady," trilled the feature-writer blithely, "then drives for an hour with my Lord, returns, rings for luncheon, chats with her guests, gives further orders to the head butler, and spends an hour with her masseuse and hair-dresser. She pays five or six calls, and if dining at home returns and devotes an hour on returning to her correspondence, aided by her secretary."

Jan was horrified. It was almost as bad as that at home—but not quite. Was it to be out of the frying-pan into the fire? In a little while she would be married, alone in a strange country with strangers all about her. How she had let life bully her! She had always supposed she was strong enough to rescue herself, that she had some invincible inner integrity which would lead her some time, somewhere, into a life of brave loveliness and peace.

In a mood of deep unhappiness she walked to the rail, and, flinging the silly magazine over it, watched it fall into the green water. The ferry was nearing its slip, maneuvering clumsily like a fussy old lady. Moored by the dock was a dark-red barge with a neat little cabin aft like a howdah on the back of a good-natured elephant.

A fat brindle bull lay in the sunshine in front of the cabin door, and across the clean, scrubbed lintel she could see a kitchen table covered with white oilcloth and a shelf with a fringed paper napkin and an old-fashioned clock. Because the cabin was there on the back of a barge surrounded by docks and loading-piers, rough logs, and primitive, lapping water, its coziness was surprizingly quaint and inviting.

Jan felt the quiet peace of it tug at her thoughts. It was a shelter. A refuge. Somebody lived there who had only possessions enough to go into that tiny cabin. And having so few, he could prize and tend each one with a great amplitude left in his heart for the love of water and sky.

When you had so many things they filled your horizon, and every day they got broken and lost and were replaced and nothing was ever really your own. *Broken and lost!*—the words dinned at her mind bitterly. *Broken and lost!* China, jewels, clothes and cars, friends and fancies and childish dreams—year after year they were broken and lost, and in the end if you had tried to possess everything you, too, were broken and lost, having possessed nothing.

The tears filled her eyes. Suddenly she was very young and lonely and without hope.

And then a man stepped out of the cabin door. He was not old and yet not quite youthful. Long-legged and lean, he looked casually muscular, indolent rather than brisk, and without either complacency or swagger he was obviously more than content with his small world. He was in khaki trousers and a soft flannel shirt of brown and tan checks flung open at his strong, sun-bronzed throat. His face wore a comfortable two-days' growth of beard.

As he settled himself on a mushing-post and took out his pipe, Jan clutched the rail in visible excitement.

"Oh, I thought—no, no! it can't be," she gasped, and another passenger stared at her in amazement. But Jan was not accustomed to caring what strangers thought. She continued to behave as if quite alone—nervously clasping and unclasping her hands and leaning far out over the rail, studying the man on the snubbing-post as if he were an amazing spectacle.

WHEN she returned from her shopping she again took the side of the ferry facing the barge. As she watched intently the man appeared from the cabin. He had a pair of trousers in his hand. Hanging them carefully on a nail, he brushed them with a whisk-broom while the brindle bull looked on disapprovingly. She noticed that the man had recently shaved and everything was even more tidy and shipshape. She wondered whether he had been aware of her fixed scrutiny.

Now he turned and entered his little house, and she saw him passing and repassing the open door with his hands full of snowy dish-towels he had evidently scalded and was hanging somewhere to dry. She felt the warm sense of delight and pitying amusement a woman always feels at seeing a man do domestic work. As the ferry moved off across the river, Jan sighed and looked back at the dark-red barge until it disappeared from sight.

That night at a ball given by somebody, somewhere (Jan scarcely knew), in honor of the approaching wedding, the Earl of Stradbroke seemed to her a curious automaton

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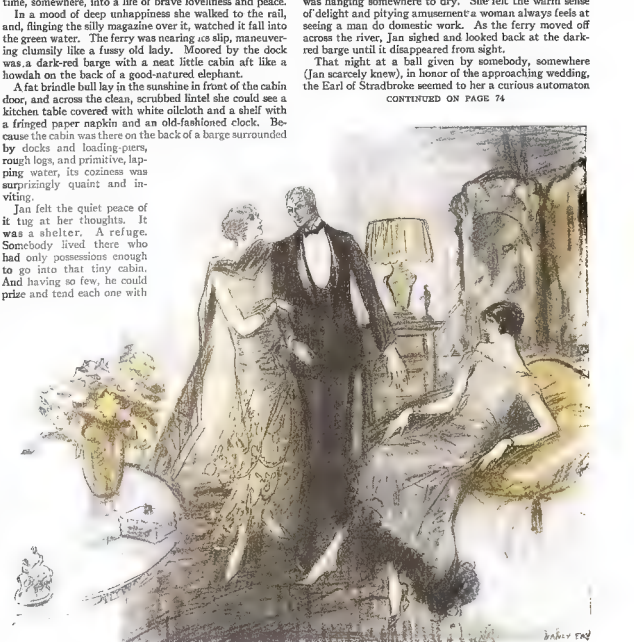

"'YOU HAVEN'T SEEN THE MOON FROM THE UPPER TERRACE YET? OH, HAVEN'T THEY BEEN UNKIND TO YOU! I'LL TAKE YOU RIGHT NOW!'"

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They Say That Love and Hate Are the Most Powerful Forces in the World—but How About Conscience?

Illustrations by W. H. D. Koerner

Six Dollars

By Wilbur Daniel Steele

WHEN Tansy Snow was a young man of eighteen or nineteen he went one night to the Stone Fold. The Stone Fold is an islet lying about two miles to the southeast of us. There is a house on it built of stones, and a sheep-shelter, and toward the southern end three thorn-trees.

Tansy took his father's skiff and steered straight through the shoals that lie that way, guided by the lamp in the garret of the house. Donna, who had been in town with her father two days before, told him she would put it there when the old man was asleep and the dogs shut up.

Donna Salisbury wasn't pretty. And she would have been better for a mother's care; better to look at. As you'd expect, living with only a shepherd father, her clothes were heavy, stout things, fitted mostly by guess, and none too clean, and her hair was thick and untended, and the color of her father's sheep. But she was strong, stronger than a boy, and if her face had a dull look, there was something behind the dulness that would make a fellow stop to look again, especially when stars were bright enough to cast shadows among the rocks and the gray grass.

Tansy couldn't understand why he should want to have anything to do with her. He'd been to the Academy and now he had a position in the new bank; he had to wear decent clothes every day, clean collars, and polished boots; it went deeper than that: he had every day to be a decent *man* and wear a clean conscience; otherwise the pointing finger of the banking business would find him out—bound to—in the long run of a man's life.

He had been to the Stone Fold three times, steering by the light. This time he was coming simply to say he wasn't coming. It would be awkward telling the girl. For a day and a night he had been busy trying to think up something humane but at the same time final. Finished. Chopped off.

He hadn't guessed how awkward it would be, after all. They couldn't talk there on the beach on account of the dogs; they had to go along a way. Occasional clouds, great fluffs of things, sailed over the sky, and in the dark when they covered the stars Donna led him, taking his fingers in her strong, dull, warm, eager hand.

He would have said it at the first turn of the shore, but the surf on the bar there was too loud; he didn't want to shout. He would have said it when they started inland toward the thorn-trees, but now they had got into the wind, the full weight of the wind that came in from the open sea and bore the great clouds among the stars and made a living sound among the grasses. He would have said it under the thorn-tree, but under the thorn-tree was Donna.

It was half past two when he left the island, and he hadn't said it yet. What he *had* said he could hardly remember. Sometimes words, fragments of sentences, promises, will come from a man's mouth as if it were some one else speaking: things he doesn't mean at all.

He pushed the skiff off the sand, holding it by the painter.

"When'll you be again?" she whispered.

Now was the time to tell her. She might have seen how pale he was; might have helped him by saying something. But she was a dumb young thing and she hadn't a word. Of a sudden he reached into his pocket and pulled out the money he had there and thrust it into her hands.

She was a dumb one, and she couldn't make it out.

"What's this?"

"I want you should buy yourself some present or other."

"Huh?"

The dogs in the sheepfold began to bark. Tansy jumped into the skiff and pushed off, leaving Donna to stand there, dumber than ever.

He had a fair wind back and put up the sail.

It was six dollars he had given her, a lot of money, the whole of his first week's wages. There were things he could have bought with that: a new tire for his bicycle, and a Young People's Union pin to give Elsie Baker on her birthday. But it was all right. Better to start off clear—not a debt outstanding—no matter what the cost might be.

Even yet, tho, he didn't feel quite right. When he got home and up to his room he had three hours to sleep, but he couldn't sleep. He was disgusted with himself. His memory reviewed the night with shame and loathing. He saw the path down which he had started, and even if he had got out of it now, it was disgusting to remember.

All next day he felt drugged and haggard. He made mistakes with figures, so that Mr. Matheson had to speak to him. But what was it? He'd paid, hadn't he? Squared up? Given everything he had to the girl?

Yes, but how about the Lord God? Slowly, as the day went by, he saw this. You can't pay God with money.

There was a sociable at Center Church that night. He had asked to see Elsie Baker home. He looked so ill at supper-time that his mother advised him to stay in. To her surprize he acquiesced without trouble. He went upstairs. When he was half undressed for bed, however, he couldn't do it. Getting dressed again, he stole out the back way and went and stood behind a tree near the church and watched the people going in.

The windows were bright and there were sounds of a good time, a hymn, then after a decent interval laughter and runnings about, games. Tansy walked across the street and stood at the steps.

HE HAD given the girl everything he had. Can you give more than you have? And, anyway, any girl that would do that!

Yes, yes; but how about the Lord God?

He went around to the wagon-shed, and in the dark there he fell on his knees. "O, Heavenly Father, I've walked in evil; I've committed a grievous sin; I beg Thee to forgive me in Thy mercy. I repent. O God, I repent; I do, I do, honestly! Honestly, God, honestly——"

In the church they were singing "My Country, 'Tis of Thee."

Tansy got up and brushed off his knees. His weariness was gone, like a heavy coat he might have taken off and left there in the shed. In its place there was a sense of security and well-being, such as comes after a bath at the end of a sweaty day. He slipped back to his room and put on his blacks, and, coming down the front way, he said he thought he would go to the sociable. There was no turning him.

Actually he didn't go in, but waited on the steps. There was something about his feelings that would no more have mixed with the romping and the din than oil will mix with water. Yet it was marvelous just to sit apart and listen to it, especially when the organ struck into some familiar air, and all sang, soprano and alto, tenor and bass. It was marvelous to be whiter than snow, one with God, a little child.

He saw Elsie home, after all. It was only a couple of

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hundred yards, down the shore street and up London Lane, but he would never forget it. It was the first time he'd known that love and reverence could be one and the same thing. Earthly love and religious reverence.

Elsie was so pretty, so enchanting in ribbons and laces, so pure, as pure as a flower on which God's sun shines and God's rain falls unfailing, as if He were saying in the sun and rain: "Of such is the portion of them that think none but healthy thoughts and dream none but wholesome dreams; yea, even to the third and the fourth generation."

Elsie's great-grandfather it was who gave the land for the Atheneum. Her grandfather rescued the missionaries in Paul Straits, and founded the "Light in Darkness." Her father and mother were in the forefront of everything for decency and right living, and they were well-to-do.

The forefathers of that girl on the Stone Fold—what could they have been? By what steps of wrong thinking, of evil impulses given way to and higher impulses denied, must that strain have come down?

But now, because something had been changed in him, Tansy could think of her with nothing but pity.

In London Lane the lights, shining up under the willows, made it seem the nave of some dim cathedral, in which a boy and a girl walked together. And then Elsie was up on her stoop and he stood at the foot of the steps.

"W-e-l-l?" she said. The light from the two long panes flanking the door fell softly on either side of her figure.

"Elsie," he said, "excepting for my father and mother there's nobody in the world but you amounts to *that*, with me."

"What *are* you saying, you silly?"

She came back down the steps to read the silly's eyes. She was so good she didn't guess the risk. He could have grabbed her and kissed her.

But not he; not now! He kept his hands behind him.

"Elsie, you wait and see. Some day I shall be the biggest man in this town." It wasn't like boasting. "For your sake," he might have said.

HE MARVELED as he walked homeward. On one side there were loveliness, niceness, world's goods; on the other unlovelinss, a hard living, the scorn of friends. Yet did God ask him to choose the stony way? By a miracle, no. God asked him to choose the way it would have been the part of even the worldly-wise to choose.

Marveling so, as he crossed above the White Boys' place he spied a pin-prick of light away out beyond the Point. It was as tho it rested on the low neck of sand, a fallen star.

"*To-night?*" He felt angry. "She's got her cheek, I must say!"

On impulse he went down to his father's wharf, cast off the skiff's painter, and got in. He would finish *that* off. He would tell Donna what was what. Straight from the shoulder! Then, before he had got the oars out, he realized that it was only the devil tempting him, weaving any arguments at all, just to get him out there to the Stone Fold again.

He made the boat fast and went home. His parents were still up. He shook his father's hand and kissed his mother on the brow. She eyed him with a knowing little smile. "Been seeing Elsie Baker home?"

Tansy stood with his jaw out.

"I've made a decision to-night," he said. "Some day I shall be the biggest man in this town."

He married Elsie Baker on the day he was made assistant cashier at the bank. Within three months he was cashier.

People trusted him. "No need to count your money when it's Tansy passes it out of the till." His word was as good as a bond; better, for bonds can be lost or burned or stolen.

Old man Baker bought the Dow residence in the Brick Walk, had it renovated, and gave it to the couple as a wedding-present. Nothing could have been fitter. It was the smallest of the big houses built at the height of the California days, brick for walls, slate for roofing, and a wrought-iron grill around the turf-plot. Four-square with the street, a house of strength and dignity. It was not too large, and that was fit, too. In the great-grandfather's family there were eleven children; in the grandfather's, fourteen; in the father's, three. Elsie herself had none.

It was a town house, pure and simple; the Dows had always been shorefolks, lawyers and doctors and the like. From the windows of the guest-chamber up-stairs, full of leafy boughs and neighboring gables, you might have been a thousand miles from the nearest salt; the sewing-room was the same, and so was the west chamber, that had always been known as "the children's room." Yet it is a hard thing to find a house in Urkey without some peep of the water; even at Gramma Pilot's, about as thoroughly shut in as any in town, you've but to climb to the garret to get a sight of blue under the rod of the drug-store chimney. We may wear Brockton shoes, but we're a web-footed race for all that.

And so it was from the "used chamber" in the new Snow home.

The first time they slept there after their wedding-tour to Boston Elsie awoke in the middle of the night. For a moment she couldn't say why. It was too queer. She didn't stir; simply lay there trying to think what it was could be wrong. It wasn't for instants that she recollected where she was, that she was married, that her husband

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"HE WOULD HAVE SAID IT AT THE FIRST TURN OF THE SHORE, BUT THE SURF ON THE BAR THERE WAS TOO LOUD; HE DIDN'T WANT TO SHOUT"

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Bewitched

Another Powerful Short Story by the Author of "The Mother's Recompense"

Illustrations by Harold Anderson

By Edith Wharton

THE snow was still falling thickly when Orrin Bosworth, who farmed the land south of Lonetop, drove up in his cutter to Saul Rutledge's gate. He was surprized to see two other cutters ahead of him. From them descended two muffled figures. Bosworth, with increasing surprize, recognized Deacon Hibben, from North Ashmore, and Sylvester Brand, the widower, of the old Bearcliff farm on the way to Lonetop.

It was not often that anybody entered Saul Rutledge's gate, least of all in the dead of Winter, and summoned (as Bosworth, at any rate, had been) by Mrs. Rutledge, who passed, even in that unsocial region, for a woman of cold manners and solitary character. The situation was enough to excite the curiosity of a less-imaginative man than Orrin Bosworth.

As he drove in between the broken-down white gate-posts topped by fluted urns the two men ahead of him were leading their horses to the adjoining shed. Bosworth followed, and hitched his horse to a post. Then the three tossed off the snow from their shoulders, clapped their numb hands together, and greeted one another.

"Hallo, Deacon."

"Well, well, Orrin—" They shook hands.

"Day, Bosworth," said Sylvester Brand with a brief nod. He seldom put any cordiality into his manner, and on this occasion he was still busy about his horse's bridle and blanket.

Orrin Bosworth, the youngest and most communicative of the three, turned back to Deacon Hibben, whose long face, blotched and moldy-looking, with blinking, peering eyes, was yet less forbidding than Brand's heavily hewn countenance.

"Queer, our all meeting here this way. Mrs. Rutledge sent me a message to come," Bosworth volunteered.

The Deacon nodded. "I got a word from her, too—Andy Pond come over with it yesterday noon. I hope there's no trouble here——"

He glanced through the thickening fall of snow at the desolate front of the Rutledge house, the more melancholy in its present neglected state because, like the gate-posts, it kept traces of former elegance. Bosworth had often wondered how such a house had come to be built in that lonely stretch between North Ashmore and Cold Corners. People said there had once been other houses like it, forming a little township called Ashmore, a sort of mountain colony created by the caprice of an English Royalist officer, one Colonel Ashmore, who had been murdered by the Indians, with all his family, long before the Revolution.

This tale was confirmed by the fact that the ruined cellars of several smaller houses were still to be discovered under the wild growth of the adjoining slopes, and that the communion plate of the moribund Episcopal church of Cold Corners was engraved with the name of Colonel Ashmore, who had given it to the church of Ashmore in the year 1723. Of the church itself no traces remained. Doubtless it had been a modest wooden edifice, built on piles, and the conflagration which had burned the other houses to the ground's edge had reduced it utterly to ashes.

The whole place, even in Summer, wore a mournful, solitary air, and people wondered why Saul Rutledge's father had gone to settle there. "I never knew a place," Deacon Hibben said, "as seemed as far away from humanity. And yet it ain't so in miles."

"Miles ain't the only distance," Orrin Bosworth

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"'THAT'S WHERE THEY MEET. MY HUSBAND, SAUL RUTLEDGE—AND HER——'"

answered; and the two men, followed by Sylvester Brand, walked across the drive to the front door. People in Hemlock County did not usually come and go by their front doors, but all three men seemed to feel that, on an occasion which appeared to be so exceptional, the usual and more familiar approach by the kitchen would not be suitable.

They had judged rightly; the Deacon had hardly lifted the knocker when the door opened and Mrs. Rutledge stood before them. "Walk right in," she said in her usual dead-level tone; and Bosworth, as he followed the others, thought to himself: "Whatever's happened, she's not going to let it show on her face."

IT WAS doubtful, indeed, if anything unwonted could be made to show on Prudence Rutledge's face, so limited was its scope, so fixed were its features. She was dressed for the occasion in a black calico with white spots, a collar of crochet-lace fastened by a gold brooch, and a gray woolen shawl crossed under her arms and tied at the back. In her small, narrow head the only marked prominence was that of the brow projecting roundly over pale spectacled eyes. Her dark hair, parted above this prominence, passed tight and flat over the tips of her ears into a small braided coil at the nape; and her contracted head looked still narrower from being perched on a long neck with cord-like throat-muscles. Her eyes were of a pale, cold gray, her complexion was an even white. Her age might have been anywhere from thirty-five to sixty.

The room into which she led the three men had probably been the dining-room of the Ashmore house. It was now used as a front parlor, and a black stove planted on a sheet of zinc stuck out from the delicately fluted panels of an old wooden mantel. A newly lit fire smoldered reluctantly, and the room was at once close and bitterly cold.

"Andy Pond," Mrs. Rutledge cried to some one at the back of the house, "step out and call Mr. Rutledge. You'll likely find him in the woodshed, or round the barn somewheres." She rejoined her visitors. "Please suit yourselves to seats," she said.

The three men, with an increasing air of constraint, took the chairs she pointed out, and Mrs. Rutledge sat stiffly down upon a fourth, behind a rickety bead-work table. She glanced from one to the other of her visitors.

"I presume you folks are wondering what it is I asked you to come here for," she said in her dead-level voice. Orrin Bosworth and Deacon Hibben murmured an assent; Sylvester Brand sat silent, his eyes, under their great thicket of eyebrows, fixed on the huge boot-tips swinging before him.

"Well, I air low you didn't expect it was for a party," continued Mrs. Rutledge.

No one ventured to respond to this chill pleasantry, and she continued: "We're in trouble here, and that's the fact. And we need advice—Mr. Rutledge and myself do." She cleared her throat, and added in a lower tone, her pitilessly clear eyes looking straight before her: "There's a spell been cast over Mr. Rutledge."

The Deacon looked up sharply, an incredulous smile pinching his thin lips. "A spell?"

"That's what I said: he's bewitched."

Again the three visitors were silent; then Bosworth, more at ease or less tongue-tied than the others, asked with an attempt at humor: "Do you use the word in the strict Scripture sense, Mrs. Rutledge?"

She glanced at him before replying: "That's how *he* uses it."

The Deacon coughed and cleared his long rattling throat. "Do you care to give us more particulars before your husband joins us?"

Mrs. Rutledge looked down at her clasped hands, as if considering the question. Bosworth noticed that the inner fold of her lids was of the same uniform white as the rest of her skin, so that when she dropped them her rather prominent eyes looked like the sightless orbs of a marble statue. The impression was unpleasing, and he glanced away at the Bible-text over the mantelpiece.

"No," she said at length, "I'll wait."

At this moment Sylvester Brand suddenly stood up and pushed back his chair. "I don't know," he said, in his rough, bass voice, "as I've got any particular lights on Bible mysteries; and this happens to be the day I was to go down to Stotesbury to close a deal with a man."

Mrs. Rutledge lifted one of her long, thin hands. Withered and wrinkled by hard work and cold, it was nevertheless of the same leaden white as her face. "You won't be kept long," she said. "Won't you be seated?"

Farmer Brand stood irresolute, his purplish under lip twitching. "The Deacon here—such things is more in his line——"

"I want you should stay," said Mrs. Rutledge quietly; and Brand sat down again.

A silence fell, during which the four persons present seemed all to be listening for the sound of Rutledge's steps; but none came, and after a minute or two Mrs. Rutledge began to speak again.

"It's down by that old shack on Lamer's pond; that's where they meet," she said suddenly.

Bosworth, whose eyes were on Sylvester Brand's face, fancied he saw a sort of inner flush darken the farmer's heavy, leathern skin. Deacon Hibben leaned forward a glitter of curiosity in his pale peering eyes.

"They—who, Mrs. Rutledge?"

"My husband, Saul Rutledge—and her——"

Sylvester Brand again stirred in his seat. "Who do you mean by *her?*" he asked abruptly, as if roused out of some far-off musing.

Mrs. Rutledge's body did not move; she simply revolved her head on her long neck and looked at him.

"Your daughter, Sylvester Brand."

The man staggered to his feet with an explosion of inarticulate sounds. "My—my daughter? What the—— are you talking about? It's a —— lie—it's—it's——"

"Your daughter *Ora*, Mr. Brand," said Mrs. Rutledge slowly.

Bosworth felt an icy chill down his spine. Instinctively he turned his eyes away from Brand, and they rested on the mildewed countenance of Deacon Hibben. Between the blotches it had become as white as Mrs. Rutledge's, and the Deacon's little eyes burned in the whiteness like live embers among ashes.

Brand gave a laugh: the rusty, creaking laugh of one whose springs of mirth are never moved by gaiety. "My daughter *Ora?*" he repeated.

"Yes."

"My dead daughter?"

"That's what he says."

"Your husband?"

"That's what Saul Rutledge says."

Orrin Bosworth listened with a sense of suffocation; he felt as if he were wrestling with long-armed horrors in a dream. He could no longer resist letting his eyes return to Sylvester Brand's face. To his surprise it had resumed a natural imperturbable expression. Brand rose to his feet. "Is that all?" he queried contemptuously.

"All? Ain't it enough? How long is it since you folks seen Saul Rutledge, any of you?" Mrs. Rutledge flew out at them.

Bosworth, it appeared, had not seen him for nearly a year; the Deacon had only run across him once, for a minute, at the North Ashmore post-office, the previous Autumn, and acknowledged that he wasn't looking any too good then. Brand said nothing, but stood irresolute.

"Well, if you wait a minute, you'll see with your own eyes, and he'll tell you with his own words. That's what I've got you here for—to see for yourselves what's come over him. Then you'll talk different," she added, twisting her head abruptly toward Sylvester Brand.

The Deacon raised a lean hand of interrogation. "Does your husband know we've been sent for on this business, Mrs. Rutledge?"

Mrs. Rutledge signed assent.

"It was with his consent, then——?"

She looked coldly at her questioner. "I guess it had to be," she said. Again Bosworth felt the chill down his spine. He tried to dissipate the sensation by speaking in his turn with an affectation of energy.

"Can you tell us, Mrs. Rutledge, how this trouble you speak of shows itself—what makes you think——?"

She looked at him for a moment; then she leaned forward across the rickety bead-work table. A thin smile of disdain narrowed her colorless lips. "I don't think—I know."

"Well—but how?"

She leaned closer, both elbows on the table, her voice dropping. "I seen 'em."

In the ashen light from the snow-veiled windows the Deacon's little eyes seemed to give out red sparks. "Him and the dead?" he whispered.

"Him and the dead," she whispered back.

"Saul Rutledge and—and Ora Brand?"

"That's so."

Sylvester Brand's chair fell backward with a crash. He was on his feet again, crimson and cursing. "It's a —— fiend-begotten lie——"

"Friend Brand—Friend Brand—" the Deacon timorously protested.

"Here, let me get out of this. I want to see Saul Rutledge himself, and tell him——"

"Well, here he is," said Mrs. Rutledge.

The outer door had opened; they heard the familiar stamping and shaking of a man who rids his garments of

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their last snowflakes before penetrating to the sacred precincts of the best parlor. Then Saul Rutledge entered

As he came in he faced the light from the north window and Bosworth's first thought was that he looked like a drowned man fished out from under the ice—"self-drowned," he added. But the snow-light plays cruel tricks with a man's color, and even with the shape of his features; it must have been partly that, Bosworth reflected, which transformed Saul Rutledge from the straight, muscular fellow he had been a year before into the haggard wretch who now stood before them.

The Deacon sought for a word to ease the horror. "Well, now, Saul—you look's if you'd ought to set right up to the stove. Had a touch of ague, maybe?"

The feeble attempt was unavailing. Rutledge neither moved nor answered. He stood among them silent, incommunicable, like one risen from the dead.

Brand grasped him roughly by the shoulder. "See here, Saul Rutledge, what's this dirty lie your wife tells us you've been putting about?"

Still Rutledge did not move. "It's no lie," he said.

Brand's hand dropped from his shoulder. In spite of the man's rough, bullying power he seemed to be undefinably awed by Rutledge's look and tone.

"No lie? You've gone plumb crazy, then, have you?" he sneered.

Mrs. Rutledge spoke. "My husband's not lying, nor he ain't gone crazy. Don't I tell you I seen 'em?"

Brand laughed again. "Him and the dead?"

"Yes."

"Down by the Lamer pond, you say?"

"Yes."

"And when was that, if I might ask?"

"Day before yesterday."

A silence fell upon the strangely assembled group. The Deacon at length broke it to say to Mr. Brand: "Brand, in my opinion we've got to see this thing through."

Brand stood for a moment in speechless contemplation: there was something animal and primitive about him, Bosworth thought, as he hung thus, lowering and dumb, a little foam beading the corners of that heavy purplish under lip. He let himself slowly down into his chair. "I'll see it through."

The two other visitors and Mrs. Rutledge had remained seated. Saul Rutledge stood before them like a prisoner at the bar, or rather like a sick man before the physicians who were to heal him. As Bosworth scrutinized that hollow face, so wan under the dark sunburn, so sucked inward and consumed by some hidden fever, there stole over the sound, healthy man the thought that perhaps, after all, husband and wife spoke the truth, and that they were all at that moment really standing on the edge of some forbidden mystery. Things that the rational mind would reject without a thought seemed no longer so easy to dispose of as one looked at the actual Saul Rutledge and remembered the man he had been a year before. Yes, as the Deacon said, they would have to see it through.

"Sit down then, Saul; draw up to us, won't you?" the Deacon said, trying again for a natural tone.

Mrs. Rutledge pushed a chair forward, and her husband sat down on it. He stretched out his arms and grasped his knees in his brown bony fingers; in that attitude he remained, turning neither his head nor his eyes.

"Well, Saul," the Deacon continued, "your wife says you thought mebbe we could do something to help you through this trouble, whatever it is."

Rutledge's gray eyes widened a little. "No, I didn't think that. It was her idea to try what could be done."

"I presume, tho, since you've agreed to our coming, that you don't object to our putting a few questions?"

Rutledge was silent for a moment; then he said with a visible effort: "No, I don't object."

"Well you've heard what your wife says?"

Rutledge made a slight motion of assent.

"And—what have you got to answer? How do you explain——"

Mrs. Rutledge intervened. "How can he explain? I seen 'em. There it is!"

There was a silence; then Bosworth, trying to speak in an easy, reassuring tone, queried: "That so, Saul?"

"That's so."

Brand lifted up his brooding head. "You mean to say you—you sit here before us all and say——"

The Deacon's hand again checked him. "Hold on, Friend Brand. We're all of us trying for the facts, ain't we?" He turned to Rutledge. "We've heard what Mrs. Rutledge says. What's your answer?"

"I don't know as there's any answer. She found us."

"And you mean to tell me the person with you was—was what you took to be—" the Deacon's thin voice grew thinner—"Ora Brand?"

Saul Rutledge nodded.

"You knew—or thought you knew—you were meeting with the dead?"

Rutledge bent his head again. The snow continued to fall in a steady, unwavering sheet against the window, and Bosworth felt as if a winding sheet were descending from the sky to envelop them all in a common grave.

"Think what you're saying! It's against our religion! Ora—poor child!—died over a year ago. I saw you at her funeral, Saul. How can you make such a statement?"

"What else can he do?" thrust in Mrs. Rutledge grimly.

There was another pause. Bosworth's resources had failed him, and Brand once more sat plunged in dark meditation. The Deacon laid his quivering finger-tips together, and moistened his dry lips before continuing. Then he said: "Was the day before yesterday the first time?"

The movement of Rutledge's head was negative.

"Not the first? Then when——"

"Nigh on a year ago, I reckon."

"And you mean to tell us that ever since——"

"Well—look at him," said his wife. The three men lowered their eyes.

After a moment Bosworth, trying to collect himself, glanced at the Deacon. "Why not ask Saul to make his own statement, if that's what we're here for?"

"That's so," the Deacon assented. He turned to Rutledge. "Will you try and give us your idea—of—of how it began?"

THERE was another silence. Then Rutledge tightened his grasp on his gaunt knees, and, still looking straight ahead, with his curiously clear, unseeing gaze: "Well," he said, "I guess it begun away back, afore ever I was married to Mrs. Rutledge here." He spoke in a low automatic tone, as if some invisible agent were dictating his words, or even uttering them for him. "You know," he added, "Ora and me was to have been married."

Sylvester Brand lifted his head. "Straighten that statement out first, please," he interjected harshly.

"What I mean is we kept company. But Ora she was very young. Mr. Brand here sent her away. She was gone nigh on to three years, I guess. When she come back I was married."

"That's right," Brand said, relapsing once more into his sunken attitude.

"And after she came back did you meet her again?" the Deacon continued.

"Alive?" Rutledge questioned.

A perceptible shudder ran through the room.

"Well—of course," said the Deacon.

Rutledge seemed to consider. "Once I did—only once. There was a lot of other people round. At Cold Corners fair it was."

"Did you talk with her then?"

"Only a minute."

"What did she say?"

His voice dropped. "She said she was sick and knew she was going to die, and when she was dead she'd come back to me."

"And what did you answer?"

"Nothing."

"Did you think anything of it at the time?"

"Well, no. Not till I heard she was dead. After that I thought of it—and I guess she drew me." He moistened his lips.

"Drew you down to that abandoned house by the pond?"

Rutledge made a faint motion of assent, and the Deacon added: "How did you know it was there she wanted you to come?"

"She—just drew me."

There was a long pause. Bosworth felt, on himself and the other two men, the oppressive weight of the next question to be asked. Mrs. Rutledge opened and closed her narrow lips once or twice, like some beached shell-fish gasping for the tide. Rutledge waited.

"Well, now, Saul, won't you go on with what you was telling us?" the Deacon at last suggested.

"That's all. There's nothing else to tell."

The Deacon lowered his voice. "She just draws you?"

"Yes."

"Often?"

"That's as it happens."

"But if it's always there she draws you, man, haven't you the strength to keep away from the place?"

For the first time Rutledge wearily turned his head toward his questioner. A spectral smile

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"BRAND STAGGERED PAST HIM OUT INTO THE LINGERING DAYLIGHT. HE HELD THE REVOLVER IN HIS HAND AND LOOKED ABOUT HIM HIS STUPID WAY"

The April Art Feature

One of the features of the April number will be a full-page reproduction in color of the famous painting

"The Way to Emmaus"

BY OTTO MENGELBERG

This picture is another of the series of noted paintings which will appear in Pictorial Review for an indefinite period.

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THE TEN COMMANDMENTS

"Honor Thy Father and Thy Mother"

FIFTH COMMANDMENT

Drawn by M. LEONE BRACKER

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The Dalton Plan—A New Thought in Education

Have You Ever Visited a School Where the Pupils Roam at Will from Classroom to Classroom and Where the Teachers Do Not "Keep Order"? If You Haven't You'll Be Surprized When You Read This Article

BY HENRY ROOD

IF THE schoolboys and schoolgirls of the United States knew what is quite likely to happen in the next few years, the whole twenty-one or twenty-two millions of them would want to join in a rousing cheer which could be heard almost as far away as the planet Mars. For an entirely new plan has been created for teaching as well as for studying lessons, and it makes school so interesting, so attractive, that the average boy or girl would rather go there than anywhere else.

No longer need pupils feel that school is a place where they are compelled to spend five hours a day, each sitting alone at a desk, forbidden to speak to one another or even pass notes; forbidden to move around, or to stand up and stretch bodies tired with unnatural restraint. A new day has dawned and the old-fashioned school is rapidly passing away—the school you and I attended, our parents and grandparents; the kind which your children probably attend to-day.

In its place has come the schoolroom with comfortable chairs and tables of various sizes instead of single desks and wooden benches. Around the tables boys and girls gather in groups of two or three or half a dozen, studying together, helping one another. They talk about their work as much as they choose, so long as they do not disturb those at adjacent tables. When any of the pupils needs further assistance he or she unhesitatingly goes to the teacher for individual instruction, which is gladly given. There is no noise, no confusion. The teacher does not have to "keep order," because the pupils do so themselves.

But this is not all. In the old-fashioned school, which still is to be found almost everywhere in the United States, the teacher at the close of a recitation usually gives out a certain amount of work to be studied and recited on the following day. But under the new methods the younger pupils receive an assignment of work to be done for a whole week in advance, while high-school students may have assignments for an entire month ahead. Thus the pupil knows exactly what the lessons are about, and can see at a glance how one leads on to another.

Furthermore, the pupil does not have to remain in any particular room longer than he or she wishes. Each of them freely may go from one part of the building to another without asking permission from the teacher, visiting library, laboratory, manual training, or other room, whenever the pupil wishes to do so for purposes of study, experiment, or practise.

As is entirely natural, this new kind of school is looked upon with doubt and misgiving by the average parent and often with downright suspicion by teachers, principals, and boards of education—until they fully understand it and satisfy themselves regarding the results actually attained.

There is reason for this attitude. Fathers and mothers, as well as educators, realize that in guiding and training child-life, at home and at school, they have taken upon themselves a responsibility so grave, so important, as to be well-nigh sacred. Suddenly, like a bolt out of the blue, comes a plan which completely upsets many of our preconceived ideas as to school methods. It is right and proper for them to hesitate before consenting to such a radical change. They want to know what has happened in schools where the system has been introduced.

A great many things have happened. The boys and girls, as a rule, attack their school-work with the zest and enthusiasm they display on tennis-courts and baseball-diamonds. It is up to each of them either to make good, or to be known as an indifferent success or a comparative failure—just as in tennis or baseball. Boys and girls who are unusually bright in one study or another are not held back to a mediocre average. Those who are a little slower in one direction or another are not urged and pushed forward by teachers in the effort to keep them up to a standard beyond their natural ability. As a whole they are reported as progressing more rapidly, learning more thoroughly, and being vastly happier with the new system than with the old. Annual and semiannual examinations, as well as monthly tests, show much higher rating than formerly. And to cap the climax, all this is accomplished without the necessity for any home-work except in the senior high school.

As in the case of nearly all great and important forward movements in government, society, commerce, industry, and other human activities, a long time was spent in patiently planning and developing this radical departure in educational methods before it reached its present stage.

The basic idea originated considerably more than a decade ago in the mind of a young girl named Helen Parkhurst, who lived in a small village in Wisconsin and at the age of seventeen became teacher of a rural school. Little by little she experimented with the idea in that country schoolhouse, with results surprizing as well as gratifying. Convinced that she had discovered the germ of a highly important advance in educational methods, she spent years of study before finally perfecting what is generally known as the Dalton plan, because she first installed it, on a considerable scale, in the High School of Dalton, Mass.

That was in 1919. As this article is being written, reports have been received that the Helen Parkhurst system of laboratory schools has been adopted to a greater or less extent in France, Germany, Sweden, Italy, Russia, Poland, South Africa, Australia, China, and Japan. In England alone more than two thousand schools are using it. Miss Parkhurst's book, "Education on the Dalton Plan," has been translated into French, German, Italian, Swedish, Polish, Hebrew, Japanese, Chinese, and Hindustani.

On Lincoln's Birthday, 1924, she received word that the All-Soviet Government at Moscow had decided to use her plan in the schools of Russia. In the Summer of 1923 a commission of Japanese educators, after a world tour of three years spent in examining the schools of leading countries, unanimously declared Miss Parkhurst's system as the best ever evolved, and recommended its adoption throughout the Japanese Empire.

In the Spring of 1924 she went to Japan, at the invitation of the Imperial Education Association, to lecture before six of the most important colleges for training teachers, instructing them how to introduce the Dalton plan and carry it on. Shortly before starting on this journey to the Far East she accepted by cable another invitation to extend her tour so as to perform the same service in China.

All this is sufficiently extraordinary. But still more extraordinary is the fact that while Miss Parkhurst's name and fame have been sweeping around the whole civilized globe for upward of five years, yet she is all but unknown in her own country, the United States, where only a comparatively few schools have seen the light and have placed her system in operation.

It is difficult to account for this reluctance of American educators to avail of an important advance hailed with acclaim by educators of other countries. But the fact remains. In this instance, as in not a few others, the United States seems to be trailing along at the end of the procession. A change in attitude may now be perceived, however, which gradually began to take place in the early Winter of 1923, when from foreign lands came with greater and greater volume official reports telling of the astonishing success of the Helen Parkhurst system wherever intelligently introduced.

Then eminent American educators began to sit up and take notice. The handful of American schools which already had installed the system were besieged by principals and teachers from other schools who wanted to see the Dalton plan in actual operation. Some of these schools had so many such visitors that their regular work was seriously interrupted, and visits were limited to short periods each week, and then only by definite appointment.

As a result of such investigations it seems probable that a year hence there may be not less than four thousand American schools using the Dalton plan; and such a demand has sprung up for teachers competent to install it that two of the largest universities of the United States are said to be planning teachers' training-courses with this end in view.

The most interesting feature of Miss Parkhurst's system is its extreme simplicity. It can be used in any school, public or private, by pupils above the fifth or sixth grade, and may be installed at a minimum of expense. It does not interfere with courses of study. What this Wisconsin girl has done is to invent and perfect a new vehicle for carrying forward the usual school-work, which is as much superior to the old method as a modern, efficient motor-car is superior to the stage-coach of our great-grandfather's day.

Several months ago I visited a school near New York city where the Dalton plan is in operation, being accompanied by the principal of another public school who, for convenience, may be called Mr. Jones. Like many American educators he was somewhat interested in the idea, but skeptical because it was such a complete change from the routine he had been accustomed to during his long and successful career.

We arrived shortly after ten in the morning, and walked along a corridor until we came to an open door leading into a large room where some forty boys and girls of various ages and sizes were so busily interested in what they were doing that not one of them looked up or paid any attention to the visitors.

"This is the history room," explained our guide. "Here you see pupils from the seventh grade up through the senior high school."

We stood there in silence for a few minutes. This school had not installed tables and chairs as yet, and frequently

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The Ten Commandments

"Honor Thy Father and Thy Mother"

FIFTH COMMANDMENT

IN these hurried days of glitter and excitement, when the bonds of family life seem to be growing looser and looser, it is a delight to view such a scene as Mr. Bracker has drawn in his splendid interpretation of the Fifth Commandment, on the preceding page. A home such as he has depicted, where love and respect are manifested, can only be an influence for good in the life of the individual as well as in the affairs of the Nation.

Next Month the Sixth Commandment

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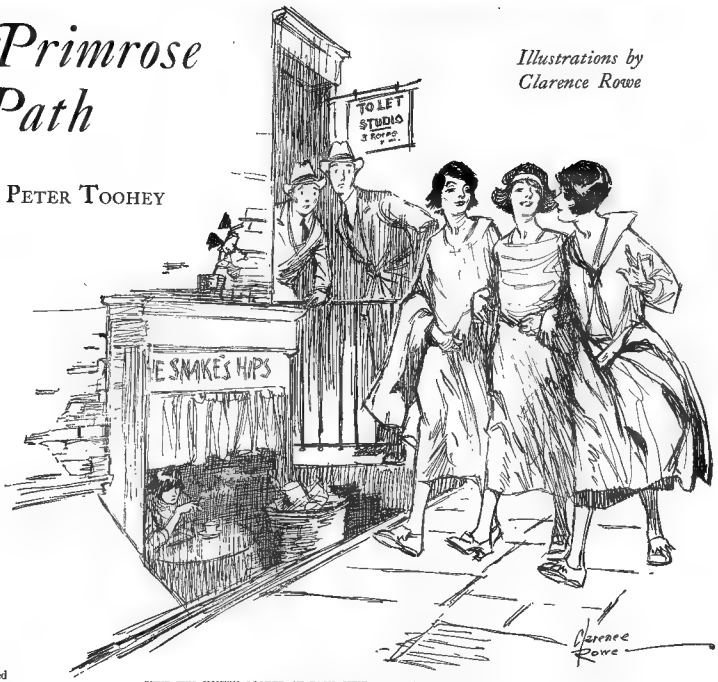
The Primrose Path

Illustrations by Clarence Rowe

BY JOHN PETER TOOHEY

More Trouble for Jonesy—This Time It's a Chorus Girl with a Self-Improvement Complex



"THE TWO YOUTHS LOOKED AT EACH OTHER WITH A CERTAIN ELATION. 'I GUESS MAYBE THIS ISN'T THE REAL BOHEMIA, EH?' CHUCKLED BILLY"

MOONLIGHT paved the broad sweep of the Hudson with silver; and Wilbur Jones, leaning over the low wall which skirted Riverside Drive and looking across the luminous waters at the shadowy outlines of the Jersey shore, felt himself stirred by vague romantic urges. For a moment or two he fancied himself an officer on the splendid battle-ship which rode at anchor just below him, and he saw himself steaming off in the dawn to some quaint old-world port where languorous beauties with tawny hair were waiting to be loved.

"So you have come back to your Félicie, *mon cher*. Ah, she have waited for you so long, so patiently. She have wept for her Uncle Sammie boy, oh, so often. Ah, kiss me many times, *mon cher*, for I am wild for you."

A gentle breeze touched his cheek and stirred the dry leaves in the arching branches overhead. A few of them fluttered down around him, and a mood of fitful melancholy seized him. He sighed. Behind him he could hear the voices of a couple who were passing.

"I'm just crazy about you, kid—honest I am."

"Aw, no, you ain't—you're just kiddin'."

"No, I ain't—listen—why, I——"

The voices blurred, and Wilbur, turning to see who had passed, caught the glint of the white cap of a sailor boy. Presently the figures stepped into a pool of light, and he saw the lad's arm around the slim waist of a girl. He turned away and sighed again. A great loneliness enveloped him for a moment or two, and then an unseemly slap on the back aroused him from his dreamy reverie.

"What are you moonin' about, Jonesy?" inquired a familiar voice.

He turned wearily to find himself looking into the fat and grinning face of Billy Morgan, perhaps the most utterly unromantic-looking student at the university. His dream-pictures vanished completely and he felt the hard pavement under his feet once more.

"Oh, nothin' in particular," he drawled in reply. "I was just sort of figurin'—well, figurin' about—oh, a lot of things."

"Well," returned his chum enthusiastically, "I've got something *real* you can do some figurin' on. Got anything special to do to-morrow?"

"No, nothin' special. I've got to do a little crammin' on French history for old Barton's quiz on Monday, but that's about all."

"Well, forget it, old dear. You and I have got a date. It's all fixed and it's goin' to be some party."

Wilbur's reaction to this information was not particularly spirited. He had had previous experience with Billy Morgan.

"That so?" he ventured lazily. "What's all the shootin' about?"

"Girls."

"Huh, I guess they're nothin' to get excited about."

"Well, this kind is all right, all right."

"What kind are they—Russian grand duchesses or something?"

"No, they're not. They're simply one-hundred-per-cent. American chorus girls."

"You mean regular chorus girls out of a regular Broadway show?" his voice trembled just a bit.

"Sure I do. What did you think I was goin' to stack you up against—a couple of burlesque queens all beef to the hoof? These are de luxers, these are—why, they've got several lines to say in a couple of scenes in a Broadway show—I guess maybe you'd call them minor principals or something like that."

Wilbur tried to preserve an attitude of nonchalant calm, but found it difficult. The prospect was distinctly pleasing. Little nervous shivers ran through his body, and for a moment he could once more hear Félicie calling out to him.

"Where'ja meet 'em?" he inquired

"At a party Larry Stanhope took me to last night down at a jazz composer's apartment. I got stuck between 'em over in a corner while some of the stunts were bein' pulled off, and I brought 'em supper and cocktails and everything. I kidded 'em along—they're live parties, believe me—and I sort of got my nerve up finally and asked if they'd like to have a grand little party on Sunday. I said I'd get out my car and my best pal and we'd go out and gather daisies and so on."

The moonlight filtering down through the half-bare branches fell on his face, and Wilbur saw him wink prodigiously. More nervous tremors shot through him. Gosh, if he only had Billy Morgan's nerve and his way with women there was no figuring out how far he'd go or what he wouldn't be able to achieve!

"Well," he inquired eagerly, "what'd they say?"

"They were on in a minute. It's all fixed. We're goin' to call for 'em in the morning at their apartment at eleven—that's the time they fixed—and we're goin' to make a day and a night of it—take it from one who knows."

"Where are we goin' –first, I mean—and, and—well, afterward, too?"

"I told 'em we'd go wherever they wanted us to go at first, but that they'd better be prepared to go where we wanted 'em to go later. I warned 'em that we were a couple of rough Romeos and that they'd better look out for us, and we sort of kidded along that line for a while. They're real live wires, Jonesy, and we're goin' to have the time of our young lives with 'em before we're through. I figure that we'll take 'em to the Georgian Roof for dinner—I've been introduced to the head waiter there and he'll slip us anything we want—and then we'll do some dancin' for a while and take 'em back to their apartment. Now, listen to me, Jonesy, while I tell you something—will you let me give you a little advice?"

"Sure—what is it?"

"Now, in handlin' girls like this you don't want to get too fresh at the start. You've got to use diplomacy and all that. Of course, at a party with every one feelin' lively from the beginning and so on like the other night it's different, but when you start meetin' girls in the morning before some people maybe have had breakfast –well, it makes a difference. The psychology of it is different. Do you get me?"

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"Huh, I guess I know about as much about the psychology of handlin' women as you do and maybe more. I guess you haven't written any text-books yet on the art of love or any such subject."

He delivered this speech with an air of haughty pride that was palpably assumed. He knew that Billy Morgan had a way of worming himself into the affections of all sorts and conditions of girls with really terrifying effectiveness, and he was secretly glad of the opportunity of studying his methods at close quarters. And in his mind there lurked a vague feeling that he was perhaps in for a pleasant stroll down some forbidden pathway lined with primroses.

He walked home alone in the agreeable warmth of the early Autumn night, his whole being atremble with emotion. Under the door of his room in Boldt Hall he found a special-delivery letter addressed in the long, angular hand of his mother. Its contents came as a cold douche, and he read it with rising irritation.

MY DEAR WILBUR: Father and I have a pleasant surprise for you. He has been feeling the need of a little change for many months, and now that he sees the opportunity for a little relaxation, having got some horrid will case or other settled—he has taken his whole time for weeks—he has decided to spend a few days with me in New York. We are leaving on Saturday night on the sleeper, and we will be at the Stuart Hotel on Sunday morning. Look in on us about ten o'clock and we will all have a delightful day together. We will be so glad to see you, Son.

It's really laughable in a way, but I must tell you that I actually miss the little upsets of last Summer. At least they kept my mind occupied. Now with both you and Anne away the house is as lonesome as a cemetery and there's nothing to do but sew and read and play bridge. I'd really like to have a few worries again. Isn't that funny? Now be sure and meet us at ten o'clock. Your father joins me in sending love. Your devoted mother.

He threw the letter down on the table and flung himself into an armchair in a mood of petulant exasperation. Billy Morgan, breezing into the room a half-hour later, found him immersed in gloom.

"What's the matter with you, old stick-in-the-mud?" he inquired. "You look as if it was your last night on earth. Gettin' scared or something?"

Wilbur looked up at him and said like that."

"No, I'm not gettin' scared or anything. I'm just sick with life, that's all. I just got a letter from my mother sayin' she and my father are comin' on to-morrow and they want me to meet 'em in the morning and spend the day with 'em. Parents don't have any consideration at all. You'd think they'd at least give you a little notice when they plan to do a thing like that."

"Well, you're certainly not goin' to let a little thing like a visit from the old folks interfere with our outin', are you?" inquired Billy. "You're goin' to cook up some excuse or something, aren't you?"

"I'd like to," replied Wilbur miserably, "but I can't think of a decent one. I've been sittin' here for a half an hour tryin' to figure out something that would sound reasonable, but I can't think of anything they couldn't see through, and I wouldn't really like to offend 'em, you know. They're a couple of good scouts—mother and dad—and they think a whole lot of me, and I just couldn't pull anything that would make 'em suspect that I was really tryin' to keep away from 'em. Can't you give me an idea?"

"I guess maybe I can fix you up," said Billy judicially, dropping on the sofa. "I've got quite an extensive repertoire of excuses. Some of 'em have got holes worn through and can't be used in my own family any more, but I guess maybe they'd be new to *your* folks."

Wilbur was primed with a choice selection from Billy's repertoire when he dropped in on his parents' suite on the tenth floor of the Stuart the next morning, having left his chum and the latter's big car around the corner on a side street. His mother was so frankly glad to see him, and his father was in such outrageously good humor that he felt conscience-stricken at the necessity for deception.

"Well, Son," said Henry Jones, putting his arm around Wilbur's shoulder and giving him a hearty hug, "what do you suggest as a program for the big doings? I'm ready to go up in an aeroplane or row a boat over to Staten Island or do any other fool stunt you have to offer—I haven't felt so relaxed in years."

"Yes, dear," said his wife, brushing back a recalcitrant lock from the forehead of her son with a tender little pat, "we'll do anything that you want us to do. We three haven't had an outing away from home since you were a little boy. Let's do something terrible original and exciting just for a lark."

Wilbur wriggled away from their touch. He felt that the feel of their hands on him would make it impossible for him to dissemble. For a moment an inner urge impelled him to chuck Billy and the party and do the right thing by these kindly parents of his who had come all the way to New York just to be with him. The next moment there came to him a vision of Billy's attitude if he left him in the lurch. He couldn't be a quitter and a mollycoddle. Anything but *that*. He slouched over to the window and looked down at the delifie made between the buildings by Fifth Avenue, and watched the sinuous stream of motor-cars sliding past.

"HE FANCIED HIMSELF AN OFFICER ON THE SPLENDID BATTLE-SHIP STEAMING OFF TO SOME QUAINT OLD-WORLD PORT WHERE LANGUOROUS BEAUTIES WERE WAITING TO BE LOVED"

"Well, I must say you're not very enthusiastic," said his father, coming over to him and turning him around so that he could peer into his eyes. "You aren't in some new mix-up, are you?"

"Henry, how dare you suggest such a thing?" cried Mrs. Jones. "Wilbur's all through his foolishness now, aren't you, dear?"

"I suppose so," replied her son, "but I *am* in a mix-up, as father says, and——"

"I thought so," broke in Henry Jones. "What in the name of high Heaven is it *this* time?"

"Oh, it isn't anything that—well, what I mean is that it isn't anything like last Summer—any jam or anything—it's just that I'm ashamed that my work is goin' to keep me away from you folks to-day after you takin' all the trouble to come down here and so on."

HE HUNG his head and twisted his feet awkwardly. "Work?" inquired his father. "You mean study, I suppose. Can't you put it off and plug up to-morrow? You're certainly entitled to a day off now and then."

"That's the way I feel about it," remarked Wilbur, encouraged, "but there isn't any way out of it. There's a crowd of us has to do some special research work to-day, and it's goin' to take a lot of time, and then we've got to spend this evening writin' a paper. It's something they sprung on us yesterday in a rush—some kind of a test of our—well, of our adaptability, I suppose you'd call it."

"Sounds interesting and fairly plausible," remarked Henry Jones. "Where are you going to do your researching and what's the subject?"

"In the Metropolitan Museum of Art. The subject is 'The Domestic Life of the Egyptians During the Eighteenth, Nineteenth, and Twentieth Dynasties.' Of course, I think it's foolish to bother us about a lot of truck like that. I can't figure out how any information on this subject is goin' to do me one bit of good when I'm practisin' law a few years from now, but some of the instructors have got their notions and you've got to humor them."

"Well, all I can say is that I think it's a shame and an outrage to force a young man to give up his Sunday to any such nonsense," remarked Mrs. Jones. "I don't know anything about the domestic life of the early Egyptians and I'm sure it hasn't been a handicap to me down through the years."

"It isn't the information so much as the mental training that goes with its acquirement," said her husband. "That's the thing that counts, isn't it, Wilbur?"

"Yes, sir," dutifully replied that young gentleman, who thought he detected the faintest suggestion of a twinkle in his father's eye. He edged toward the door, still thoroughly ashamed of himself at heart.

"I'll see you folks to-morrow afternoon," he said. "I'll come down here right after my first lecture period —about three o'clock—and I'll have all the rest of the day with you."

another guest who had pushed the button, and the operator's raucous "Going down!" sent Wilbur scurrying toward it. He could hear his father laughing goodnaturedly as the door clicked behind him. He felt distinctly disagreeable.

He found his fellow conspirator in romance in an impatient mood when he reached the rendezvous.

"My gosh, I thought you were goin' to stay all day," remarked Billy. "You got away with it all right, apparently."

"Mother fell for it, but dad's on. Of course he thinks it's just an ordinary love-affair or something like that, but it made me feel cheap when I found out that he knew I was lyin'."

As the car turned into the avenue Billy explained that their destination was in Greenwich Village.

"They're real Bohemians," he said. "They've got a studio and everything. I guess they're livin' their own life down there in their own way, unfettered by the conventions and so on. That's my idea of the right kind of a life for a girl. Don't you agree with me?"

They found their journey's end in a dingy-looking four-story building on one of the side streets just off Sixth Avenue. It had been a fashionable home in far-off days when the quiet serenities of another era had reigned supreme in the neighborhood and before the influx of fake Bohemianism had converted that whole section of the great city into a bizarre parody of actuality.

Now the basement was occupied by a deplorably dirty restaurant known as "The Snake's Hips," where one ate cheap food under the flickering and uncertain light shed by a few candles and imagined oneself utterly devilish and on the sure path to the everlasting bonfire.

The other floors were divided into "studios." The front windows of nearly all of them were curtained with batik in shrieking colors.

Over the door leading into the vestibule was fastened a board on which some mad wag had scrawled in irregular purple letters the legend "Death Lurks Beyond—Beware!"

"Nothing like this in the old home town, eh, Jonesy?" remarked Billy, gazing about the neighborhood.

"I should say *not*," replied Wilbur, who was tingling with delight. "This certainly looks like a wild dump. Let's go in."

"Now remember," cautioned his friend as they ascended the steps, "you've got to behave at the beginning. Don't get fresh when you get up in the studio. Just be nice and formal and polite until they get to know us. As I've told you before, you've got to handle girls of this sort with gloves; take it from an old veteran in the game."

"Aw, bumblebees!" responded Wilbur. "I guess I know my way about."

They found the names of the fair charmers on little cards affixed to a letter-box—"Bernice Bevans" and "Ethel Winslow." Billy pushed a button underneath and lifted a receiver off an adjoining hook.

"Hello," he murmured into the speaking-tube. "This is Mr. Morgan. I've got Mr. Jones with me. Can we come right up?"

Wilbur trembled as he listened, and disturbing shivers ran through him.

Mrs. Jones, ag... expressing her d... appointment, kiss... him fervently. M... Jones followed hi... son into the corri... dor.

"Is she a nice girl?" he whispered.

"Who? What do you mean? I don't understand."

"Come now, old fellow—no secrets. Man to man and all that. You can't put that early Egyptian stuff over on your dad. What is she—blonde or brunette?"

"You're surely mistaken, Father, if you think that I'm deceivin' you—why, I wouldn't think of such a thing—I——"

An elevator door ten feet away opened to let in

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"What's that?" he heard Billy resume. "Oh, say, have a heart. I said have a heart. Well, all right, if that's the way you feel about it. All right. Sure, we'll wait."

He hung up the receiver with a petulant slam.

"Huh!" he snorted. "They won't let us come up. Can you beat that?"

Wilbur's tremors subsided, and the sinking sensation in his stomach area disappeared. They waited grumblingly on the steps. Three bareheaded, bob-haired girls who wore low shoes and untidy-looking smocks passed, smoking cigarets. Bits of their conversation reached the searchers after adventure.

"My dear, he actually believes in marriage, I tell you. He argued it out with me the other night."

"I didn't think he was as absurd as that."

"I asked him if he thought we were still living in the dark ages and——"

The two youths looked at each other with a certain elation.

"I guess maybe this isn't the real Bohemia, eh?" chuckled Billy.

Wilbur nodded, profoundly impressed. The door behind them opened, and they turned to behold their prospective companions in gaiety. Wilbur was seized with his tremors again. The girls were extraordinarily attractive blond creatures with delicate, fair skins aglow with just the faintest flush of color. Dressed almost exactly alike in white suits, with saucy little turbans, they were as immaculate and fresh-looking as wax models in a fashionable modiste's shop-window, and the sight of them standing there would have devastatingly upset far less impressionable males than Wilbur and Billy.

"Well, here we are," said the taller of the two with charming self-reliance.

Almost inarticulate introductions by Billy followed. The taller girl was identified as Miss Bevans. It was to her that Wilbur unconsciously gravitated.

"Why didn't you let us come up?" inquired Billy when the formalities were over.

"Don't be silly, Mr. Morgan," said Miss Bevans with an irritating touch of condescension. "We never entertain gentlemen in our apartment."

Billy looked at Wilbur and Wilbur looked at Billy. It was not an auspicious beginning. The youthful gallants were destined for still further surprizes a minute later when their companions had carefully settled themselves in the car. Miss Bevans sat in the rear seat with Wilbur, who got an exquisite thrill from a faint and subtle perfume which emanated from her delightful person. Her friend sat next to Billy in the front seat.

"Well," said that young gentleman with assumed gaiety, "where do we go from here? Long Beach and a dip in the old ocean, or up Westchester way with lunch at one of those swell roadhouses, or where? You girls have the planning of it, you know. That was part of the bargain."

"I'd like to do what we do every Sunday," said Miss Bevans quietly. "How about you, Ethel?"

"We've simply *got* to, dear," replied her companion. "We can't break up the course, you know. That wouldn't do at all."

"What course?" inquired Wilbur, mystified.

"We'll have to explain," said Miss Bevans sweetly. "We've got season tickets for the course of Sunday morning talks on applied psychology that Henry Arthur Middleton delivers in the ballroom at the Columbia Hotel. He's simply wonderful. There isn't any new-thought bunk about him. He's really scientific and tremendously inspiring."

Billy turned in his seat and looked quizzically at Miss Bevans.

"You're stringin' us, aren't you?" he inquired.

"Certainly not," she replied evenly. "Don't you want to come?"

"Applied psychology!" snorted Billy. "My gosh, we get enough of that every day in the week. This is goin' to be a fine outing, this is."

"Well, if that's the way you feel about it," said Miss Bevans haughtily, making a move as to get out of the car, and turning an injured look on Wilbur, "we can stay right here."

Wilbur put a restraining hand on her arm.

"Listen," he said, "we'd go anywhere, even to church, if you wanted us to. I guess we've got some real appreciation of the decencies of an occasion of this sort even if we do forget ourselves once in a while. Step on it, Billy, and be quick about it."

"Oh, all right," grunted that discouraged Romeo as he started the car. "I apologize and all that."

Contemplation of the serene beauty of Miss Bevans occupied Wilbur's attention on the ride to the Columbia Hotel. Vague doubts as to the ultimate hilarity and wildness of the next ten hours began to assail him as he engaged her in desultory and decidedly impersonal conversation.

He was glad when the car drew up in front of the hotel. A minute or two later he and Billy found themselves in the midst of a group of chattering men and women in the broad corridor outside the ballroom. They were mostly middle-aged people and they all seemed to exude enthusiasm. A certain air of smugness prevailed. Every one seemed to be smiling at every one else and trying to make his or her smile a trifle broader and more impressive than that of the next person.

BILLY turned a despairing glance at Wilbur. "We're goin' to have a sweet time in this nut-factory," he whispered.

Miss Bevans and Miss Winslow led them to seats in the third row from the platform. The room was already thronged and the buzz of conversation filled the air.

"Do you put in all your Sundays this way?" inquired Billy cautiously when they were seated.

"Nearly all of them," Miss Bevans replied. "You see, we don't get much time for serious mental improvement during the week. We have our music lessons every day, and in the evening we've got to play. Really, you know, I'd feel intellectually starved if there wasn't something like this to do, wouldn't you, Ethel?"

"Absolutely," replied Miss Winslow. "About one party a month is all we allow ourselves. If you've got serious stage ambitions, like Bernice and myself, you simply can't afford to fritter away your time. Don't you agree with me, Mr. Jones?"

"I suppose I do," replied Wilbur gloomily, "only I don't think a little excitement—well, a little excitement *occasionally*—say a couple of times a week maybe, or maybe only once a week—would hurt you much."

A ripple of applause cut short further discussion of this point. Dr. Henry Arthur Middleton had arrived and was moving briskly up one of the aisles to his place on the platform. He was a dynamic, forthright person with a brown beard, gold-rimmed glasses attached to a wide black ribbon, and the manner of a professional politician. The "inspirational talk" which he presently began to pour into the ears of his rapt listeners was a discourse full of vague references to "the rhythmic coordination of the higher faculties," "the vibratory principle of universal All-oneness," and other such elusive and mysterious subjects. That is to say they were elusive and mysterious to two young gentlemen in the third row. To the rest of the audience they seemed as crystal-clear as the headlines in the morning newspapers.

"Isn't he inspiring?" inquired the cool Miss Bevans in a whisper, while the lecturer paused for a moment to take a drink of water.

"Yes," replied Wilbur. "I guess maybe he is, only I can't exactly figure out what he's drivin' at."

Dr. Middleton, refreshed by his draft of ice-water, once more plunged into his lecture, and for a full three-quarters of an hour continued his breath-taking flight into the empyrean. The two young romanticists grew more miserable with each passing moment. Wilbur found himself nodding several times under the soothing cadences of the lecturer's voice and was blissfully asleep at the end, when a terrific outburst of applause aroused him with a start.

"I'm afraid you boys didn't get as much out of this as we'd hoped," ventured Miss Bevans as they moved slowly out into the corridor in the wake of the dispersing audience.

"Oh, yes, we did," replied Wilbur, striving desperately to be polite, "only it's sort of a new line of thought for us. I guess it takes time to get accustomed to it."

When they reached the street once more the bright early afternoon sunshine and the warm, clear air seemed to extend a joint invitation for a ride out into the country.

"How about a spin up Westchester way?" inquired Billy, "and a little something to drink at Wildwood Inn? They've got a dandy jazz-band there, and we can do a little prancing and maybe have dinner there later on, or come back to town and do a cabaret."

"That's me," chimed in Wilbur enthusiastically. "I'm crazy for a dance. I haven't had one since I came back to school this year."

The two young women exchanged glances with each other.

"I'm afraid," said Miss Bevans quietly, "that we couldn't think of going for an automobile-ride until we've done something else that is on our Sunday program every week."

"What's that?" inquired Wilbur, who was prepared for the worst.

"Well, it's this way," she replied. "You see, Ethel and I are doing the Metropolitan Museum of Art and——"

"The Metropolitan Museum of Art?" repeated Wilbur in a daze as Billy moaned audibly.

"Exactly," she continued. "We're covering it thoroughly, visiting a different section each Sunday afternoon. We've got a schedule all worked out. Let me see what's on the list for to-day."

She opened her beaded bag and drew out a note-book, which she consulted.

"Oh, yes," she resumed. "It's the Egyptian section for to-day. We want to cover it thoroughly."

Wilbur laughed mirthlessly.

"That's funny, that is," he said. "I guess it's what you'd call sort of ironic."

"I don't understand," said Miss Bevans with irritating coolness. "If you don't want to come along with us we will be pleased to dispense with your company."

"Oh, say now," he stammered, hastening to make amends, "don't take me up so quickly. We'll go with you all right, but I hope you'll agree to go somewhere else after we get through with all this—well, with all this educational work and so on."

"We might take a little ride after that," remarked Miss Winslow with an arch smile, "if Mr. Morgan here will let us use his car."

"Oh, that's all right," replied that now thoroughly discouraged young man. "Go as far as you like. I can stand as much punishment as the next one. I'll go anywhere—now. I think maybe a little trip to the morgue would be a lot of fun after we get through with the museum."

The enthusiasm manifested in the Egyptian collection by the young women was not noticeably shared by their escorts. The two youths permitted themselves to be led past long cases containing coins, weapons, fragments of household utensils, bead ornaments, and other precious

CONTINUED ON PAGE 31

"'HOT DIGGEDTY DOG,' EXCLAIMED BILLY, WHO HAD JUST NOTICED THE APPROACH OF HENRY JONES, 'HERE'S YOUR OLD MAN, JONESY!'"

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Some High Spots in an Eventful Life

In the Spotlight for Forty Years

In Which the Author Indulges in the Spectacular—Becomes a Producer and Is an Eye-Witness of the Great Iroquois Theater Disaster

By William A. Brady

Concluding Instalment

WILLIAM A. BRADY DISCLAIMS THIS PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN YEARS AGO—ONE CAN HARDLY BLAME HIM

I MADE my entrance into New York as a manager on the back of two conspicuous lawsuits—that is, on the tail of one and on the horns of the other. Rather a paradoxical stunt, you will say. Also you will say an ominous way to make your first bow as a manager to the East, the Mekka of all theater men.

The circumstances leading up to the lawsuits referred to were, roughly speaking, concurrent, altho the cases themselves were in no way related. The seeds of these cases were sown way back on the Pacific Coast, and the ramifying vines led clear to the Atlantic. To go to the root of the matter, let me tell you why I quit Lewis Morrison, for if I had not quit Morrison I would not have run up against Dion Boucicault, and if I had not run up against Boucicault one of the most famous and significant theatrical lawsuits of all ages—Augustin Daly *versus* William A. Brady—would never have been fought. Most significant, I say, for this case has been cited more than any other in infringement-of-copyright lawsuits in this country.

As a very young man—because of my ambition, experience, and most egregious nerve—I had come to be known in the theater world of the Coast as a clever young guy. My experience was not limited to San Francisco and environs. I had made a tour to Chicago which added much to my experience and not a little to my self-esteem. It was, therefore, with no inferior complex that I accepted an engagement with Lewis Morrison for a long time one of our most distinguished actor-managers.

Morrison designed forming a high-class company and touring the country from coast to coast—starring himself, of course. There was in San Francisco at the time a wealthy old gentleman named Alsberg, whose daughter Celia was the apple of his eye. Celia was stage-struck. It was the height of her ambition to play such parts as *Imogen* in "Cymbeline," *Isabella* in "Measure for Measure," and the like. Morrison, being a good business man, availed himself of Celia's ambition. In a word, old gentleman Alsberg, because of his love for his daughter, became the "angel" for the show.

Photo by Mairet & Whitlock

MAUDE ADAMS, WHO, ALTHO RETIRED, IS STILL LOVED BY AMERICAN THEATERGOERS

Photo by Harris & Ewing

A ONE-TIME QUEEN OF LAUGHTER—MARIE JANSEN AS OUR FATHERS AND MOTHERS KNEW HER IN THEIR YOUNGER DAYS

We came direct to New York, made our headquarters at Asbury Park, and proceeded to organize a very large Shakespearian company, some twenty-five persons. In due course we started out with flying colors. But almost immediately we ran into bad business. In fact, in a long career I have never experienced so bad business. One night in Providence our great organization played to less than ten dollars, in New Haven to less than eight, and shortly afterward, in Detroit, a full week's business—eight performances—yielded the box-office only $320 gross. It was ghastly Remember it was a big company we had to transport, and the item of salaries alone for a large number of good Shakespearian actors was no mean one. To be sure, expenses were not so great as they are now. It cost me only ten dollars a week to live, and I was one of the extravagant ones. The careful actor could get lodging and meals almost anywhere for a dollar a day. Two or three dollars a day was the limit.

Presently conditions reached a climax. Miss Alsberg's purse could no longer stand the strain. We came mighty near being stranded at a little town down in West Virginia. It was at this point that I, having saved up a little more than four hundred dollars, made a proposal to Mr. Morrison. I knew our star had always cherished the secret ambition to play *Mephistopheles*. So I seized upon the news that Henry Irving had just produced "Faust" in London with great success, and suggested to Morrison that we, too, put on that great drama. Morrison was dubious. The expense of the thing staggered him.

"Oh, nonsense!" said he. Then—"How can we do it?"

Here I sprang my surprize. I had got from a friend in London a little book describing and giving pictures of the Brocken scene, which Irving had produced. Now, in the Brocken scene *Mephistopheles* pronounces the curse of hell, to the accompaniment of vast flashes of flame and fire, on the mountain-side. It was an innovation.

"Why can't we put the Brocken scene in?" I urged. "It will be a riot. We'll pull ourselves out of the hole with a jerk."

"Where are we going to get the money?" said he.

"I've saved up more than four hundred dollars. I'll gamble it if you'll let me put the scene on in my own way and book a Chicago theater."

MORRISON agreed. So I went to Chicago with my four hundred dollars, and with my gift of gab persuaded scene-builders and costumers to construct the Brocken scene as done by Irving in London, with my little illustrated book as a guide. We made a great hit with "Faust" in Chicago. Business jumped way up and continued good.

Again Morrison's business judgment failed him. He didn't know how to let well enough alone—a fatal weak-

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ness with any theater man. For no one ever knows just what it is that is making a play succeed. One can often guess what makes it fail. But "Faust" looked like such a good thing to Morrison that he determined to take the play on tour. No sooner had we quit Chicago than business took a terrible slump with us—it slumped almost as badly as it had in the East when we first started out. We drifted on through Iowa, business getting worse and worse, until we feared we would have to "foot it" home. Presently we struck Denver. It was Christmas week.

Realizing that Morrison had lost all faith in "Faust," and that the possibility of getting my four hundred dollars back was growing more and more beautifully re-

THIRTY YEARS AGO AUGUSTIN DALY WAS ONE OF AMERICA'S FOREMOST PRODUCERS AND PLAYWRIGHTS

mote, I suggested that we put on for Christmas night a glaring melodrama called "Under the Gaslight," which Augustin Daly had produced in 1864. This fact I had good cause to reflect upon subsequently. The first performance of "Under the Gaslight" yielded about sixteen hundred dollars, which looked big to us.

In the big scene of this play one *Snorkey* is tied

ISABEL IRVING, A FAVORITE FOR THREE DECADES

Photo by Newsboy

to the railroad-tracks, struggling in horrible fear of the approaching train. The heroine has been locked in the section-house, close at hand, by the villains of the play. She hears the oncoming train and knows what its sudden passing will mean to *Snorkey*. She makes heroic efforts to get out. She seizes an ax and rains blows upon the padlocked door until it gives in—bursts out, rather. Then she rushes out, and with considerable fumbling unties the knot that holds *Snorkey* down, the accommodating locomotive slowing down long enough to permit her to do so.

We were rehearsing without scenery, so Miss Alsberg pounded on the bare stage with an ax. But I was very careful to impress upon her—the heroine—that at the performance that night there would be a properly upstanding locked door for her to smash down. And this is the way it came out: That night, when the critical moment in the performance came for the heroine to save *Snorkey*, Celia cried and yelled and banged on the *ground* with her ax in the most futile and ridiculous way until a gallery god suggested a more obvious way out, and a stage-hand jerked open the door, permitting the distraught heroine to dash out and pull the prostrate *Snorkey* off the rails.

We used this good old melodramatic meal-ticket till we got back to San Francisco. There I persuaded Morrison again to try "Faust." We spent a few more hundred dollars in refurbishing the scenery, reenforced the cast, and made the Brocken scene the most conspicuous thing in the play. There was a very handsome young actor in San Francisco named Henry Miller, who was out of a job at that time—but who has never been out of a job since, so far as I know—and Morrison engaged him to play *Faust*. Morrison was playing *Mephistopheles*.

The news of the success of the Brocken scene in Chicago had reached the Coast, and all well press-agented stories concerning it had been exploited to the limit, particularly as to how Brady had put it on. It was Brady this and Brady that.

Photo by H. Rodner

A HIGH PRIEST OF OLD-TIME TRAGEDY—JOHN McCULLOUGH IN THE RÔLE OF *OTHELLO*

hundred of my friends and posted them in the gallery.

"When the Brocken scene arrives you just holler 'Brady!' for all you're worth, and keep it up." And that was enough: for those boys were sophisticated gallery gods of the old school.

We introduced in the great scene a double border of rockets around the sides of the stage, and when Morrison—*Mephistopheles*—high up on the mountaintop, with awful mien and guttural voice, ground out:

"The curses of hell upon you for your crime and sin—Begin, begin, begin!" there was a cross-fire of rocket-flashes. In the midst of this one Hobart Bosworth, a huge fellow—a moving-picture favorite of to-day—struggled up the steep, groaning:

"Further, further—onward, onward! Shall I never reach the top?" Bosworth did reach the top, but just at that moment he faced *Mephistopheles*—Morrison—and that wholly unsympathetic gentleman—as was his wont—with an ear-to-ear grin of malevolence, gave him a kick in the solar plexus that sent him rolling down a succession of platforms—supposed to be a series of cascades—the acrobatic negotiation of which was the best stunt I'd ever seen pulled off on the stage.

Very good. The curtain fell on the Brocken scene. Morrison, striding out to take his curtain-call, was met with salvos of "Brady, Brady, Brady!" from the gallery gods. Astonished, the star withdrew as the curtain descended. More salvos —"Brady, Brady, Brady!" The curtain went up. Again Morrison went to the footlights, enraged. He bowed. The cry for Brady grew louder and louder, spreading, rolling, deepening, filling the whole house. For the orchestra, sensing, or thinking they sensed, that Morrison was trying to put something over on some person who deserved more credit and was too weak to assert himself, had joined in the cry. The fourth, the fifth time, Morrison went out. Still that cry for Brady. Infuriated, the star pulled me onto the stage, and

Photo by Hall

GRACE GEORGE AND MARGARET ILLINGTON IN A SCENE FROM "THE TWO ORPHANS"

Photo by Barney

VIRGINIA HARNED AS *TRILBY* IN THE STAGE VERSION OF DU MAURIER'S NOVEL

Feeling that my share in the success of "Faust" was no small one, I now insisted on more billing—bigger letters in press, posters, and electric signs, and more of them. I insisted that the line "Under the supervision of Mr. William A. Brady" be put on the programs. It was the first time I'd ever seen those words in print. I was greatly edified by the sight of them. Morrison made some concessions. I insisted upon more. Morrison refused. Then I determined to have my rights, and this is how I got them: I mustered about a

Photo by Newsboy

SPENGALI: THE SINISTER HYPNOTIST IN "TRILBY" BECAME A REAL FIGURE WHEN WILTON LACKAYE PLAYED THE PART

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I had the greatest curtain-call of my career—before or since. David Belasco was in the audience that night, and oftentimes now when I go to one of his first nights, I wonder if he remembers the time at the Baldwin Theater when Louie Morrison tried to put one over on Brady—and didn't make it.

I was getting forty dollars a week. With becoming modesty I expected to have my salary trebled. Instead I got the grand bounce from the indignant Morrison. But I was full of ambition. And the newspapers swelled my absurd egotism to the bursting-point by declaring that the Brocken scene was the most spectacular and effective thing in the line of staging that California had seen for many years. They made Brady the hero of the hour.

I have related the foregoing experience in speeches and in print, and am repeating it now simply because it forms a link in the chain of my experiences. It not only taught me a valuable lesson, but I believe was really vital in the shaping of my career.

Down on Mission Street in San Francisco was a big carbarn the second story of which had been turned into a theater by Walter Morosco, formerly an acrobat, and father of the present Oliver Morosco. Oliver Morosco at the time was a child acrobat. With his little brothers he used to be tossed about on his father's feet like a ball, and participated in other stunts. The theater had some three thousand seats. Ten cents was the highest price of admission.

Morosco made a practise of taking actors and actresses who had gained some renown in the various high-class theaters in San Francisco and playing them for star engagements. I pondered this a bit, then with my usual effrontery went down to him and asked him how he would like to put me on for a star engagement.

Said Morosco: "What can you do, Brady?"

"What can I do? Take your choice."

I handed him a sheaf of plays—some thirty or forty —that I had purloined at odd moments during their successful runs in the big theaters with which I had been connected as prompter or stage-director. For, as I told you before, at that time every man Jack of us, prompters or directors, in San Francisco stole every successful thing that came out there from the East.

"What can I play?" I repeated. "Any of these. Take your choice."

Morosco put me on with "The Lights o' London" as an opener. I impersonated one *Seth Preen*, a raw-boned Lancashire man. During a very successful engagement, which lasted ten weeks, I did such melodramas as "Hoop of Gold," "Around the World in Eighty Days," "My Geraldine," "Called Back," "Monte Cristo," and others, all of which had been purloined, as aforesaid, from different companies in San Francisco and elsewhere.

I shall never forget my first week of stardom. It was like a first baby, I guess. I used to gaze and gaze at my name set forth in great illuminated letters—"WILLIAM A. BRADY, in 'The Lights o' London.'" I couldn't get enough.

When I thought I had exhausted my list of available plays, I started out to find new things, or possibly neglected old things that I could appropriate. I made a round of bookstores.

On one of these purposeful peregrinations I chanced to pick up a little paper-covered, pamphlet-looking thing called "After Dark." The title at once struck my strong melodramatic sense. It was by Dion Boucicault, too. Great Scott! It must be wonderful such a title and by such a man! I acquired the apparently cheap and harmless little yellow bit for twenty-five cents, never dreaming that with that selfsame twenty-five cents I was buying a lawsuit that would last for thirteen years, take me twice to the United States Supreme Court, and cost me more than sixty thousand dollars!

I announced "After Dark" for the closing week of my engagement with Morosco.

As a most singular bit of luck would have it, no other than Dion Boucicault himself was in San Francisco, playing a limited engagement at the California Theater. Ironically enough, the big letters in which my name and the name of the play were announced and which had so continuously fascinated me, caught the eye of Boucicault. He sent for me.

"Young man," said the clever Irishman in his inimitable way when I appeared before him, "don't you know that it's customary to pay royalties on plays?"

"No, I don't know anything about paying royalties," said I. "Why do you ask?"

Said he: "I see by the bill-boards that you're doing my play 'After Dark.' Would you like to buy it?"

"How much?" I parried.

"I'm told you've been very successful with your other plays." He smiled. "But, even so, I'll charge you only fifteen hundred dollars for it."

"That means all rights?"

"Absolutely."

"I'll give you a thousand dollars," I said.

He haggled over it for two or three hours and presently agreed on eleven hundred dollars, which I paid partly in cash, the balance in promissory notes. And so the cunning old fox landed me, a youngster—a youngster who prided himself on his sophistication—landed me in 1888 with a play that he, himself, had practically been proscribed from doing in America in 1866. And why? Because in "After Dark" the big, the vital scene was almost identical with the great scene in "Under the Gaslight," the Daly play, in which the hero is tied down to the railroad-tracks by the villain and assistant villain and rescued by the heroine, who clogs her way out of the section-house in which she has been imprisoned for purposes of the drama.

Boucicault simply changed the location. His hero was tied to the rails in the sot-laden underground of London. Instead of a heroine imprisoned in a section-house, Boucicault had a hero bottled up in a cellar by the villain—a thin wall separating it from the sulfurous old subway. This gentleman smashed a hole in the wall with a crowbar and turned the rescue trick. But the change of locale and the transmogrification of sex of the rescuers were not enough for a legal alibi, as I learned to my cost later on.

Presently, having through the most rigid economy saved eighteen hundred dollars, I joined myself with George P. Webster. We formed the Webster-Brady Company, and with the repertoire which I had produced at the Morosco toured the Coast country, secured many dates for Fair weeks, and did exceedingly well.

JUST then H. Rider Haggard's sensational novel "She" was all the rage. Everybody was talking about the transformation scene, in which the beautiful woman who had held her age in suspense throughout the centuries entered the fire, and presently emerged, a shrunken, ape-like old creature. There were many elements of theatrical success in the story. In the first place, there is a very keen human interest in the way any person can retain the appearance of youth over against the passing of years. Yes, it's a matter of vital interest to people—they want to see how it's done. Another thing, the book had achieved enormous publicity—vast advertising value.

So, unsuspectingly, I entered upon another venture that was to lead to the court-house. One Sunday morning in Reno I took a copy of "She," some paper, a pair of shears, and a paste-pot, went to my room in the hotel, and five hours later emerged with a complete dramatized version.

I shall never forget the first night of "She." The house was jammed. Webster and I congratulated ourselves that we had the world by the tail. It was our veritable oyster, to be devoured at our leisure. That is how confident we felt. All went well. The fourth act came, enthusiasm out in front growing apace. Then—the last scene of the act, in which *She* enters the flame, very beautiful, and emerges quite the contrary, as the Englishman would say.

The flame, several feet high, was produced by forcing gas through a large, horizontal, perforated iron pipe, hidden behind an asbestos-covered sheet of tin painted to resemble moss or sod. When the curtain went up and the sheet of gas was seen swirling and roaring up from the ground, there was a tremendous round of applause. That was the first thing of its kind those people had ever seen or dreamed of. *She*, the beautiful, delivered her last speech to her youthful and passionate lover, staggered in behind the sheet of flame, disappeared from the sight of the audience through a "trap," and in a few moments a little, shriveled runt emerged and yelped out her lines.

I was playing *Job*, the comedy part. It was my business to go into a delirium of fright at the fearful death of the beautiful creature and her emergence from the flame, shriveled into a thing too awful for words. I exulted myself, as I imagined, to supreme dramatic heights, spoke my words with all the abandon of terror, and flung myself upon the stage in a paroxysm of anguish. But instead of the sounds of horror that I expected from out in front there was a wild outburst of laughter—shouts of derision from all parts of the house. The transformation of *She* from sublime beauty into grotesque ugliness had touched the audience the wrong way. The curtain dropped. I lay on the stage and sobbed:

"You fool, you fool! You've gone and lost everything! Why didn't you let well enough alone?"

But the critics were not unkind. They gave us good notices, quite overlooking the fiasco of the closing scene. And when the box-office opened there was a rush for seats. We played to fine business for some weeks. Realizing for the first time in my life that I had a genuine success on my hands, I called the company together and said:

"Boys, it's no more Pacific Coast for us. It's New York."

You may imagine how they received the news. For New York to a Pacific Coast actor was synonymous with paradise. Salt Lake City, even, was an achievement that few of them ever dreamed of.

I BOOKED a route for New York, via Seattle, Butte, Helena, St. Paul, Chicago, Indianapolis, and St. Louis. It was one continuous big house. Night after night the bank-roll grew and grew. I had little faith in banks, so I carried our accumulated receipts in a little leather valise slung over my shoulder by a strap. This practise caused the company no little worry, for it was well known among the theatrical fraternity of the Coast that I was one who would lay his last dollar on the ace.

Just about this time it was announced in the theatrical papers that Charles Frohman, who was becoming prominent as a manager in New York, had, in association with William Gillette, made a dramatic version of "She." They had produced it at Niblo's Garden in New York city in a very wonderful way, with hundreds of people—ballet—magnificent scenery, cast, and so forth. But it had failed. And so Frohman had sent it out on the road, where it started to coin money. They did not think so much of New York's opinion in those days.

This was rather an alarming piece of news. I was bound for New York, over the same route the Frohman company had traveled. I thought I could compete with the magnates—Frohman and Gillette. The prospect of running up against them made me decidedly shaky. But I had one thing to sustain me—and divert me, in fact, from everything else—the grand romance.

While playing Butte, Mont., I drifted one evening into a vaudeville theater, and there beheld on the stage a very beautiful woman. It was Marie René. This artist was doing a dancing act in which she impersonated six or seven nationalities, making instantaneous changes of costume and the like. It was a case of love at first sight—on my part. I made it a point to meet her, and was charmed that she reciprocated my feelings. I asked Mademoiselle René to join my troupe and do her specialty in the play. She accepted. Three weeks later we were married. The lady was Albee Brady's mother. To her I owe a great deal. She was a Frenchwoman, born in Paris, and manifested the managerial capacity characteristic of Frenchwomen.

While cheerful at all times, my wife was profoundly religious. But, above all, she knew how to handle me. It's a wonderful thing for a young man to meet the right woman. I was twenty-two, and full of the egotism of youth and the assurance that quick success. But my wife put me in my proper place almost at once.

To go back to the Frohman Gillette matter. The enemy was coming West—I was going East. I calculated the battle-ground would be St. Paul. We were both to play the same theater. My organization was booked as a repertoire company, but I was slipping "She" in on every possible occasion. I could, of course, make small showing with my company of six against the Frohman-Gillette outfit of one hundred persons.

I was playing *Job*, the comedy part, out in the Northwest when my agent wired me that Frohman, having learned that I was to do "She" in St. Paul, had decided to take the wind out of my sails there—"slough" me. To slough a manager means to bury him, to overwhelm him by a very much bigger show or by ostentatious advertising, cunningly contrived to belittle him—make the public think he is not worth going to see.

I put my understudy in my place and made tracks for St. Paul. Arriving there, I inquired for Frohman's man, McGeachey. I was told that he was on the top floor of the St. Paul *Globe* Building. I climbed fifteen stories and caught my gentleman in the very act of preparing an advertisement in which he told how "The wonderful Frohman-Gillette 'She' Company will appear here in two weeks," and "Pay no attention to the small barnstorming Webster-Brady Company, composed of only eight members and reenforced by supers collected from the byways and hedges. Brady is a cheat and a faker and has no right to produce the play, as the sole right has been conveyed

CONTINUED ON PAGE 92

Something New in Cut-Outs

DON'T miss the new cut-out on page 49 of this issue. It's something entirely new and original and should prove to be an extremely popular feature with the children.

This series, known as "The Pin-a-Peep Show" cut-outs, will appear in every other number of Pictorial Review and will continue for an indefinite period.

The "Pin-a-Peep Show" is really more than a cut-out. It's a novel, interesting, and decidedly worthwhile toy for the little ones.

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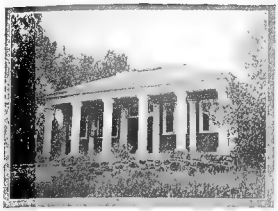
Mrs. Edward MacDowell and Her Great Work for America

The Winner of Pictorial Review's $5,000 Annual Achievement Award Made a Promise Seventeen Years Ago Which Now Can Be Fulfilled

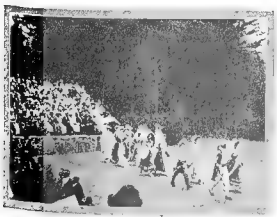
By Ida Clyde Clarke



THE REGINA WATSON STUDIO—ONE OF NINETEEN STUDIOS IN THE MacDOWELL COLONY

A SCENE FROM THE PAGEANT "YOUTH WILL DANCE," WHICH WAS GIVEN DURING 1914

THE HELEN OGDEN STUDIO—QUIET, SECLUDED, AND IN HARMONY WITH ITS SURROUNDINGS



NINE HUNDRED SPECTATORS MAY VIEW THE PAGEANTS FROM THIS PERMANENT STAND

MRS. EDWARD MacDOWELL RECEIVES THE GOOD NEWS FROM PICTORIAL REVIEW

WHAT is the most important thing that has been done by a woman in America during the past year? What single achievement by an individual woman has raised the standard of American life or tended to make us a better, finer, greater nation?

These questions open up a wide range of inquiry and set us thinking along many lines. They move us to wonder as to America's greatest need. They bring us face to face with some of our weaknesses, and they also bring us to view with pride many of our accomplishments. Certainly no American can look back upon the year's record without a sense of satisfaction and a thrill of hope for the greatness of our future. It is a record to be proud of.

But in which direction have we made the most definite step forward? Has it been through scientific discovery, or through the application of some new method of using the knowledge at hand, or through some plan for extending the underlying principle of democracy—equality of opportunity for all? Or has it been through something finer and subtler in its influence than is suggested by any of these?

Pictorial Review has long believed that we have many women prophets among us who remain unhonored and unsung merely because we do not know them. Man, having had a far wider range for the exercise of his talents and the development and expression of his genius, has had a proportionately wider recognition for his achievements. We know our great men far better than we know our great women.

In order to discover the American women who are doing important things in their respective fields and

CONTINUED ON PAGE 98

COLONY HALL, WITH THE SIGMA ALPHA IOTA COTTAGE IN THE DISTANCE

A DRESS REHEARSAL IN PROGRESS ON THE WOODLAND PAGEANT STAGE

THE PINE STUDIO—WHERE AUTHORS OR ARTISTS MAY WORK UNDISTURBED

THE NEW JERSEY FEDERATION OF WOMEN'S CLUBS STUDIO—AN IDEA WORTH IMITATING

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BEAUTY IN THE HOME

A Practical Department of Furnishing and Decorating

Conducted by WINNIFRED FALES

An Eighteenth-Century Lesson in Home-Furnishing

AN EVENT of profound interest and importance to the home-decorator was the opening shortly before the holidays of the new American wing of the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York city. In the many rooms and galleries of this magnificent three-storied structure, the splendid gift of the museum's president, Mr. Robert W. de Forest, and Mrs. de Forest, the visitor may study the evolution of the American home and its decoration from about 1630 to the close of the first quarter of the nineteenth century, and note, even in the earlier divisions of that period, signs of an instinctive effort toward the application of the fundamental principles of Line, Scale, Proportion, Suitability, et cetera, on which all good decoration must be based.

Starting on the upper floor, one passes through a succession of quaint, low ceilinged rooms with tiny windows and cavernous fireplaces, sparsely furnished with clumsy chests, court cupboards, dressers, and severely straight-lined chairs and settles primitive in contour and construction and yet not without their evidences of a groping after beauty as revealed in the carving of flat surfaces—often surprizingly intricate—the introduction of moldings and turnings, and the use of decorative printed linens and wool embroideries for bed-covers and hangings and the thin pads which made sitting on the hard seats a little less of a penance.

By the last quarter of the seventeenth century a marked refinement of furniture forms had taken place, with greater elaboration of detail and better adaptation to human comfort. The court cupboard and clumsy, inconvenient chest had given way to the chest of drawers and high-boy as we know them to-day. The low-boy was created to match the high-boy and often used in bedrooms as a dressing-table; and the bureau and slant-topped writing-desk were introduced. The banister-backed chair, with its rush seat, well-designed turnings, and ornamental cresting, now came into being, and in beauty as well as comfort marked an enormous advance over the earlier seating-furniture. Such a chair is reproduced below.

The middle floor, whose rooms represent the period from the first quarter of the eighteenth century to the Early Republican period, is in some respects the most interesting of the three. Paneled walls, often embellished with pilasters and well-designed cornices, as in the illustrated room from Oriole, Somerset County, Md., were painted in cheerful tones and formed a most effective background for the furnishings which at this period had relaxed from the earlier rigidity into graceful curves and contours expressed in the cabriole legs, hooped backs, vase-shaped splats, and other details of the Queen Anne and Early Georgian periods in England.

In this particular room, the woodwork of which was removed from a brick house probably erected about the middle of the eighteenth century, an interesting hint is offered to the modern home-builder by the Chinese-red interior of the built in cupboard, which creates a strikingly effective color-note in the room. Nowadays when the wood work for built in cupboards of Colonial design may be bought ready cut, such a feature can be introduced at small expense.

BOTH THE VIRGINIA ROOM ABOVE AND THAT FROM MARYLAND ON THE RIGHT ARE DISTINGUISHED BY THEIR SIMPLICITY AND ABSENCE OF CLUTTER

The furniture, chiefly of walnut, represents types which are available to-day in the form of carefully executed reproductions. The upholstery consists of velvet and needlework, tho damask would be equally in keeping with the period. It is interesting in this connection to note that there has recently been a revival of interest in the *petit point* and *gros point* so extensively employed in the eighteenth century, and that numbers of housewives are industriously embroidering "chayre seates and backes" as did their great-great-great-grandmothers two hundred years ago. There is even a growing vogue for a form of handiwork closely resembling the process by which the once popular "Turkie bottomes for chayres" were created at a still earlier period—a process closely allied to the hand-knotting of Oriental rugs.

AN EARLY BANISTER-BACK CHAIR OF FINE PROPORTIONS

The first floor of the new wing is devoted to interiors typical of the classic revival in architecture of which the Adam Brothers were the chief sponsors in the mother country, and which a little later spread to the United States. Rooms became higher, more spacious, and displayed greater elaboration of detail, and with the growing wealth of the young republic, furnishings became correspondingly richer and more costly. New pieces were introduced to meet the increasingly complex social usage of the times, chief among these being the sideboard. Cabriole legs gave place to the straight and delicately tapered forms which, with other details, were borrowed from the styles created in England by Hepplewhite and Sheraton, and there was a general tendency toward lightness and delicacy of scale and proportion.

An interesting example of this period is the room from Petersburg, Va., which is herewith reproduced. The architectural composition and detail are clearly designed in the Adam manner, with a wealth of molding, fluting, and applied composition ornament which the Adamses were the first to introduce into England. The walls are hung with antique satin in yellow with a small repeated figure in gray-white.

The furniture is appropriately Sheraton in type, including the quaint little tambour-work writing-desk which may be seen at the right of the door in the illustration. The beautifully proportioned wing-chair is covered with an oyster-white and grayish-brown brocaded satin of the period (a similar effect could be secured at far less cost with glazed chintz or a modern cretonne or printed linen). Its position beside the hearth with its back to the open door is illustrative of the purpose for which this type of chair was originally devised, namely, to afford protection from drafts in the less scientifically constructed and imperfectly heated homes of earlier generations, when in a cruder form it first came into use.

Quite apart from the intrinsic beauty of their contents, the room from Maryland and its Virginia neighbor possess one noteworthy characteristic in common: a restful simplicity, with freedom from the crowding and clutter which make too many modern rooms oppressive to the eye and a burden to their owners. Sparsely furnished tho they may be, judged by to-day's standards, neither room seems bare or lacking in comfort. On the contrary, a nice regard for convenience is apparent in the choice and arrangement of the furniture, as well as an unerring instinct for decorative balance.

The question which naturally arises when the tour of these fascinating survivals of a bygone day has been completed is whether they have any value to the twentieth-century home-maker beyond their intrinsic interest as historic documents. In other words, do they contain anything which will help you and me to make *our* homes more beautiful? And the answer is that altho we may for financial reasons be obliged to substitute paint or paper for satin on our walls, modern reps and cretonnes for velvets and brocades upon our chairs, and simple cottage pieces for those of Hepplewhite and Sheraton, nevertheless we can acquire from the study of these rooms a feeling for scale and proportion, a comprehension of color values, and an appreciation of the meaning of suitability, balance, and restraint which mere reading is powerless to impart.

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—and Campbell's chefs make them taste even better than they look!

The pride of the finest gardens! The glory of nature's most perfect and tempting vegetable foods! Here they are, pictured just before they are made into Campbell's Vegetable Soup!

And it takes vegetables just this good to make such wonderful vegetable soup. It also takes more—the skill, the delicacy of touch, the enthusiasm of Campbell's famous soup chefs.

Taste this soup today. Let the children eat it freely—it's splendid for them. Fifteen vegetables. Invigorating beef broth. Hearty cereals. Herbs and seasoning. Thirty-two ingredients. And what delicious flavor!

21 kinds
12 cents a can

If all the people Campbell's serve
With vigor, health and mirth,
Should stand in line, the mighty curve
Would reach around the earth!

LUNCHEON — DINNER — SUPPER

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Some improvements in frying

WHEN we get home late or company comes in unexpectedly our thoughts naturally turn to the frying pan as the quickest way to cook a tasty meal.

Whenever I think of the frying pan I think of Crisco, as Crisco is just as much of a help as the frying pan is. With Crisco we can fry everything without any smoke. When we are through we can save every drop of Crisco for the next fry, no matter what it is, because Crisco doesn't take the taste of foods cooked in it. You would never know it was used before.

I have found that the foods I fry in Crisco are the best I have ever eaten and the most attractive I have ever seen. They are never greasy either, as Crisco, the wholesome *vegetable* shortening, doesn't stick to the food. It simply cooks them in a delicious way as any of the recipes given below will show you. For the same reasons, I always use Crisco for deep frying.

As a matter of fact, I use Crisco for all my cooking. I'll confess I was never sure of my pies until I got to using Crisco. I like Crisco for cakes, too, because they come out even and whole and they never fail. Everyone who tastes them thinks they are made with butter.

M. S. C.

CRISCO *also makes delicious cakes, pies and hotbreads*

How to fry without smoke

Free! **200 tested recipes**

Gathered from the whole wide world by Miss Olive S. Allen. To secure this cook book free, simply send your name and address to Section N-3, Dept. of Home Economics, The Procter & Gamble Co., Cincinnati, Ohio.

Crisco is the trade-mark for a superior shortening manufactured and guaranteed purely vegetable by The Procter & Gamble Company, Cincinnati, Ohio, U. S. A.

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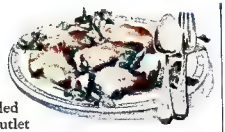


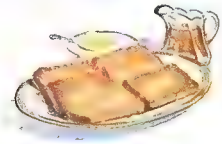
Breaded Veal Cutlet

This needs plenty of Crisco—but the Crisco is never wasted. Whatever is left in the frying pan strain back into the can and use it over and over again. You will be surprised to see how little has been used.

1 slice of veal, cut about ¾" thick
1 egg, beaten
½ doz. soda crackers
Crisco

Cut the veal into cutlets wherever it is veined. Roll the crackers fine. Dip the cutlets first in the crackers, then in the egg and then again in the crackers. Dust with salt and pepper on both sides.

Heat the Crisco in a frying pan, having it deep enough to cover the cutlet half way up. Then cook slowly on one side until nearly done; then turn and cook on the other side until brown.

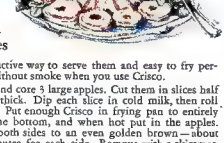


French Toast

A different way to make it. You are sure to like it if you fry it in Crisco. Use plenty of Crisco to fry an even brown without sticking to the pan. The Crisco will not be wasted. Strain what is left and use it again for the next thing you want to fry.

1 cup sour milk
¾ teaspoon soda
1 egg
1 tablespoon sugar
⅛ cup flour
¾ teaspoon salt
Bread cut into slices

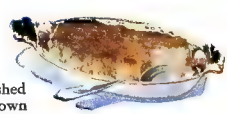
Beat milk and soda together with egg beater. Add sugar, salt and unbeaten egg. Continue beating with the egg beater until smooth; then beat in the flour. Put about 4 or 5 tablespoons of Crisco in cold frying pan, heat slowly and when hot dip the bread one slice at a time in the batter, covering both sides. Put into the hot Crisco; fry until brown on one side, turn and fry on the other side. Serve hot with syrup or honey. This will make about 8 slices.



Fried Apples

An attractive way to serve them and easy to fry perfectly without smoke when you use Crisco.

Peel and core 3 large apples. Cut them in slices half an inch thick. Dip each slice in cold milk, then roll in flour. Put enough Crisco in frying pan to entirely cover the bottom, and when hot put in the apples. Fry on both sides to an even golden brown—about two minutes for each side. Remove with a skimmer, drain on soft paper, dust with powdered sugar, serve alone, or on special occasions, as a garnish for crown roast of lamb as pictured above.



Hashed Brown Potatoes

(with or without green peppers)

Delicious either way and you can fry them to a lovely golden brown in Crisco without smoke or scorching.

6 medium-size cold boiled potatoes
Salt and pepper
3 raw green peppers
Crisco

Chop potatoes fine, season with salt and pepper. Remove seeds and stems from peppers. Wash, drain and chop fine. Mix with potatoes. Put in enough Crisco to completely cover the bottom of the frying pan. Heat slowly. When hot add potatoes and cook slowly, stirring occasionally with a fork. When partly brown fold into omelet shape in one side of the frying pan. Fry until a rich brown. Turn out on platter, keeping the omelet shape.

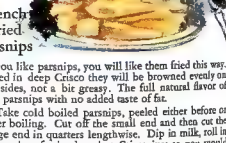
Fish

(3 New Hints)

1 *Use enough Crisco to partly cover the fish*
2 *Fry slowly and do not turn until almost done*
3 *Turn only once*

Fried without smoke; fried without wasting left over Crisco; fried without breaking. Don't be afraid to use plenty of Crisco. It won't be wasted even when fish is fried in it. Simply strain it back into the can and use it again.

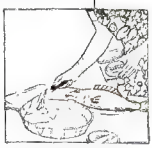
Clean the fish, leaving it whole or cut in steaks. Wash in cold water and dry in a towel. Dust with salt and pepper, roll in flour or cornmeal, and put into the frying pan when the Crisco is hot. Use a pancake turner to turn. Garnish with parsley and lemon.



French Fried Parsnips

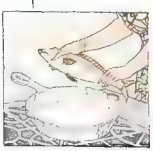
If you like parsnips, you will like them fried this way. Fried in deep Crisco they will be browned evenly on all sides, not a bit greasy. The full natural flavor of the parsnips with no added taste of fat.

Take cold boiled parsnips, peeled either before or after boiling. Cut off the small end and then cut the large end in quarters lengthwise. Dip in milk, roll in flour, then fry in deep hot Crisco just as you would French fried potatoes. Have the Crisco heated to 385° or when a cube of bread browns in 20 seconds. When the parsnips are brown, take out and drain on soft paper. Sprinkle with salt and serve hot.



1 Put Crisco into cold frying pan. To thoroughly cook the food (for example, a fish) without smoke or scorching, fry slowly, using enough Crisco to partly cover it. It will not require the constant attention frying does when only a little fat is used.

2 Put frying pan over low heat. As soon as Crisco is melted put in a small piece of bread.



3 As soon as bread starts to brown put in the fish.

Cook slowly until fish is nearly done, then turn to brown the other side. With plenty of Crisco in the pan the fish is easily turned without breaking. It will cook until it is almost done.

4 Strain the Crisco into an empty can and use it for the next thing you want to fry. No one will know you have fried fish in it.

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The Primrose Path

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23

relics of one of the earliest of civilizations. They entered the cool and musty depths of a reconstructed tomb, but they utterly failed to get the thrill out of the experience which seemed to fill their companions with enthusiasm. Even the mummies failed to interest them. The hours dragged on with a snail-like pace while the searchers after culture perused thick catalogs and read aloud long descriptions of the most valuable objects encountered in the pilgrimage.

"Isn't it splendid to step back into the mysterious past?" inquired Miss Bevans enthusiastically as they emerged from a room devoted to elaborately decorated mummy-cases.

"I guess so," replied Wilbur gloomily, "but as far as I'm concerned I'd rather step out on a dancing-floor. Oh—oh, my gosh!"

THE last exclamation came from him involuntarily and was prompted by a sight which met his gaze as he glanced through the archway leading into an adjoining room. Three visitors were leisurely strolling in his direction, and Wilbur had no difficulty in immediately identifying two of them as his father and mother. Mrs. Jones seemed alert and eagerly interested, but her husband was trailing along behind, apparently sunk in the depths of boredom. The third member of the party was unknown to Wilbur. She was a plump little woman with a pleasant smile and a certain air of excessive liveliness. She was about his mother's age, but she looked a year or two younger because of her bobbed hair.

Wilbur looked around despairingly. A meeting with his family seemed inevitable. He grabbed Miss Bevans by the arm.

"Say," he murmured tremulously. "I've got a favor to ask of you girls. We've been pretty decent to you so far. Now it's your turn and all that. I've just seen my father and mother in the next room. I think they're comin' in here—yes, my father's seen me—he's comin' over. Just pretend you're college students and don't let on you're—you're —well, don't let 'em know you're on the stage. P-l-e-a-s-e."

The pleading intensity of a small child was in his voice. Miss Bevans smiled at him pityingly.

"Is hims afraid his daddy and mama will spank hims if they find out he's with naughty actresses?" she inquired mockingly.

"Hot diggedety dog," exclaimed Billy, who had just noticed the approach of Henry Jones, "here's your old man, Jonesy!"

"Oh, hello, Father," remarked Wilbur in his best casual manner as Mr. Jones came within speaking distance. "Did you decide to do the museum, too?"

"Your mother dragged me here," replied Henry Jones. "Art's all right, but a little of it goes a long way. We've been through the whole darned building and I'm more than fed up. Hello, Billy."

HE LOOKED inquiringly and a bit quizzically at the two young women as he shook hands with Billy Morgan. Wilbur floundered into the breach.

"This is Miss Bevans and Miss Winslow—my father. They're in that—well, in that class I—you know—research work on Egyptian history and all that. You remember I told you this morning."

"Delighted, I'm sure," remarked Henry Jones, who was gazing admiringly at the two young women. "I had it all figured out that Wilbur here was putting something over on his mother and myself when he said he was coming up here. I thought he was going in for a little romance or something on the side, but I see he doesn't have to be out of his class for that. Do you girls really like this —this research work?"

"Very much indeed," replied Miss Bevans coldly.

The plump matron was introduced all around.

"She's an old schoolmate," explained Mrs. Jones, "and we hadn't met for twenty years until we ran into each other in the hotel lobby this morning. Just think—she wasn't married at all when I saw her last, and now she's got a grown-up son."

"How do you young people stand museums?" inquired the visitor from Buffalo. "I think they're awful bores. It wouldn't be so bad if they'd let you smoke or if they had a nice saxophone quartet in the main hall and let you do a fox-trot every now and then between galleries. The whole place is so solemn it gives me the he-be-jimmies."

Billy Morgan chuckled. Mrs. Jones turned a puzzled face to her friend.

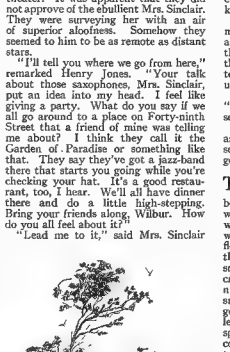
"What on earth are those, Marion?" she inquired.

"Those, my dear Grace, are the doldrums, the blues—the willies, in other words. You've got to get around and learn a few things. Where do we go from here? I see they're getting ready to put the customers out and close up the store."

WILBUR looked curiously at the two ladies from the magic world of the theater. It was apparent that they did not approve of the ebullient Mrs. Sinclair. They were surveying her with an air of superior aloofness. Somehow they seemed to him to be as remote as distant stars.

"I'll tell you where we go from here," remarked Henry Jones. "Your talk about those saxophones, Mrs. Sinclair, put an idea into my head. I feel like giving a party. What do you say if we all go around to a place on Forty-ninth Street that a friend of mine was telling me about? I think they call it the Garden of Paradise or something like that. They say they've got a jazz-band there that starts you going while you're checking your hat. It's a good restaurant, too, I hear. We'll all have dinner there and do a little high-stepping. Bring your friends along, Wilbur. How do you all feel about it?"

"Lead me to it," said Mrs. Sinclair



heartily. "I'm dying on my feet in this place."

"I don't know what to think," remarked Mrs. Jones cautiously. "It's Sunday, you know, and besides I haven't danced much these last few years and—"

"Say," broke in Mrs. Sinclair, "you'll be telling us next that you want to enter an old ladies' home. You're going to come with us and you're going to enjoy yourself, too. We'll show you a trick or two, won't we, girls?"

The two ladies from the chorus to whom this last remark was addressed looked questioningly at each other for a fleeting moment.

"I'm afraid we couldn't think of going with you," said Miss Bevans in a formally polite voice. "We never go to cabarets. We don't like the atmosphere. We thank you just the same for the invitation."

Mrs. Sinclair sniffed quite audibly. Henry Jones seemed puzzled.

"Well," he remarked, "in that case I don't suppose Wilbur and Billy here would like to——"

"We couldn't think of interfering with *them*," interrupted Miss Bevans. "We'll take a bus home. It will be quite all right."

"Do you want to come along with us, Wilbur?" persisted Mr. Jones.

"Well, I'd like to," replied that young gentleman, "but I don't know whether it would be right to leave——"

"Oh, right my grandmother!" interjected Billy. "Of course we'll go, Mr. Jones. The girls don't mind. I'll drive 'em home in my car if they want me to."

"We wouldn't think of bothering you," said Miss Bevans evenly. "Good-by, every one. We're delighted to have known you all. Come on, Ethel."

They walked away briskly toward the main entrance. The two searchers after adventure watched them disappear in the enveloping twilight without any of the pangs that are proverbially reputed to be the portion of those suffering from unrequited affection.

"Nice girls," commented Mr. Jones, "but a little too cold and formal. They seem to take life pretty seriously."

"Say," remarked Wilbur, "I guess if any two girls were to take life any *more* seriously they'd just naturally have to go into a convent or something."

THE orchestra at the Garden of Paradise was in particularly fine fettle because the evening was yet young. It was the third encore, and the saxophones wailed with insidious wickedness as the whirling maze of dancers on the crowded floor swayed in rhythmic unison with the music. There was a final discordant snarl, accompanied by a thunderous crash of cymbals and drum, and the number was over. Two flushed and smiling matrons escorted by two young gentlemen elbowed their way breathlessly to a table on the edge of the cleared space where Henry Jones was sipping coffee and observing the festivities with tolerant good nature.

"You're some dancer," remarked Billy Morgan to the plump Mrs. Sinclair, who flopped joyously into a chair and prepared to finish a temporarily neglected dessert. "There wasn't anybody on the floor who could hold a candle to you."

"Is that so?" inquired Wilbur belligerently. "Well, let me tell you something. You try the next dance with mother here and if she doesn't put it all over Mrs. Sinclair I'll buy you a new hat and —why, I'll buy you a whole new suit of clothes."

"Wilbur, Wilbur," cautioned Mrs. Jones, "where's your politeness?"

He blushed furiously and hung his head.

"I'm—I'm sorry," he stammered. "Excuse me, Mrs. Sinclair. I just got carried away with enthusiasm and all that about mother. I never danced with her before, and it was sort of a—well, sort of a revelation."

Mrs. Jones turned away and fumbled for her handkerchief. She wasn't exactly ashamed of the tears that welled up in her eyes, but they seemed too intimate to be shared with any one.

Sliced PEACHES AT THIS TIME OF YEAR? certainly-

Why not?

Under the DEL MONTE label you will find Sliced Peaches as delicious and tempting as though you had just brought them in from the orchard.

But they have one advantage over even the choicest fresh summer fruit. They're all prepared and sliced for you—ready for instant service whenever you want them.

That's why they're so convenient in many simple, every-day dishes—for instance, on ice cream, on left-over cake, in bread pudding, or in peach pie.

And that's why it pays to keep a supply of DEL MONTE Sliced Peaches always on hand. Their goodness is assured—and they help to meet many a menu emergency.

"The DEL MONTE Fruit Book"—a picked collection of the fruit recipes preferred by America's best known cooking authorities—suggests many tempting uses for sliced peaches. For your free copy, address Department 31-D, California Packing Corporation, San Francisco, California.

Be sure you say DEL MONTE

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Simplicity is the golden rule for coiffures to follow on all important occasions

A smooth, trim head of hair is the most distinguished of all for evening wear

This simple head-dress is becoming to classic features

DISTINGUISHED STYLES IN HAIR-DRESSING

BY MANUEL

SIMPLE styles in hair-dressing that reveal the lines of the head just as effectually as the popular bob are gradually coming into vogue in both Paris and New York. "La petite tête" requires very little more hair than the bob itself and in many social sets is thought to lend a softer appearance to the face.

With the social season at hand many of the best-dressed women of Paris and New York have adopted this new coiffure as the most up-to-date and the most becoming. Usually the hair is parted on the side or in the front and is allowed to fluff at the sides. At the back a small "chignon" is held in place by a tiny comb that has become extremely chic in Paris.

On this page are shown some of the newest modes becoming to both girls and women. A noticeable feature of each is that simplicity is the golden rule and that the lines of the head are followed in classic fashion.

For daytime or evening this style is both smart and new

For small features this coiffure would be especially suitable

The coiffure to-day reveals the beautiful lines of the head

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"A SKIN YOU LOVE TO TOUCH"—*Painted by Guy Hoff*

Begin TODAY - to free your skin from complexion troubles

Each day your skin is *changing—You can make the new skin what you will*

A SMOOTH fine skin, free from blackheads, blemishes, conspicuous pores—you can gain it by the right care!

Each day your skin is changing—old skin dies and new takes its place. This new skin you can make what you will.

Begin today the right Woodbury treatment for your skin, and see what an improvement will follow. Day by day your complexion will grow smoother, clearer, lovelier!

The famous Woodbury treatments for each type of skin and its needs are given in the booklet "*A Skin You Love to Touch*", which is wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

Get a cake of Woodbury's today, at any drug store or toilet goods counter! A 25-cent cake lasts a month or six weeks for general toilet use, including any of the special Woodbury treatments. Or for convenience—buy Woodbury's in 3-cake boxes.

Begin, tonight, the special Woodbury treatment your skin needs, and see how quickly the whole tone of your complexion will improve.

FREE! A guest-size set of three Woodbury skin preparations, with new, large-size trial cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

THE ANDREW JERGENS CO., 393 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio
Please send me *free*
The new, large-size trial cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, samples of Woodbury's Facial Cream and Facial Powder, and the treatment booklet "*A Skin You Love to Touch.*"
If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 393 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ontario.

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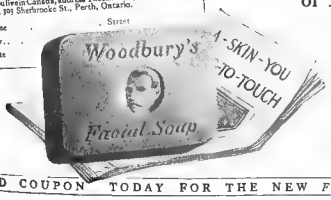
State



To give your skin the charm of "*A Skin You Love to Touch*"

Use this famous treatment to free your skin from blackheads and to keep it smooth and clear:

Each night before retiring, apply hot cloths to the face until the skin is reddened. Then with a slightly rough washcloth work up a heavy lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap and rub it into the pores thoroughly, always with an upward and outward motion. Rinse with clear, hot water, then with cold—the colder the better. Whenever possible, rub your face for thirty seconds with a piece of ice. Dry the skin carefully.

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SEND COUPON TODAY FOR THE NEW *FREE* GUEST-SIZE SET OF WOODBURY SKIN PREPARATIONS

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Food that invigorates, flavors that cheer!

Isn't this what you look for on early spring days—flavors that quicken your interest in eating, food that fills you with the warm glow of renewed energy?

All through this season, you can depend on these three favorites to do just that!

Libby's Beans—such a wholesome, satisfying dish! Not just beans, either; but the *best* beans, choice pork and a wonderfully rich tomato sauce blended by slow, even cooking into one delicious flavor. Try a can of them tonight for your main supper dish!

And Libby's Catchup!—just the juice of fresh vine-ripened tomatoes; with nothing added but pure cane sugar, sparkling vinegar, and Libby's own blend of spices. No wonder it has such a piquant natural flavor!

You may have served it often as a relish for meats. But have you ever tried it in salad dressing and gravies? It gives them the richest color, the most distinctive flavor!

Libby's Dill Pickles! You must try *them*. They're not salty or bitter-strong. From fronds of dill packed between the layers of cucumbers all through the curing process, they get a tangy richness of flavor that is truly distinctive. Firm even in the very center, and so crisp that they crack quite like celery when you bite into them.

Indeed, you must try Libby's Dill Pickles. In meat or vegetable salads, in sauces for cold meats and croquets, in sandwich fillings or as a garnish they can add fresh interest to scores of spring-time meals.

"If you are wise in the use of relishes, sauces and dressings", says the head of a famous cooking school, "you can make a feast out of the plainest food; and give old dishes the fresh interest of something entirely new."

I believe her, don't you?

The next time you have hash or fish, for instance, serve with it a *hot* Thousand Island Dressing, for a surprise! To make this dressing, you just add a quarter of a cup of Libby's Catchup (hot) to a cup of mayonnaise; and top it off to suit your own taste, with chopped onion and Libby's Dill Pickle, chopped.

Again, roast beef may get to be prosaic if you serve it too often just by itself; so try it with this little novelty to give it relish—a Libby Dill Pickle, hollowed out on one side and filled with vegetable salad!

A new leaflet—free!

If we can't always vary the main dishes of our meals, we can make them more appetizing with different accompaniments such as these.

Would you like to know more of these little knacks of giving fresh interest to everyday foods? I thought you would, so I have just had a number of the best printed in a brand-new leaflet called, "Tasty Touches". It's free—you have only to write for a copy and I'll mail you one at once.

Fun for Easter

Why not make Easter a day of real joy for the children? I can tell you how to transform Easter breakfast into the jolliest meal imaginable. Or perhaps you'd like to give an Easter party for the youngsters—with games they'll love. Just tell me what you want, and I'll gladly help you plan a happy time for them.

Mary Hale Martin

Cooking Correspondent
Libby, McNeill & Libby, 353 Welfare Bldg., Chicago

BEAUTY IN THE HOME

Putting the Cheer into Cheerless

By Winnifred Fales

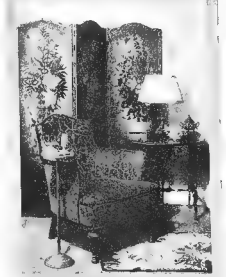
ARE you the unhappy owner of a big, barn-like living-room which obstinately refuses to look cheerful and inviting, or one so long and low and narrow that you seem to be living in a tunnel, or of a cramped little high-ceilinged dining-room like a shoe-box standing on end? If these or similar afflictions are yours, take courage; for the faults are those of *Scale* and *Proportion*, and once they are recognized the cure is simple.

Proportion deals with the relation of the parts of an object to one another, the ratio of three to five being generally accepted as the most harmonious relationship of width to length, whether in a room, wall, rug, picture, mirror, or an architectural detail such as a window, door, or wall-panel. It is not, however, necessary to apply a foot rule in order to diagnose the trouble. When the proportions of a room are conspicuously bad—as when it is far too narrow for its length, or the ceiling is much too high or too low to accord with its other dimensions—we shall recognize the fact instinctively as soon as we seriously try to analyze its shortcomings.

Experience has proved that in a badly proportioned room no amount of money spent on furnishings will avail to make it restful, homelike, and inviting until its fundamental defects are remedied. This is not to say that we must actually move partitions and raise or lower ceilings. In such cases it is the appearance rather than the reality which counts, and fortunately, by clever manipulation of *Line* and *Color*, it is possible to persuade the eye that harmonious proportions exist, even tho the fact may be quite otherwise.

In discussing these two useful aids some months ago, it was mentioned that vertical lines express activity and life. They likewise produce an impression of added height. Consequently a low ceiling can be visually pushed up by decorating the walls with a striped paper or with a series of narrow vertical panels. Horizontal lines, on the other hand, not only suggest relaxation and repose, but also increase the breadth and reduce the height of any surface to which they are applied. A small, too lofty room can therefore be made to appear both lower and larger if the walls are horizontally divided by means of a frieze and dado, a chair-rail, or a wainscot; while a long and narrow room can be widened by the introduction on the end walls of decorative panels or textile hangings which are considerably wider than high.

Even the furniture may be mobilized in the cause of harmony. A long table or sofa will render valuable service in the widening of a narrow room if placed across instead of lengthwise of the floor. Where the fireplace is in one of the long walls, the sofa may stand at one side, projecting crosswise of the room, with a balancing group of two chairs and a table opposite. By thus breaking the length midway, the room will be made to appear shorter as well as broader.



GROUPED AGAINST A SCREEN, SMALL PIECES FILL A LARGE SPACE

The floor-coverings also will contribute their quota if instead of a single large rug of the same proportions as the room three smaller ones are laid crosswise, with the largest in the center.

The same principles may be applied to a square room, making it appear longer than widely-arranging numerous horizontal lines to extend in one direction.

When the possibilities of *Line* have been exhausted, we may turn for further help to *Color*. A ceiling will look lower if painted a medium tint of a warm color, and higher if finished in a cool, delicate tint. In like fashion the walls can be pulled together with warm and pushed out with cool colors.

If in spite of improved proportions the room continues to look bare and cheerless, or stuffy and overcrowded, the fault is likely to be one of *Scale*; which means that the individual pieces of furniture are respectively too small or too large for the size of the room itself. It is by no means unusual to find a spacious living room sparsely dotted with furniture so small and delicate as to give an effect of emptiness, or a tiny dining-room into which has been crowded a conventional ten-piece dining-set of wholly disproportionate bulk.

The remedy in the first case is to give the necessary weight and mass to the small-scale pieces by forming them into groups as in the illustrated arrangement of a small table and upholstered chair, a smoking-stand and an old hooked rug, effectively held together by a decorative screen. In similar fashion a small sofa may be harmoniously related to a large wall-space by placing it beneath a textile hanging and pushing a small table against either end.

The second problem, of overlarge furniture, is more difficult. It may be solved in part by painting the bulkier pieces about the same tone—the rest of necessity the same color—as the walls, thus rendering them less conspicuous. The really satisfactory course, however, is to eliminate the china-closet and sideboard, or replace them with other pieces more suitable in scale.

Editor's Note: *Mrs. Fales will be glad to answer questions suggested by this article or by your personal problems of home-decorating if a self-addressed, stamped envelop is enclosed. Write to Beauty in the Home, Pictorial Review, New York City.*

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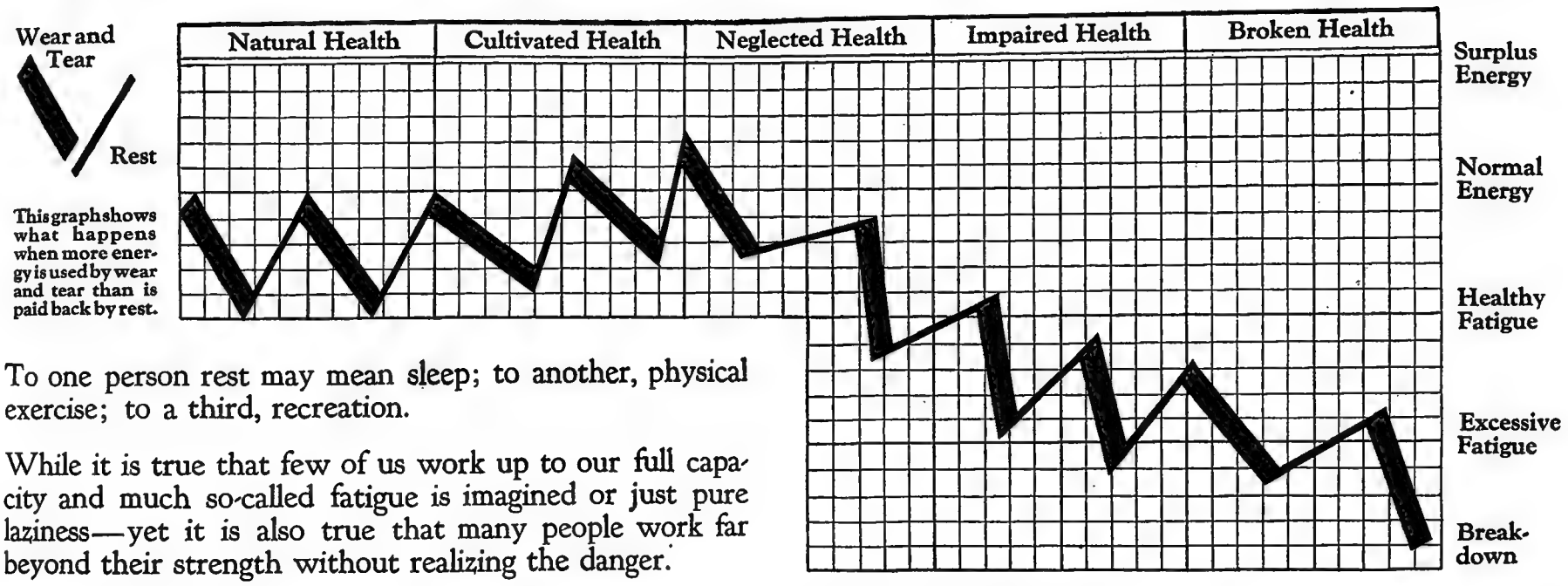
Pay Yourself Back

ARE you tired? It is getting close to the time of year when people talk of feeling "all tired out" and there is much discussion of spring tonics. If you are fatigued and there is nothing organically wrong, the tonic you need and probably the only one you need is the right kind of rest to restore your energy.



To one person rest may mean sleep; to another, physical exercise; to a third, recreation.

While it is true that few of us work up to our full capacity and much so-called fatigue is imagined or just pure laziness—yet it is also true that many people work far beyond their strength without realizing the danger.

A certain amount of fatigue after exertion is natural but excessive fatigue is Nature's safety-device for warning that rest is needed. When you are over-tired, your powers of resistance are lowered and you are more susceptible to disease.

What brings about excessive fatigue? Usually over-strain—either physical or mental—and insufficient rest. Because your activity is both of the body and the mind, and one reacts on the other, your fatigue is a close interlacing of physical and mental weariness. Neither can be relieved separately. Emotional disturbances—worry, fear, resentment, discontent and depression also cause fatigue. The tired man is often a worried man and the worried man is usually a tired man.

If you are over-tired, find the reason and then try to plan your time so that you will have sufficient rest. If hard physical work is making you feel "all in" you may require more hours of sleep than usual even though this may mean temporarily giving up some form of amusement. Perhaps you are not eating the right amount of energy-making food. If you are a mental worker the kind of rest you probably need is exercise in fresh air. If excessive emotion is making you tired, the right kind of recreation probably will help you.

Remember that excessive fatigue is not a thing to be lightly shrugged away. There is often a direct connection between the first neglected signs of fatigue and a serious breakdown from which recovery is a slow, disheartening process. If you tire too easily and if rest does not put you back in good condition, it is more than likely that your health is affected and needs attention.

Workers—take warning! Pay back the energy that you take out of yourself. As the years mount up, longer and longer periods of rest are necessary to make restoration. The "spring tonic" that you need most likely is just a rearrangement of your hours of work, play and rest, and not medicine.

Employers of labor are coming to find that excessive, unnecessary fatigue is a great source of industrial and economic waste. It entails loss of production and loss of earning power. It is said to be a factor in the occurrence of work accidents and is closely related to the cause or aggravation of most cases of severe sickness.

Many large organizations have learned that physical fatigue can be minimized by careful control of working conditions. An increasingly large number of employees are now working only a reasonable number of hours each week. Machines, tables, benches, and seating facilities are being constructed to serve the needs and comfort of those who use them. Adequate, proper lighting and good ventilation have been found to be important factors in the battle against the serious consequences of abnormal fatigue.

Tests have shown that in connection with certain occupations output can be increased and fatigue decreased by arranging rest periods. Here in the Home Office of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, our more than 9000 employees have two rest periods, one in the morning and one in the afternoon. These periods of relaxation have a beneficial effect on both the work and the worker.

There are many hours of the day when men and women do not work. The good use of these hours is as important to health as is the right use of working hours. The Metropolitan has published a booklet, "What Would You Do With 36,000,000 Minutes (70 years of life)?" and another on "Industrial Hygiene." Either or both, of these booklets, will be mailed free to those who ask for them.

HALEY FISKE, *President.*

Published by

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—and then her doctor told her

FOR some time she had not been herself. She was run down, languid, tired out each day before the day's work began.

One day she called on her doctor. He advised her to eat bran muffins made according to the popular Pillsbury recipe. He knew that the underlying cause of her trouble was faulty elimination. He also knew that she would enjoy the bran muffin diet because muffins made the Pillsbury way are so delicious! And Pillsbury's Health Bran is Nature's own food-laxative.

Pillsbury's Health Bran makes wonderful muffins, bread and cookies. There's health and delight in every bite! The tested Pillsbury recipes are on the side of the package. Order a package from your grocer—serve Pillsbury's bran muffins today.

Pillsbury's is pure wheat bran—nothing added, nothing taken away—only sterilized and packed air-tight. The crisp, coarse Pillsbury bran flakes come to you just as Nature grew them, full of health and natural laxative value.

Being *natural* bran, Pillsbury's Health Bran may be served in an endless variety of appetizing ways. Twenty delicious ways of serving are given in our Health Bran Booklet. It's free—send today. Pillsbury Flour Mills Company, Minneapolis, U. S. A.

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Pillsbury's Best Flour
Pancake Flour
Buckwheat Pancake Flour
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Wheat Cereal · Rye Flour
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Pillsbury's Health Bran
One of the family

The HOME BUREAU

Fitting the Modern Novel into the Year's Schedule

By MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

IT IS a good plan to prepare a club paper as if in the audience there would be nine who knew nothing about the subject and one who knew all about it. For the sake of the nine you will have to make everything clear and plain, and the thought that there is one expert in the room will keep you accurate. So each side gains by the attention you pay the other, for you ought to be accurate anyway, and there is nothing an expert likes better than clear, plain statements.

The wise program committee begins with much the same idea in mind. It chooses a subject in which a large part of the membership is interested rather than one on which a small part is informed. Because it aims to keep that large part interested, it not only finds a good title for the season's program as a whole, but takes thought to provide for each meeting a title that tells the story at a glance, so that one who looks down the program will think "That looks interesting; I'd like to hear that."

CLUB PROGRAMS

Let Mrs. Lamberton Becker help you with your literary programs. Send her your questions with a stamped, self-addressed envelop.

And the committee never permits itself to forget, and prays that those who are to carry out the program will always remember, that the prime interest of every one in the audience is, after all, in her own life and her own experience, and that the more the program can be brought to bear on the conduct of that life and the content of that experience, the more she will be interested in it.

This is why the discussion of contemporary fiction is found on so many programs not only for literary clubs, but for those of other types—parent-teacher associations, civic clubs, or even missionary circles. The modern novel enlarges your experience: it sets you down in another place or another personality and lets you see not only the facts, but the frame of mind of people facing those facts—and this is sometimes more important to civilization than the facts themselves.

From Lawrence Stallings's "Plumes" you can find out what thousands of our young men who fought bravely and came home wounded really think about the Great War, and it is almost the only way a middle-aged person can find out, for these young veterans seldom talk about the War save to other young veterans. E. M. Forster's "A Passage to India" sets you down in the tangle of races and creeds that makes the Indian problem, and lets you see it now with this one's eyes, now with another's, till you are actually viewing it from all sides at once.

Joseph Hergesheimer's "Balisand" puts you inside the mind of a passionate partizan of Washington just when the Jefferson ideal was beginning to shove pretty sharply, and you may emerge from the book realizing that Washington and Jefferson are still the two great ideals in American politics and each of us lines up with one or the other. Hugh Walpole can take you into a baby's mind in "The Golden Scarecrow," or, in the novel that is his latest and, it seems to me, his best, make you share the life of "The Old Ladies."

I have said contemporary fiction because I speak from the standpoint of one constantly called in to revive literature sections beginning to gasp or actually moribund, and I have found that the contemporary idea is the best pulmotor. A club is not a college, nor a club program a university extension course. A program is first of all an entertainment, and if a reasonable number of the membership do not find it entertaining they will stay at home and the most valuable of programs be left functioning in a vacuum. Then it saves false starts to keep in mind the real reason for the existence of clubs, which is in order that a number of people working together can get something done that as individuals working separately they could not accomplish. Anything that one woman working or studying by herself can do as well or better, a club need not and should not undertake.

There are a number of excellent textbooks for the study of history of literature, or of the Victorian novel, and with one of these and a library card a woman can do more by intensive home study than from listening to papers. If the club is in a town off the track of educational advantages, or if for any other reason the members really want to study the history of our literature, a piece of general advice that any committee will find helpful, and with which I have helped many committees, is to choose a good text-book on that subject, use its chapter-heads for the subjects of meetings, and develop each one by papers based on individual research.

For instance, the "Contents" page of Carl Van Doren's "The American Novel" has ten chapter-heads: The Beginnings of Fiction, James Fenimore Cooper, Romances of Adventure, Hawthorne, Blood and Tears (the successors of Cooper), Howells and Realism, Mark Twain, Henry James, The Eighties and Their Kin, Reaction and Progress. The briefest acquaintance with the text suggests subjects for papers under these topics, for ten or twenty meetings, and the critic's suggestions will start any student on his own line of research.

A committee could arrange a season's program on the plan of the essay by William Lyon Phelps on "The Fifteen Finest Novels," in "Forum Papers." Another new book that would give a club a long start not only in planning its course, but in carrying it out, is "The Political Novel: Its Development in England and America," by Morris E. Speare. This begins before Disraeli and goes past Paul Leicester Ford, and as this year has brought out several political novels here and in England they could well be added.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 72

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The DUCHESSE de RICHELIEU *tells how to have a Lovely Skin*

"The woman whose life is given not only to Society but to concert-singing is compelled to be concerned about her looks. She must always appear with a complexion fresh and radiant.

"Care of her skin, therefore, is an obligation with her, second only in importance to the care of her voice. This care, in my opinion, can best be obtained by the daily use of Pond's Two Creams. They keep the skin exquisitely soft and lovely."

Duchesse de Richelieu

THE DUCHESSE DE RICHELIEU

She is twice an aristocrat. Before her marriage to the head of one of the oldest houses in France she was a "Baltimore belle" of one of the first families. She is not only a social leader in France and the United States, but is gifted with a lovely lyric soprano voice often heard in concert in both countries. Regarding the care of her skin—a blend of lilies white and roses delicately pink—as second only in importance to the care of her voice, she declares that "Pond's Two Creams keep the skin exquisitely soft and lovely."

HAIR full of golden lights, shadowy blue eyes and a matchless cream-and-white complexion which makes everybody turn to look, women with envy, men with delight. A smile of rare sweetness and the charm of a nature gay, generous and sincere.

These are the qualities that make the Duchesse de Richelieu a woman everybody loves to see—and know. And to hear, too, for she has another gift—a lovely voice, lyric soprano of limpid tone.

In the exclusive social set of Baltimore—always famous for its "Baltimore belles"—she spent her gay girlhood. But since her marriage to the head of one of the oldest, most famous titular houses of France, the Duchesse is oftenest seen in the smart circles of Paris and Deauville. And in New York and at Southampton, where she sojourns every year, her friends are forever exclaiming, "How extraordinarily young you look—scarcely more than a girl."

So of course the Duchesse de Richelieu is sought by everybody who is anybody. Her home in New York, "The House on the River," is often the scene of delightful gatherings of the socially elect. Among its lovely old furniture, books and *objets d'art* from France—many of them handed straight down from the great Cardinal de Richelieu himself—she moves, a hostess full of grace and charm.

"The woman whose life is given not only to society but to concert-singing," says the Duchesse de Richelieu, "is compelled to be concerned about her looks." And it is this seriousness with which she regards her art that makes her determined to keep her cream-and-white skin always as fresh and radiant as it is today.

When she learned—as so many of the beautiful women of society have learned—of the Two Creams that cleanse and protect the skin, the Duchesse declared: "Care of the skin in my opinion can best be obtained by the daily use of Pond's Two Creams."

Try for yourself, today, this method which all the world's lovely women are pursuing. Buy Pond's Cold and Vanishing Creams, using them daily. You will find for yourself that what the Duchesse de Richelieu says of them is true—"they keep the skin exquisitely soft and lovely."

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First, Pond's Cold Cream for Cleansing. At least once a day, oftener if necessary, always after any exposure, smooth the cream liberally over your face and neck. Let it stay on a few moments, that its pure oils may plumb the depths of clogged pores, bringing to the surface the day's accumulation of dust, dirt, powder and excess oil. Now wipe off all the cream with a soft cloth. Its blackness shows how much you needed this deep-tissue cleansing. Put the cream on again and wipe it off once more. Just look at your skin now—as refreshed as rose-petals washed with dew!

Next, Pond's Vanishing Cream for a Delicate Finish and Protection. Pond's Vanishing Cream is greaseless, intended as a soft finish to your skin. Smooth in just a light fluff of it, only as much as your skin will instantly absorb. Now see how soft and even the surface looks—transparently lovely. How well this cream takes your powder, too—holding it in a velvet grip long and evenly. And neither wind, cold nor soot can possibly get at your delicate skin through the firm yet invisible barrier of this dainty cream. So always before you go out and before powdering, just smooth on a little Pond's Vanishing Cream. The Pond's Extract Company.

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Six Dollars: By Wilbur Daniel Steele

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13

was there beside her. She slid a hand over his pillow to touch his head. There was no head to touch. She was so startled she didn't know what to do or think. She went cold. Then, of course, when she began to paw around, her hand found Tansy's back. He was sitting up in bed; that was all.

"What *is* the *matter?*" she demanded, she was so upset.

"Nothing. Why, nothing at all." And he lay back on the pillow.

But by and by, when he thought her asleep, he was up again, on an elbow, looking at the window, over the foot of the bed. Like burglars.

You know the feeling of that. Up went Elsie without a word, staring at that window too. And there was nothing there. Nothing but the rear corner of Center Church, one side, and the corner of the Nickerson house, the other, and their one outlook on the harbor in the slit between. By day there would have been a bit of the harbor, a segment of the Point, and out to sea. Now there was nothing but the spark of a chance light; it might have been at the masthead of some vessel at anchor; it was too low for a star.

She was provoked. "What *are* you *gawping* at?"

"Nothing. Why, nothing in the world. What makes you think I —"

"Is it that light?"

"What—what light?"

"Well, I'm all afidget now."

He lay back and comforted her. They were young.

Next morning, at the chamber-work, Elsie made a discovery.

"You remember that light last night, Tansy?" she laughed at supper-time. "Well, 'twas nothing but old Cabe Sal'sbury's light in his house over to the Stone Fold; you can see how it ranges in daylight. Must be some one sick."

"Or else Cabe's a great student," she modified it when, at bedtime, she saw the lamp burning again in the window on the Stone Fold.

"What you say to closing those blinds?" Tansy suggested. "I vow there's a tang in the air to-night."

No, Elsie wouldn't listen to that.

"The best doctors nowadays say all the air you can have in your bedroom is none too much, even in Winter-time. I'd suffocate."

IT WAS the following day that Tansy began to seem restless. To begin with, he didn't see where they were going to expect much company, overnight, all their friends being local people, with houses of their own. So why didn't they shift into the front chamber, which was roomier, with two closets; and as for air, certainly there was as much air coming up the Brick Walk as there was in the church back yard.

"My *spare* chamber?" was all Elsie could gasp.

"Or even the west chamber——"

"The *children's* room?"

Elsie went straight to her mother about it. Her mother smiled. Phidela Baker had been a young woman once, with a new young husband and a new house of her own. "They're all the same; Providence made 'em so. Ever notice a dog that's made up his mind to lie down in a certain spot? Make up or no, he's got to wander and fidget a dozen times around it first, before he settles down. Don't you take on."

"But over and above everything," was the parting advice, "don't you start out by humoring him too much. Be cheery, but put your foot down."

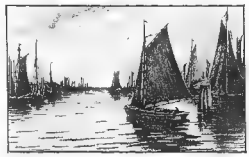
So when Elsie found Tansy at work one of those days, surreptitiously, trying to get the bureau switched for the bed, and the carpet in a tangle with it, she put her foot down.

He looked foolish to be caught so. His face got redder and redder.

"Light shines in my eyes. That is—in the mornings."

"Can you *imagine* how this room would *look?*" She demolished him, ruthlessly, but all the while with a smile.

That smile of Elsie Snow's grew famous. No matter if this went bad and that worse, Tansy Snow's wife always had a smile, always seemed to be saying,



like her mother before her: "Don't you take on; God will provide."

Her energy was amazing and fruitful. Once she was married and settled down, and since she had no children to stop her, she was able to be a power for good. She was a treasure for Tansy; she saved his pennies; where another in her place might have got trained help from the mainland she did with young girls to come in, carried the bulk of the house herself, and never looked the worse for it.

AS SHE matured she rounded out amazingly; folks wouldn't have believed it, from the slip of a girl she had been. But no matter how full her hands were, they were never too full to spare a finger where help was needed. In the church, in the Dorcases, in the "Light in Darkness," in the Town Farm Association, at Easter, Thanksgiving, Memorial day, the word came to be: "See Elsie Snow; she'll manage."

There were plenty to say that her capacity for managing didn't go for nothing in Tansy's affairs. Certainly, once, when he wouldn't have foreclosed on Mrs. Hemans's store—which was going to be a valuable property as soon as the fish-freezer was built—certainly then it was his wife showed the common sense of the two, asking him plainly: "Which do you figure you owe the most to, Sarah Hemans or the men and women and children that've got their all in your bank?"

Yet too much may have been made of that. Tansy was honest, and honesty goes a long way. When he made a statement across his desk in the bank-block—it mattered not whether it was to the highest or the humblest that statement held. And yet again, in another way, where would he have been if it hadn't been for her? People would really have forgotten that he was alive.

Tansy had turned out a silent and unsociable man. He never went to the post-office; his mail came to the bank. From there home he took the back way; that was about the only place, except church, you'd ever see him, and then half the time he wouldn't see you, walking as he did with his eyes on the ground, studying.

A silent man is a wise one: that's common knowledge. Tansy ought to have been Selectman. Yet he never was. It hurt Elsie. Fall after Fall, as town meeting came and passed, and somehow or other Tansy's name wasn't mentioned, it got deeper and deeper under her skin Of course nobody ever knew. It wasn't anything you could say anything about. But it was bitter when she recollected the young Tansy standing at the bottom of the steps and vowing: "Some day I shall be the biggest man in this town."

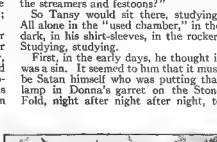
She never mentioned it directly to her husband. The nearest she came was when she would plague him: "Why *don't* you see more of folks? I declare, I can't make you out. What good does it do going to church if you don't take a hand in any of the activities? Or in town affairs? See here now, Sosand-so and So-and so are coming in after supper about the cake-sale, and I want you to put on your blacks and stay down a while—and talk. T'wouldn't harm you to crack a joke, even. Be cheery!"

Tansy would change his collar and put on his blacks. He never crossed his wife; never put *his* foot down. Never but once. That was when Elsie, perceiving at last that there was to be no one for the "children's room," and moved by something too vague to say, suggested they might be more comfortable in the west chamber, after all, as he himself had said. It was the first time she had ever heard him speak as he did. "We'll stay where we are." And they had stayed.

But so he would freshen up after supper and come down as she bade him and sit, absent of eye and mind, in a corner of the cake sale conference. Ten minutes. Half an hour. Then presently, as things warmed up, like dew under the heightening sun, he would be found to be not there. "Studying," his wife would have to tell them with a sigh. "What can a body do with a man whose work is never done? Up there in the dark, from now to bedtime, like as not, studying, studying. You'd never guess. But I declare if some folks were to work the amount Tansy Snow does, and take on so blessed little about it— Well, well. And now, who's it arranged shall get the paper for the streamers and festoons?"

So Tansy would sit there, studying. All alone in the "used chamber," in the dark, in his shirt-sleeves, in the rocker. Studying, studying.

First, in the early days, he thought it was a sin. It seemed to him that it must be Satan himself who was putting that lamp in Donna's garret on the Stone Fold, night after night, after night, to



mock him, around the very corner of the church of God, and beckon him from the very pillow where he lay beside his wife.

At first he was angry. "The cheek of her!" She knew he was married, must know it; she had been in town with her father many times; he had seen their boat. Yes, he had seen *her*—at a distance. Angry and scared. Anything to escape that ray that poisoned his thoughts, his dreams! Any room, any window, but that! Angry, scared, and *fascinated!* That was the worst. Fascinated, so that it ate a hole in the fabric of his honesty, like a moth-hole, tiny enough to escape notice, but big enough to let a lie through.

"I've to step up-stairs and get my slippers, wife dear."

"You're tired, Tansy; let me go."

"No, no, you stay by the fire and read; I'll be but a moment, dear."

"For a while he was ashamed of himself. He ran to the stairs and started down if he heard Elsie coming. He felt he ought to make it up to her somehow, pet her, show himself ten times more fervent than it was in his nature to be. But that couldn't last. Nothing that's not in a man's nature can last. What *is* in his nature will out.

It's in the nature of islanders to be weather-vanes. As the weather goes, so do our spirits. There's none that hasn't, in some one of his generations, had a ship. So, even tho her husband was a confirmed shore body, Elsie never thought it anything out of the way that he should be weather-tender, and show it by fidgeting and prowling on nights when the fog came and the wind was in the east.

THROUGH the Spring and Summer of their first year there was prevailing fair weather, and only rarely a night like that—a blessed one (at first) when the star on the Stone Fold was blotted out—a torment (later on) when Tansy was upstairs as much as down, stealing peeps, dreading, hoping. In September, tho, there came a real spell, five days of it as thick as a fleece. In the night of the fourth a lobsterman named Antony Coral claimed to have seen Mr. Snow of the bank in a dory in Chalk Ground Slough, toward the Stone Fold—was near to running into him—fact!

If a tale like that had been let go far it might have harmed a man in Snow's position. But it didn't go far. Before his mates at the dock had had enough guying the credulous "Portugee," he began to wonder if he hadn't been asleep at his oars, after all, and dreaming dreams, and he never brought it up again.

One thing about that night is certain, however: Tansy wasn't at home. Another thing is certain: it was he that was rowing the dory in Chalk Ground Slough, toward the Stone Fold. And it wasn't above five minutes after he had avoided collision with Coral's lobster-boat that, close aboard the island beach, he made out finally a disk of warm light the size of a penny, up in that part of the vapors where Donna's garret window ought to be.

That settled it. That made it another thing. Had it been no more than spite, Donna wouldn't have wasted oil and wick in weather that would smother that light's in twenty rods, and never a chance in God's world for Tansy to see and suffer. It was something *in her* made her do it, then; like an act in some ritual of memory. Turning his boat around, he rowed for home. What he had found out filled him with a sense of pity. No, not pity. There was solemnity, tragedy in it, but it wasn't pity nor sorrow.

After that he began to lose his feeling of shame when he made excuse to slip away up-stairs, till he made them no more. He no longer stole peeps from the window; he sat there brazenly, "studying." As time went by, if the good people gathered in Elsie's parlor—if they could have seen him at the moment of his escape up-stairs—they would never have known him for Tansy Snow. His face was contorted. He shook his fist. "—— the lot of you, you gabbling, gossiping little parcel of busybodies, you and your holy little schemes, your little brains! The devil! What claim have you on *me?*"

CONTINUED ON PAGE 48

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Swift's Premium Ham
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Boil the shank half of a Premium Ham, allowing 30 minutes to the pound. One-half hour before the ham is cooked, place in the water a stalk of celery that has been broken apart and cut into inch pieces

Swift & Company

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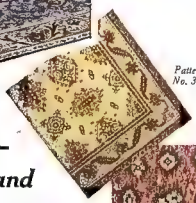

Pattern No. 321

Pattern No. 318

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Pattern No. 386

Pattern No. 558

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You can see for yourself how pretty this rug is. What you can't see are still more important points. A *Gold-Seal* Congoleum Rug saves time and work. The lightest of moppings removes every speck of dust and leaves the smooth, waterproof surface fresh and spotless. Then, too, it is seamless and lies perfectly flat without any fastening.

Count up all the advantages of *Gold-Seal* Congoleum Rugs—charming patterns for every room in the house, labor-saving and sanitary qualities, durability and guaranteed satisfaction—then add economy. For these rugs come at amazingly low prices.

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6	x 9	ft.	$ 9.00	1½	x 3	ft.	$ .60
7½	x 9	ft.	11.25	3	x 3	ft.	1.40
9	x 9	ft.	13.50	3	x 4½	ft.	1.95
9	x 10½	ft.	15.75	3	x 6	ft.	2.50
9	x 12	ft.	18.00				

Pattern No. 380, illustrated, is made in all sizes. The other patterns shown are made in the five large sizes only.

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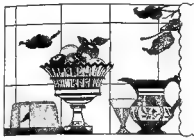

THE HOME BUREAU

Conducted by Marie Sellers

When the Store Is Your Cook

Dinners Which the Busy Woman Can Prepare and Serve in Thirty Minutes

By Nell B. Nichols

WHEN the minutes for preparing dinner are limited, as they are frequently in these busy modern times, your stores offer first aid. From the grocer, butcher, and baker all kinds of ready-cooked foods may be obtained, and the home-maker need only add some finishing touches in the form of a garnish or some special seasoning to provide individuality and variety of flavor. This she can do in a few seconds, and achieve as satisfactory results as if she had spent long hours in her private kitchen cooking an old-fashioned meal.

In homes where women have outside work or strenuous social duties which demand attention, quick dinners may be quite the rule in this servantless age. Gelatin desserts and salads, corn-starch puddings, and other molded desserts may be made the evening before using. If placed in an ice-filled refrigerator they will be on hand for use in the next dinner. Even the lettuce may be washed in advance, piled in a muslin bag, and left on the ice so it will be crisp and cool when needed for a quickly made salad.

If stores are sought for foods that may be served soon after they are brought into the home, it is not impossible to have the repast on the dining-table twenty minutes after the active preparations start. Deft movements and no waste of action are essential to attain this speed record, and practise greatly facilitates one in doing the work with ease. For the first few trials from thirty to forty minutes may be required. At least this has been my experience. It is rather good sport to set the alarm-clock when the labor begins to see how much of the feast is ready when the bell rings at the end of the twenty minutes.

Have a Good Can-Opener

A GOOD can-opener is a boon to the woman who strives for rapidity of action in the kitchen. I know a home-maker who has one of the devices which fasten to her work-table, where it is kept available for use at all times. I happen to have one, which is manipulated like scissors, that I like very much. A satisfactory bottle-opener also is a saver of minutes and energy.

Electric table-appliances are of great value in serving the hastily prepared meal. They add a charm and coziness that every one enjoys. The atmosphere they create distinguishes the dinner from one served in public places. I use an electric percolator and a teakettle for making coffee and tea at the table because we like the bubbling, singing music that they provide.

There is almost no end to the tricks one may employ to hasten meal-preparation. For instance, I frequently drop the batter for a one-egg shortcake in muffin-tins. Some of these little cakes are used as muffins, while others are filled, just before the last course is served, with canned or fresh fruit and topped with whipped cream. Even plain cream may be used in the place of the whipped variety if one is in a hurry.

Chops and steaks are best cut fairly thin for quick cookery, but if a canned soup or a fruit salad or a fruit ice is used for the first course, the meat may cook until the first part of the meal has been eaten.

In the box on this page are some of the dinners I have served to my family and to guests. With a little practise I have learned to prepare them in thirty minutes or less.

In these menus I use the following canned and bottled goods:

Meats—chicken à la king, dried beef (canned or in bulk), deviled ham, boneless chicken, corned beef, tongue, tiny sausages, salmon, and tuna fish.

Fruits—fruit salad, peaches, pears, prunes, plums, apple sauce, pineapple, jams, and jellies.

Vegetables—string-beans, peas, corn, Lima beans, kidney-beans, baked beans, asparagus, beets, carrots, sweet potatoes, succotash, hominy, pimiento, squash, and spinach.

Relishes and Pickles—olives, horse-radish, spiced cantaloup, tomato sauce, piccalilli, mustard, and chilli sauce.

Puddings—fig, plum, and date.

Miscellaneous—salad dressing, macaroni in tomato sauce, maple-sirup, and nuts (canned or in bulk).

Soups—tomato, vegetable.

The other foods that were prepared when purchased are: cakes, rolls, bread, butter, ice-cream, saltines, shredded coconut, raisins, wafers, potato-chips, marshmallows, pie, and pastry.

The order of preparing the different dishes in the menu has much to do with the time required to get the meal ready, but the best way with this, as with most tasks, is learned by a little experience.

Handling a Quick Dinner

SUPPOSE the first dinner is considered. My method of handling the foods is as follows: The chicken à la king is opened and placed in a double boiler to heat. Then the can of beans is opened and the vegetable is seasoned and set on the stove. Next the salad is made, using a ready-prepared or previously mixed dressing. The table is set, and the bread, butter, jelly, olives, and salad are placed on it. The dessert is made ready for serving, that is, the cake is cut and the fruit salad is emptied from the can and arranged in individual dishes. Last of all the toast is given attention, and the tea or coffee is made at the table.

Some of the recipes which I use in the dinner menus are given on page 42, but almost every home-maker will discover that she can work out innumerable other touches to add to canned foods to provide an air of individuality.

For instance, here are a few ways of treating canned asparagus: If a bit of grated plain or pimiento cheese or a sprinkling of nutmeg is added to the creamed vegetable it is somewhat different in taste. Then, too, tomato sauce, which may be purchased in bottles, may be used at times instead of the customary white sauce. Canned asparagus also may be mixed with peas or added to the omelet, scrambled eggs, and creamed chicken. Of course there are countless ways of making salad from it, either with attractive garnishes in different colors or in combination with vegetables, fruits, or meat.

THIRTY-MINUTE MENUS

Chicken à la King on Toast
String-beans with Parsley Olives
Bread Butter Jelly
Lettuce Salad
Fruit Salad Cake
Tea or Coffee Milk

Creamed Beef on Toast Belgian Peas
Piccalilli Butter Bread
Cabbage-and-Apple Salad
Peach Pudding
Coffee or Tea Milk

Quick Salmon Croquettes
Potato-chips
Buttered Lima Beans
Spiced Cantaloup
Whole-wheat Bread Butter Jam
Chocolate Ice-cream Wafers
Coffee Milk

Vegetable Soup Saltines
Corn and Bacon Drop-biscuits
Honey
Celery Butter Kidney-bean Salad
Fig Pudding
Cocoa Milk

Tomato Soup Saltines
Tongue with Cream Sauce Spinach
Nut Bread Butter
Lettuce Salad with Cheese and Raisins
Chocolate Pears
Tea or Coffee

Fruit Salad
Macaroni in Tomato Sauce
Broiled Steak
Potato-chips
Pineapple-and-Horseradish Relish
Rolls Butter Jam
Asparagus-and-Olive Salad
Date Pudding
Coffee or Tea

Baked Beans Sour Beets
Carrots Apple Sauce
Chilli Sauce
Prunes with Whipped Cream Wafers
Coffee or Tea

Tuna Fish on Toast Italian Peas
Raisin Bread Butter Jelly
Pineapple-and-Banana Salad
Cocoa with Little Cakes

Creamed Chicken with Asparagus
Sweet Potatoes
Rolls Butter Jam
Prune-and-Celery Salad
Plum Pudding

Succotash
Creamed Asparagus and Carrots
Muffins Jam Butter
Lettuce Salad
Peach Shortcake
Coffee or Tea

French Toast with Plums
Hominy with Bacon
Cabbage Salad
Ice-cream with Chocolate Sauce Cake
Coffee

Corned Beef Hash Celery
Spinach and Beets
Rolls Butter Jelly
Pineapple and Marshmallows
Cookies
Tea or Coffee

Tiny Sausages Apple Sauce
Asparagus and Peas
Butter Raisin Bread
Orange-and-Prune Salad
Pie or French Pastry
Coffee

Hot Ham Toasties Maple-sirup
Mashed Squash
Tomato-and-Lettuce Salad
Cluster Raisins Cake
Coffee Milk

THE BUSINESS WOMAN SLIPS ON AN APRON AND HAS THE DINNER ON THE TABLE IN A JIFFY

FOR READY-PREPARED FOODS BOTH SIMPLIFY THE WORK AND MINIMIZE THE COOKING

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One of the 60 Ways to Serve

When you have but twenty minutes *serve "Star Ham" broiled - delicious!*

And it's always welcome! Have your marketman cut a slice of Star Ham ¾ to 1 inch thick, weighing about 1½ pounds. Gash the fat on the edge of the ham in several places; put in a hot broiler or skillet and sear quickly on both sides. Then lower heat and cook slowly for fifteen or twenty minutes. See page 8 of our booklet, *"Sixty Ways to Serve."*

This method brings out the delicious flavor for which "The Ham What Am" is famous. Star Ham is young, tender, fine-grained, and delicately cured. In whichever of the sixty ways you serve it—*you'll like the flavor!*

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60 Ways to Serve

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Please send me "Sixty Ways to Serve Star Ham."

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The HOME BUREAU

Quick Recipes for Hurry-Up Meals

By Nell B. Nichols

THIRTY-MINUTE meals may be reduced to twenty minutes if the cook thinks quickly and works with no lost motion.

Here are a few recipes to be used in the menus given on page 41.

String-Beans with Parsley

USE a No. 2 can of string-beans. Drain off the liquid, and heat the vegetable, adding to it 1 teaspoonful salt, 1 tablespoonful finely chopped parsley, 2 tablespoonfuls butter, 1 tablespoonful vinegar or lemon-juice, and a dash of paprika.

Buttered Peas

CUT a slice of bacon into bits and brown it slightly in a frying-pan. Add a No. 2 can of peas, from which some of the liquid has been drained, and stir in 1½ tablespoonful butter, 1 teaspoonful salt, and a dash of pepper. Heat.

Peach Pudding

BETWEEN thin slices of baker's pound-cake arrange a layer of whipped cream. Top with canned sliced peaches arranged in the shape of a pinwheel, and decorate with puffs of whipped cream.

Corn and Bacon

CHOP 4 slices of bacon in bits and brown slightly. Add a No. 2 can of corn, a strip of pimiento (if desired), ¾ teaspoonful salt, ¼ teaspoonful pepper. Heat thoroughly.

Italian Peas

MELT 2 tablespoonfuls butter or bacon-drippings in a saucepan and add 2 cupfuls canned peas and the liquid from the can. Stir in ¾ teaspoonful salt, ¼ teaspoonful pepper, 1 teaspoonful sugar, and 1 tablespoonful finely chopped onion. Cook until the onion is tender.

Creamed Asparagus and Carrots

MAKE a cream sauce by thickening 2 cupfuls milk with 4 tablespoonfuls flour and seasoning with 1½ teaspoonful salt and 3 tablespoonfuls butter or butter substitute. Add to this 1 grated carrot, or if there is not time for the grating, 1 cupful canned carrots and 1½ cupful canned asparagus.

Tongue with Cream Sauce

USE the canned tongue which comes in glass jars and heat it in a cream sauce made like that to which the carrots and asparagus are added in the preceding recipe.

Quick Salmon Croquettes

REMOVE the bones from the canned fish. To 1½ cupful of finely shredded fish add 1 beaten egg and 1 teaspoonful each of finely minced green pepper, onion, and parsley. Shape into small balls, or like croquettes, roll in flour, and brown quickly in a hot frying-pan. A delicious sauce to serve with these croquettes is made by adding chopped olives, asparagus-tips (canned), and pickles to mayonnaise dressing.

Prune-and-Celery Salad

STONE the prunes and chop or shred, using the kitchen scissors. To 2 cupfuls of the fruit add 1 cupful celery, diced with the scissors, and 2 tablespoonfuls nut-meats. Serve with mayonnaise dressing on lettuce-leaves.

Hot Ham Toasties

CUT bread in thin slices, butter evenly, and spread one-half the slices with canned deviled ham. Put together with the buttered slices in sandwich form. Dip the sandwiches quickly, so they will not be soaked, in a batter made by beating 2 eggs slightly and adding to them 1 cupful milk and ½ teaspoonful salt. Sauté in a buttered skillet or grill until brown on both sides and serve hot with maple-sirup. This amount of batter will make at least six large sandwiches.

Chocolate Pears

SERVE chocolate ice-cream in the halves of canned pears. If the ice-cream is not available fill the pears with pineapple preserves and sprinkle with shredded coconut.

Spinach and Beets

MAKE a butter sauce by melting 4 tablespoonfuls butter and adding 2 tablespoonfuls vinegar. Stir in 1 cupful each of canned spinach and chopped canned beets.

Tuna Fish on Toast

MELT 2 tablespoonfuls butter and blend with it 3 tablespoonfuls flour; add 2 cupfuls milk, and stir while cooking until the mixture is thick and smooth. Then add 1 small can of pimientoes, chopped, 1 teaspoonful each of chopped parsley and salt, and ¼ teaspoonful pepper. Cook three minutes, stirring constantly, and add 1 cupful flaked tuna fish (canned). Serve hot on squares of toast.

Orange-and-Prune Salad

CUT canned prunes in shreds with scissors after the stones have been removed. To 1 cupful prunes use 1 cupful sliced orange. Serve on lettuce-leaves with mayonnaise dressing.

Plain Muffins

SIFT 2 cupfuls flour, 4 teaspoonfuls baking-powder, and ½ teaspoonful salt together. Cut into it 6 tablespoonfuls shortening. Add 1 beaten egg yolk and 1 cupful milk and fold in 1 stiffly beaten egg white. Bake in oiled muffin-tins and use part of the muffins for shortcake, cutting them in halves and inserting a layer of fruit and topping with whipped cream.

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Do You Envy the Health of Others?

Read these remarkable statements of what one simple food can do

THESE remarkable reports are typical of thousands of similar tributes to Fleischmann's Yeast.

There is nothing mysterious about its action. It is not a "cure-all," not a medicine in any sense. But when the body is choked with the poisons of constipation—or when its vitality is low so that skin, stomach and general health are affected—this simple, natural food achieves literally amazing results.

Concentrated in every cake of Fleischmann's Yeast are millions of tiny yeast-plants, alive and active. At once they go to work—invigorating the whole system, clearing the skin, aiding digestion, strengthening the intestinal muscles and making them healthy and active.

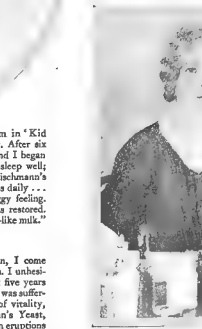
Fleischmann's Yeast for Health comes only in the tinfoil package—it cannot be purchased in tablet form. All grocers have it. Start eating it today! You can order several cakes at a time, for Yeast will keep fresh in a cool, dry place for two or three days.

Dissolve one cake in a glass of water
(just hot enough to drink)

before breakfast and at bedtime. Fleischmann's Yeast, when taken this way, is especially effective in overcoming or preventing constipation. Or eat 2 or 3 cakes a day—spread on bread or crackers—dissolved in fruit juices or milk—or eat it plain.

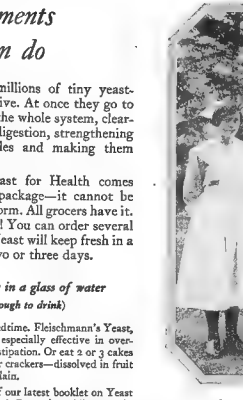
Write for a free copy of our latest booklet on Yeast for Health: Health Research Dept. A-14, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington Street, New York.

"ONLY THOSE WHO HAVE SEEN ME perform in 'Kid Boots' have any idea of the tax on my energy. After six months on Broadway, I felt my 'pep' waning, and I began to fear for my health. I was tired out; couldn't sleep well; every part of me just ached. A friend suggested Fleischmann's Yeast. My doctor said 'Try it.' I did. Three cakes daily . . . Soon, dazed if I didn't begin to lose that draggy feeling. Improvement was steady. Best of all, sleep was restored. Fleischmann's Yeast is part of my daily diet now—like milk."
(Eddie Cantor, New York City.)



(RIGHT)

"AS OWNER AND MANAGER of a Beauty Salon, I come in daily contact with all manner of skin disorders. I unhesitatingly recommend Fleischmann's Yeast. About five years ago I was generally run down and unable to work. I was suffering from chronic constipation, indigestion, loss of vitality, and skin eruptions. I began taking Fleischmann's Yeast, three cakes a day. At the end of two months all skin eruptions had disappeared, and as if by magic I found all other troubles disappearing also. At the end of three months I was well and back at work."
(Miss Katherine Fuzgibbon, Denver, Colo.)

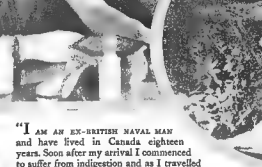


(MISS BRIAN, CENTER.)

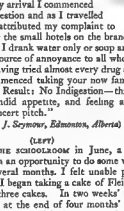
"AFTER A SEVERE ILLness last winter due to overwork and faulty elimination, I began taking Fleischmann's Yeast cakes twice daily.

"In two weeks' time marked improvement was noticed. The soreness of my body disappeared, daily evacuations were established, and life took on a rosier hue. Steady improvement continued, and this past summer has been wonderful in many pleasures. I feel that I owe much of my splendid physical condition now to Fleischmann's Yeast.

"I have outlined a course in Yeast for several of my students, and in every instance the desired result—overcoming constipation—has been obtained."
(Miss Celia E. Brian, R. N., Bradleboro, Vt.)



"I AM AN EX-BRITISH NAVAL MAN and have lived in Canada eighteen years. Soon after my arrival I commenced to suffer from indigestion and as I travelled for a fur company attributed my complaint to the inferior food at the small hotels on the branch lines in the West. For days I drank water only or soup and became so irritable was a source of annoyance to all whom I came in contact with. Having tried almost every drug advertised for indigestion commenced taking your now famous yeast cakes three daily. Results: No Indigestion—three square meals a day, splendid appetite, and feeling as fit as a fiddle strung to concert pitch."
(Reginald J. Seymour, Edmonton, Alberta)



(LEFT)

"COMING FROM THE SCHOOLROOM in June, a tired-out teacher, I was given an opportunity to do some very interesting work for several months. I felt unable physically, but I plunged in. I began taking a cake of Fleischmann's Yeast daily, then three cakes. In two weeks' time I felt less tired; and now at the end of four months' hard work my tired-out feeling has vanished, my complexion looks as it did when I was sixteen, and my constipation, that arch enemy of indoor people, is a thing of the past."
(Miss Caroline Barr, Chicago, Ill.)

There are many delicious ways of eating yeast—dissolved in water, fruit juices or milk, spread on crackers, or eaten plain

FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST

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The delicate child will grow strong and chubby on the 23% *extra food value* from milk combined with KNOX SPARKLING GELATINE

"The Highest Quality for Health"

How to add gelatine to cow's milk:

Soak for ten minutes one level tablespoonful of Knox Sparkling Gelatine in ¼ cup of cold milk taken from a quart of milk; cover while soaking; then place the cup in boiling water, stirring until gelatine is fully dissolved; add this dissolved gelatine to the quart of cold milk from which it was taken. For smaller quantities of milk reduce gelatine in proportion.

In infant feeding, add the dissolved gelatine to the regular formula prescribed by the physician.

Every mother should read our new book —"The Health Value of Gelatine." Sent free for 4c postage and your grocer's name.

Health Department
Charles B. Knox Gelatine Co.
135 Knox Avenue, Johnstown, N. Y.

Both packages contain the same plain Sparkling Granulated Gelatine, but the "Acidulated" has an extra envelope containing lemon flavoring, but not mixed with the gelatine.

The HOME BUREAU

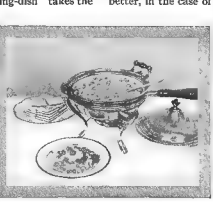
Around the Chafing-Dish

Vary Your Suppers with Dishes Cooked at the Table

By Elizabeth Chandler

WHEN the evenings are long and indoors beside the fire is more alluring than the cold winds outside, let's have some jolly chafing-dish parties. There is no more delightful way to serve supper when *friends* come in to spend the evening, and chafing-dish dainties are *so* good.

Perhaps your "chafing-dish" takes the form of an electric grill or table stove, and if so you are equally well off. Of course if you haven't either of these pieces of equipment there is nothing to prevent your trying these recipes on the kitchen stove. But then you will lose the fun and the informality of preparing them while every one sits around sniffing the delectable odors that issue whenever the cover of the chafing-dish is lifted ever so little, and getting hungrier every minute.



SHRIMPS CREOLE SERVED STEAMING HOT MAKES A TEMPTING SUPPER DISH

The recipes are admirably suited for the lunch- or supper-table, as well as for after-dinner lunches or late suppers. The ingredients may be partially prepared beforehand, such as cooking the eggs, shredding the peppers, etc., and all the ingredients and utensils assembled on a tray, so it will take but a few minutes to start the food cooking. It is sure to be an innovation that every one will enjoy.

Cheese Dreams

6 Slices Bread	¼ Pound Cheese
Butter	1 Egg
	½ Cupful Milk

SPREAD the bread lightly with butter. Slice the cheese and place it between slices of bread. Cut each sandwich into halves. Dip into the mixture of the beaten egg and milk. Fry in the chafing-dish, on both sides, until brown.

Shrimps Creole

1 Pound or	1 Onion
1 Can Shrimps	1 Tablespoonful Butter
2 Cupfuls Tomato-Juice	2 Tablespoonfuls Flour
1 Green Pepper	1 Teaspoonful Sugar
	Seasonings to Taste

CUT the pepper and onion into strips and simmer them in the chafing-dish with the tomato juice, to which the sugar has been added. Cook for fifteen minutes, then add the shrimps. Blend the butter and flour together, and stir slowly into the contents of the chafing-dish. Cook until smooth and thickened. Season. Serve on buttered hot toast.

Chicken à la King

2 Cupfuls Cold Diced Chicken	2 Tablespoonfuls Flour
1 Green Pepper	1½ Cupfuls Milk
1 Onion	½ Cupful Cream or Evaporated Milk
1 Can Mushrooms	2 Egg Yolks
3 Tablespoonfuls Butter	Paprika and Other Seasonings
	Lemon-Juice

MELT the butter in the chafing-dish, add the shredded green pepper and the mushrooms. Cook for about five minutes. Add the small onion, grated; the flour, mixed with part of the milk, and the remaining milk and seasonings. Stir until thickened, then add the chicken, and the cream with the two egg yolks beaten into it. Cook a few minutes longer, stirring; add a few drops of lemon-juice, and serve on toast or in patty-cases. The recipe may be made more economical by substituting lamb or veal for part of the chicken. The mushrooms may be omitted. Green peas are a tasty addition. It would probably be better, in the case of this dish where the preparation is more involved, to have it prepared in the kitchen beforehand, and merely heat it and serve it from the chafing-dish.

Clams Newport

1 Small Can Minced Clams	
2 Tablespoonfuls Butter	
3 Tablespoonfuls Flour	
1 Cupful Milk	
1 Teaspoonful Salt	
3 Sweet Pickles	
1 Hard-cooked Egg	
2 Tablespoonfuls Chopped Pimentoes	
Paprika and Other Seasonings	

MELT the butter in the chafing-dish, add the flour and seasonings. Then add the liquor drained from the can of clams and the milk, stirring constantly until smooth and thick. Then add the clams, chopped pickles, egg, and pimientoes. Heat until very hot, and serve on slices of buttered toast.

Dried Beef Rarebit

2 Tablespoonfuls Butter	¾ Cupful Tomatoes
½ Cupful Chipped Dried Beef	¾ Cupful Cheese, Grated or Chopped
	4 Eggs

MELT the butter in the chafing-dish, add the chipped dried beef, and allow to crisp. Pour in the tomatoes and heat thoroughly. Add the cheese and stir until melted. Break the eggs into the mixture and stir until thickened. Serve hot on squares of buttered toast or crackers which have been browned.

Eggs, Spanish Style

4 Hard-cooked Eggs	½ Teaspoonful Salt
2 Cupfuls Tomato-Juice	2 Tablespoonfuls Chopped Green Pepper
2 Tablespoonfuls Butter	2 Tablespoonfuls Chopped Onion
3 Tablespoonfuls Flour	

MELT the butter in the chafing-dish and gradually stir in the flour, mixing until smooth. Add the tomato-juice, stirring vigorously to prevent lumps forming. Add the chopped pepper and onion and seasoning. Slice the eggs and heat in the sauce. Serve hot. Chopped pickle may be substituted for the green pepper called for in the recipe if the pepper flavor is not desired.

Ham Sandwiches à la Mode

3 Eggs	¼ Cupful Milk
½ Cupful Chopped Boiled Ham	Bread
	Butter
	Seasonings

SPREAD the slices of bread lightly with butter. Beat the eggs, add the milk and ham. Melt a little butter in the chafing-dish, and put in a spoonful of the ham-and-egg mixture, stirring until thick like scrambled eggs. Season. Place between slices of bread. Take another spoonful of the mixture and cook in the same way. Continue until every one has one of these hot savories.

Real Fruits full of Vitamins

SERVED A HUNDRED DIFFERENT WAYS

ALL THE vital elements of fruits with the wonderful health properties of *pure unflavored, unsweetened gelatine* are combined in the delicious desserts and salads so easily prepared from real fruit and Knox Sparkling Gelatine.

Science says that Knox Sparkling Gelatine should be a part of the family daily menu. It is most economical because it goes four times further than the ready flavored kinds. One package of Knox Gelatine will make four different desserts or salads, each sufficient for six servings.

Orange Charlotte

½ envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine
¼ cup cold water
½ cup boiling water
1 cup orange juice and pulp
2 tablespoonfuls lemon juice
1 cup sugar
Lady Fingers
Whites of three eggs

Soak gelatine in cold water five minutes and dissolve in boiling water. Add sugar, and when dissolved add lemon juice. Strain, cool slightly, and add orange juice and pulp. When mixture begins to stiffen heat, using a wire whisk, until light; then add stiffly beaten egg whites and beat thoroughly. Turn into mold lined with lady fingers or stale cake. One pint whipped cream may be used in place of whites of eggs.

KNOX SPARKLING GELATINE

"The Highest Quality for Health"

Helpful Books Free

We will mail Mrs. Knox's "Dainty Desserts" and "Food Economy"—two very useful books for the woman who wants to feed her family properly—if you will send your grocer's name and 4c for postage.

Charles B. Knox Gelatine Co.
135 Knox Avenue, Johnstown, N. Y.

Both packages contain the same plain Sparkling Granulated Gelatine, but the "Acidulated" has an extra envelope containing lemon flavoring, but not mixed with the gelatine.

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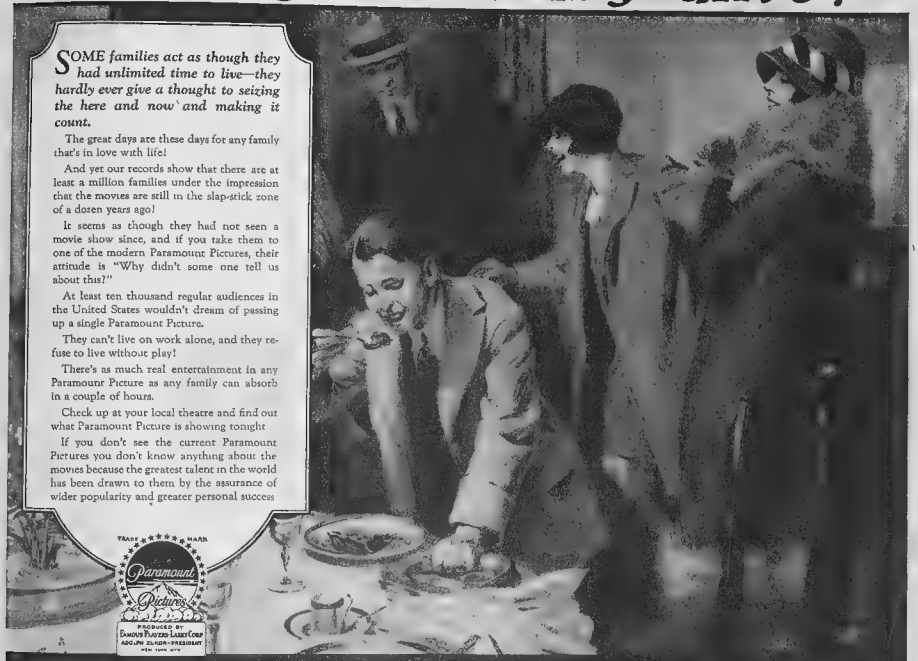
Keeping the family *alive!*



SOME families act as though they had unlimited time to live—they hardly ever give a thought to seizing the here and now and making it count.

The great days are these days for any family that's in love with life!

And yet our records show that there are at least a million families under the impression that the movies are still in the slap-stick zone of a dozen years ago!

It seems as though they had not seen a movie show since, and if you take them to one of the modern Paramount Pictures, their attitude is "Why didn't some one tell us about this?"

At least ten thousand regular audiences in the United States wouldn't dream of passing up a single Paramount Picture.

They can't live on work alone, and they refuse to live without play!

There's as much real entertainment in any Paramount Picture as any family can absorb in a couple of hours.

Check up at your local theatre and find out what Paramount Picture is showing tonight

If you don't see the current Paramount Pictures you don't know anything about the movies because the greatest talent in the world has been drawn to them by the assurance of wider popularity and greater personal success

TRADE MARK Paramount Pictures PRODUCED BY FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORP ADOLPH ZUKOR-PRESIDENT NEW YORK CITY

Paramount Pictures

8 Current Paramount Pictures

Produced by Famous Players-Lasky Corporation

J. M. BARRIE'S
"PETER PAN"
A HERBERT BRENON Production

Assisted by Roy Pomeroy. Screen play by Willis Goldbeck.

"THE GOLDEN BED"
A CECIL B. De MILLE PRODUCTION

Screen play by Jeanie Macpherson. Based on the novel by Wallace Irwin. Published serially in the Pictorial Review. With Rod La Rocque, Vera Reynolds, Lillian Rich, Warner Baxter, Theodore Kosloff and Julia Faye.

"NORTH OF 36"
An IRVIN WILLAT Production

With Jack Holt, Ernest Torrence, Lois Wilson and Noah Beery. By Emerson Hough. Screen play by James Hamilton.

"COMING THROUGH"
Starring THOMAS MEIGHAN

From the novel "Red Rock," by Jack Bethea. Screen play by Paul Schofield. Directed by Edward Sutherland. With Lila Lee

"THE SWAN"

A BUCHOWETZKI Production. With Adolphe Menjóu, Ricardo Cortez and Frances Howard. From the play by Ferenc Molnar.

"FORTY WINKS"

With Viola Dana, Theodore Roberts and RAYMOND GRIFFITH. From the play "Lord Chumley" by David Belasco and Henry C. de Mille. Screen play by Bertram Millhauser. Directed by Frank Urson and Paul Iribe

"MISS BLUEBEARD"

Starring BEBE DANIELS. From Avery Hopwood's play "Little Miss Bluebeard," adapted from a comedy by Gabriel Dregely. Screen play by Townsend Martin. Directed by Frank Tuttle.

"A MAN MUST LIVE"

Starring RICHARD DIX. Based on "Jungle Law," by L. A. R. Wylie. Screen play by James Ashmore Creelman. Directed by Paul Sloane.

"If it's a Paramount Picture it's the best show in town!"

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A baby's tender skin needs a very special care *against chafing*

Read what Dr. Holt says about the importance of powder in preventing chafing . . .

NO one can fail to be impressed with the deep seriousness with which young mothers today regard *every detail* of the preparation for their babies, and every detail of their rearing.

Few today have not learned that the care of the baby's skin is one of the most important factors in maintaining his ease and health.

Chafing and other eruptions easily occur. Fretfulness results. And the nineteen hours a day that a young baby should spend in sleep are at the outset pitiably reduced.

"*To prevent chafing,*" says Dr. L. Emmett Holt, America's great child doctor, "*special care must be exercised. The main things to be secured are cleanliness and the free use of toilet powder.*"

To be safe for a baby's tender skin, the powder must be beyond any possibility of reproach. It must be exquisitely fine — absolutely pure — healing—and safe as only a laboratory devoted to the preparation of antiseptically safe articles for the medical profession can make it.

THE ONLY baby powder that has this authority behind it is, as everybody knows, Johnson's Baby Powder.

Because there was no such *safe* baby powder to be had, physicians asked the house they knew was equipped to prepare surgically clean products, to make it. According to the physicians' formula, Johnson & Johnson prepare this powder in their marvelous laboratories—the largest of their kind.

The function of Johnson's Baby Powder is to prevent the infections that are caused by the moisture that lurks in the creases of baby's skin, or that come from perspiration or the dampness of wet diapers.

It is prescribed for use after the baby's bath, after the tender body has been dried with soft towels with as little friction as possible. Also for use after every changing of the diaper, the dampened skin being first cleansed, then carefully dried. This final gentle dusting and rubbing with the soothing, healing and absorbent "Johnson's" comes as an incalculable relief where there is any tendency to irritation.

Already Johnson's Baby Powder is being used by more mothers than any other. Get a can for baby as you pass your own drug store today.

But Johnson and Johnson will never be content till *all* mothers know the goodness and purity of this beneficent powder. They are now offering *free*, a small can of it together with the concise little book on the care of baby's skin, "The Faith of a Baby."

In creature comforts— his happiness

You have only to send us your name and address on the coupon below and the book and the powder will be sent you immediately.

Johnson & Johnson, New Brunswick, N. J.
Please send me free, the small can of the baby powder made in your famous laboratories, and the little book—"The Faith of a Baby."

Your druggist is more than a merchant F

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The HOME BUREAU

The Babies' Health Department

CONDUCTED BY DR. EMELYN L. COOLIDGE

Attending Physician in Diseases of Children to the Society of the Lying-in Hospital, New York City

The Health Value of Baths for Babies and Children

HOW long must I continue to give my six-months-old baby a daily bath?" "Is a daily bath really necessary in cold weather?" "Is a daily bath weakening to a baby or child?" These are questions repeated many times every year in our Correspondence Course for mothers.

A daily bath for babies and children is one of the most important requirements for their health. It prevents the pores of the skin from becoming clogged, removing all waste matter which is constantly cast off; it promotes good circulation and tones up the whole body, making the child vigorous and sturdy. Daily bathing is one of the essential points in establishing refinement as well as good health when the little child grows up into manhood or womanhood.

Until the navel-cord has dropped off, the new baby is usually given a sponge-bath in the lap of the nurse or on a table, but from that time on a tub-bath should be given every normal baby every day. Premature babies, babies with some forms of skin-disease, and very delicate babies or those acutely ill are the only ones who do not require a tub-bath daily. As these abnormal babies are under the care of some physician, he must decide when a tub-bath is safe for each case.

A tub-bath should never be given right after a meal; at least one hour should elapse. It is a good plan to give the baby his bath half an hour before his second morning feeding; he is then ready to take this meal and settle down for his long morning nap. The temperature of the room in which a young baby is bathed should be from 70 to 72 degrees F. If there is an open fire in the room so much the better. No drafts should strike the baby while he is being bathed; doors and windows should be closed or a large screen may surround the tub. The tub should either be on its own stand or else placed on a low table, but not on the floor. The young baby needs a warmer bath than one a little older. For the first month or two 99 degrees F. is a good temperature for the bath-water; this may be very gradually lowered to 95 degrees F. during the first year of life.

The baby should be kept wrapped in a bath-apron or blanket while he is quickly washed with a soaped wash-cloth dipped in a basin of warm water, the hand of the nurse or mother working under the apron. After he has been well gone over with the wash-cloth he should be dipped in a tub of fresh, warm water, being careful to support his head and back, and rinsing off all soap with a fresh wash-cloth.

After rinsing he should be placed on a soft towel and gently patted until his skin is quite dry, care being taken to remove all moisture from the creases of flesh. A little pure toilet-powder may then be dusted in the folds of the neck and groin, and warmed clothing quickly put on. A warm sponge-bath should also be given the young baby when he is undressed for the night.

The baby's scalp, eyes, ears, nose, mouth, and finger- and toe-nails all require special care during the daily toilet. We have a leaflet that goes into detail about all these points and that describes the bath more fully than it is possible to do here. This leaflet is called "Baths for Babies and Children," and it will be sent to any one who requests it, provided a self-addressed, U. S. stamped envelop is enclosed.

When the baby is a year old and plays about on the floor, many mothers like to give the daily tub-bath just before he is put to bed. This is all right if more convenient. It should be given at 5:30 P. M., before the baby's supper. A warm wrapper and slippers should be put on the baby, and he may have his supper at his little nursery table before being tucked into bed for the night. A quick sponge-off of the face, neck, and hands, at least, should be given in the morning if the baby has his full tub-bath at bedtime.

Baths are needed in cold weather as well as in warm. With the help of the different kinds of heating-apparatus we now have it is possible to get a room warm enough in some way for the baby's daily bath. Correctly given baths are *not* weakening; they are decidedly strengthening.

The question of cold showers often comes up. If a baby is strong, with good circulation, a cold shower after a warm tub-bath is often very beneficial; but if the child becomes blue about the lips and mouth, the finger- and toe-nails, the shower should be discontinued.

Enroll Your Baby

IF YOU have a baby under six months of age you may join our Special Correspondence Course in Babycraft, receiving free monthly help until the baby is two years old. Send in the baby's name and age, and an Admission Blank will be mailed to you.

If you want general health advice about older children up to the age of twelve, send for a Question Form for our Good Health Extension Class. No diseases will be treated by mail nor medicines prescribed.

Enclose a self-addressed U. S. stamped envelop with every request to Dr. E. L. Coolidge, Pictorial Review Building, Seventh Avenue and Thirty-ninth Street, New York City.

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HEIGHT AND WEIGHT TABLES

BOYS										GIRLS									
Height Inches	Average Weight for Height (Lbs.)	5 Years	6 Years	7 Years	8 Years	9 Years	10 Years	11 Years		Height Inches	Average Weight for Height (Lbs.)	5 Years	6 Years	7 Years	8 Years	9 Years	10 Years	11 Years	
38	34	34	34							38	33	33							
39	35	35	35							39	34	34							
40	36	36	36							40	36	36	36						
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62	104							100		62	114							104	
63	111							105		63	118								

Something is wrong with the child who is not gaining steadily. This chart tells you what he should weigh.

The "Growing Age"

when your child is apt to be underweight

needs special food

THE growing age is a vital formative period. Your children's future depends on their development at this stage. Yet so often when they are thin, lanky, pale, you satisfy your conscience with the thought "they're just growing."

Weigh them. Measure them. Then you'll *know* whether they are up to par. For underweight is an easily recognized danger signal—a warning to you that their health needs immediate attention.

Many children are underweight—not really ill—but just enough under to require the special care that you can so easily give them right at home. With proper attention to health measures and the addition of certain food elements in their diet you can make your children healthy and vigorous—save them from malnutrition, the great common danger all growing children face.

Borden's Eagle Brand Condensed Milk supplies vital food elements in a form any child will take readily, and digest easily. It is a wonderful health-producer because it provides the body-building proteins and growth-promoting vitamins of the best country milk—plus a rich store of energy-producing food in the form of sugar. This milk and sugar is scientifically blended in the right proportion to stimulate and increase growth.

Malnutrition in childhood is often the beginning of tuberculosis; the cause of stunted growth, poor mental development, bad teeth; the reason why your child can not compete with normal children in school or play. And yet—how easily they are prevented with a correct health program!

The Health Food—
how to serve it

THOUSANDS of mothers have already discovered for themselves the value of Eagle Brand for growing boys and girls. Give your child a daily ration of Eagle Brand between meals in one of the following ways:

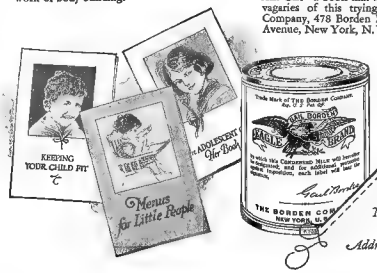
As a drink—diluted in the proportion of 2 tablespoonfuls to ½ cup of cold water.

As a spread on bread or crackers. (Have the child drink *more* water in this case.)

Poured over cereal.

Made into custards, egg nog and other simple dishes.

Be sure to give this daily ration between meals so that it does not interfere with the child's appetite for his regular food. For Eagle Brand should be used in addition to a normal diet of plenty of vegetables, fresh fruits, eggs, only a little meat, and a minimum of sweets. And other health habits like plenty of sleep, plenty of fresh air, outdoor exercise, regular bowel movements, plenty of water to drink, frequent baths, etc., are of vital importance in your health program. They give Eagle Brand a better chance to do its work of body-building.



THE BORDEN COMPANY has conducted extensive experiments among malnourished school children—with Eagle Brand fed in direct comparison with pasteurized fluid milk and also with certified raw milk. Detailed reports of these experiments will be sent to anyone who requests them. The results in every case show that Eagle Brand is particularly effective in building rich red blood, good bones, sound weight—as well as improving the appearance and general health of the children who received a daily feeding of this valuable health food.

Why you need the famous 3 Little Books

MOST mothers know, in general, the health measures that are essential in rearing children. But the 3 Little Books, published by the Borden Company, give you *concrete* information on this vital subject, in simple, usable form. Every mother should have a set.

They include Menus for Little People—a book covering the care of children from 2 to 6; Keeping Your Child Fit—which gives general information on the ages 6-12 with special attention to the boy's problems; and the Adolescent Girl—a book that will help you handle the vagaries of this trying period. The Borden Company, 478 Borden Building, 350 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y.

Nutrition Department
The Borden Co.
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Please send me a free set of the 3 Little Books.

Name .....

Address .....

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F. W. WOOLWORTH CO. 5 AND 10¢ STORE

A knot at the nape of the neck is very smart for both long and "growing-in" hair.

The more fashionable women have definitely turned to longer hair.

And Lorraine Hair Nets

are absolutely essential to smart hairdressing

FOR every type of fashionable hairdressing there is the necessary Lorraine Net—cleverly shaped and specially sized. Women with long hair or "growing-in" ends prefer Lorraine Double and Single Mesh Nets—while those whose hair is still bobbed find smartness within the soft meshes of Lorraine Bobbed Hair Nets.

Lorraine 10¢ EACH Hair Nets

Purest of cocoanut oil for cleanliness and the finest olive oil for hair health are combined in this widely recommended LORRAINE SHAMPOO 10¢ *15c in Canada and the Far West*

Six Dollars

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 38

But when he had reached the bedroom and found the rocker and sat down with his back to the bedpost and his sock-feet on the window-sill, little by little the lines would vanish from his face. Little by little as he watched the fallen star, or thought of it shining in secret there, he forgot to hear the busy voices below; he heard the wind running in gray grasses and the living sound of breakers on far-strewn reefs and the dry rustle of leaves in a thorn-tree. And what had happened was that he was no longer surrounded by walls and gables and hemmed in by the thoughts and needs and elbows of hundreds of industrious little two-legged vegetables: the walls had melted, his horizon was the horizon of dark ocean, and he walked in space.

AND a girl walked with him—no, a woman—no (as time passed), more than a woman, a kind of goddess, sea-begot, earth-born, the soul of the mother still carelessly on her, and she the stronger for it, and slow, as the tides are slow, and generous, as the earth is generous with the seeds of life, and brooding calm as the sky is, which, knowing nothing, holds within itself all the generations of them that know all. Her hair was thick and tangled, because the grass grows so; eyes heavy, because they looked at things far off; hands large, because the blood that fed them was warm; and her words little words, because only little words can stay in the wind that blows from the caverns among the stars.

"The gray ewe dropped twins in that brush-patch. That's a good ewe."

And Tansy could imagine his own words as simple. "Yes, a good ewe."

"I like the feel of the wind, like to-night; there's rain to come. I like it to blow under my hair, the same as kisses. I love kisses."

"I love to kiss you. I love to be with you with nothing but water roundabout and nothing but stars above, and all on earth asleep, hushed up."

"They're awake in China, tho, for the world's round like a ball."

"Most folks know the world's round, yet they think it's flat. I love that in you, Donna; you can *feel* it, you can *see* it being round like a ball. And you can see the stars being round like balls as big as suns, to shine hot on other worlds where there were sheep and people living and having twins and dead under the grass a million centuries before Adam and Eve—and never a thought in all their races whether it should be a thousand or twelve hundred on the Dee Nickerson house, or something useful like aprons or something tasty like doilies at the Dorcas meeting next Tuesday week. You see it. You feel it."

"Yes, Tansy, I see it. I feel it."

"You and I. I love you. And here we are at the tree."

Nor could he any longer, caught in the net of fantasy, recognize the thing as sin. *There's* revenge for you. To have grown to be a man who didn't know right from wrong. Tansy, whose honesty was his strength!

After all, he wasn't a man; he was two men. It was the other that became president of the bank, director in both the new freezers, and owner of considerable property in the town. No one knew his duplicity. How was it possible? Certainly, after living with him ten years, his wife didn't know. Donna herself, who might have guessed, might have wished, even Donna couldn't *know*. He could assure himself there was no one. So he had forgotten what happened that night in the wagon-shed behind the church (and almost under his window now). He had forgotten God, who never forgets.

But God moves in a mysterious way. It was a mystery to all "what it was bit Tansy" in his thirty-sixth year. There he was one week, a bit stoop-shouldered perhaps, but wiry for all that and going his way. Honest Tansy, who ought to have been Selectman—and why didn't *somebody* ever put him up? And there he was the next week, and talk of galloping consumption. Or Bright's disease. Or what?

They couldn't haye got it out of him; he was too close of mouth. Nor dig and delve as they would they couldn't get it out of Mrs. Snow. She didn't know; that's why. He sleeps poorly; that's about all she could say. He would toss, his head as restless on the pillow as if it wore a crown of thorns. Once when he thought her asleep he got up and went into the spare chamber. From the hall where she had stolen she saw him with a candle staring at his own face in the bureau glass. The night-puffed face, the shinning hair, the stooped shoulders—in the mirrored eyes there was the look of a soul in hell, self-pity, self-hate, self-mockery.

ELSIE was worried in earnest. When, without warning, a day or so later, he announced: "We'll try the west room a spell for a change," she was quick to humor him. Yet it came to nothing. Before she had so much as a bed-sheet shifted, there he was back, bareheaded:

"Let it be as 'twas."

Here are the facts. Tansy oughtn't to have gone near the docks. For years he had kept clear of them, by instinct more than by reason. Now the mysterious way God took was to make him careless. It was a bright and innocent morning anyway; insurance was wanted on a big yawl; it's better to see a risk with your own eyes than to go by hearsay. (If you can see the risk.)

Alongside the yawl three single-handers were lying, the men in them sorting their last night's catch: lusty, brawny young fellows, a pleasure to the eye with their deep color and their flashing grins (more pleasure to the eye than a banker in a night-shirt before a looking-glass). And their voices, in the clear of the morning, were gay and strong.

Five years later Tansy could have repeated every syllable of every word:

CONTINUED ON PAGE 53

The Pin-a-Peep Show

CINDERELLA

See Opposite Page

Directions: First supply yourself with an empty shoe-box, some paste or glue and a pair of scissors. Cut out the different figures on the page, following the heavy line carefully. Fold on the dotted lines and paste in place in the box as shown by Figure 1 in the left upper corner of the page. Cut a hole about an inch square in one end of the box for a peep-hole. Figure 2 in the upper right-hand corner of the page shows how to cut openings in the cover to allow the light to enter and illuminate the scene in Fairyland. Very pretty effects can be obtained by covering each opening with a different colored tissue-paper.

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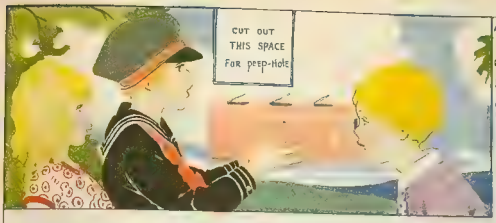
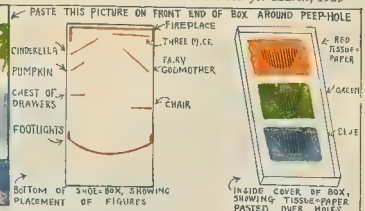
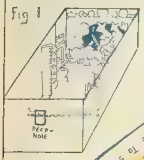


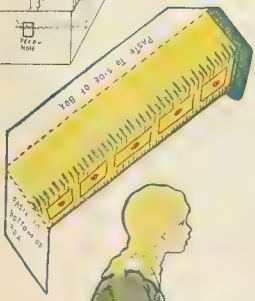


The Pin-a-Peep Show—Cinderella

DRAWINGS BY BERTA AND ELMER HADER

See Opposite Page for Instructions





FOLD FORWARD ON DOTTED LINES AND PASTE TO BOTTOM OF THE BOX

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Stage and Screen Stars That Shine Along Broadway

Photo by Wide World Studios

FASCINATING Wilda Bennett, starring in "Madame Pompadour," that tuneful operetta of the days of Louis XV.

Photo by White Studio

GRAND opera and light opera as well have spelled success for Marguerite Namara, whose voice is at present captivating those attending "The Love Song," produced by the Shuberts.

Photo by White Studio

PATTI HARROLD, musical daughter of an operatic father, now appearing with Al Jolson in the musical comedy "Big Boy."

THE Theatre Guild's production, "They Knew What They Wanted," is one of the season's successes. Pauline Lord's wonderful acting is largely responsible.

Photo by Nickolas Muray

TO BE successful as a singer, actress, film star, and poet seems well-nigh impossible, but charming and versatile Doris Kenyon knows just how it's done.

Photo by Nickolas Muray

PIQUANT Betty Bronson as Peter Pan in Paramount's film version of Barrie's play.

Photo by Ira L. Hill's Studio

ALWAYS charming, always appealing, is delightful Lenore Ulric, who is winning audiences nightly in the sparkling comedy, "The Harem," recently produced by David Belasco.

Photo by White Studio

THERE are many excellent reasons why Irving Berlin's "Music Box Revue" is no longer an innovation but an institution. Grace Moore's delightfully melodious voice is one of them.

Photo by Alfred Cheney Johnston

LOVELY Lillian Gish, now appearing in the Metro-Goldwyn motion-picture success "Romola."

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Soap from Trees!

The only oils in Palmolive Soap are the priceless beauty oils from these three trees—and no other fats whatsoever

AFRICAN PALM TREE

That is why Palmolive Soap is the natural color that it is—for palm and olive oils, *nothing else,* give Palmolive its green color

NOTHING is hidden, for there is nothing to hide. No ordinary soap oils tolerated, no "super-fatting," no "super-anything." Palmolive's only secret is in its blending.

And that secret blend is judged one of the world's priceless beauty secrets. The beautiful, natural complexions one out of every two women has today proves it.

Wash, launder, cleanse with any soap you choose—but when beauty is at stake, use a soap made to protect it.

60 years' study to insure women keeping "That Schoolgirl Complexion" makes Palmolive safe to use.

OLIVE TREE

Palmolive Soap is untouched by human hands until you break the wrapper—it is never sold unwrapped.

COCONUT PALM TREE

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for mirrors

Principal uses of Bon Ami—

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Tiling
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The Hands
Linoleum and Congoleum

IN half a second, little hand mirror, *you'll* sparkle, too! No question about it, Bon Ami is a marvel for mirrors—big or little.

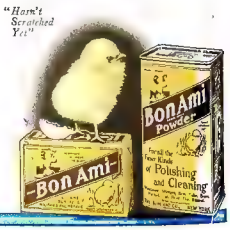
With a damp cloth, put a thin lather of Bon Ami all over the delicate surface. Wait till it dries. Then, polish it off with a clean, dry cloth—and that's all!

Quick, simple, safe, Bon Ami simply blots up the dust and streaks. That's the reason it's unequaled for cleaning and polishing windows, mirrors, white woodwork and so many other things around the house.

Then, too, it's so soft it can't scratch. Try it for all the things listed above and see for yourself what a gentle, thorough cleanser Bon Ami is! And it never reddens or roughens the hands.

THE BON AMI COMPANY, NEW YORK

Cake or Powder
whichever you prefer



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Six Dollars

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 48

"Looks o' that catch o' yourn there, Eddie, you didn't set no very likely place last night, did ye?"

"Aw, leave Eddie be, Sam. Didn't ye hear the terrible thing? Got a good fare o' haddock, Eddie did, only he had to heave the best part away. Turn out to be moth-millers when he come to look. Whatcha make o' that?"

"Laugh, you fellows; I like to hear ye. But if ye really want to know who 'twas fishin' the Stone Fold las' night, don't ask me; ask Codhead Collins; he's the boy'll know."

"All right, all right, don't jump so. All reminded me was, I was thinking I noted a new little face on the beach over there when I come by the old girl's last week. And a new batch o' wash on the line."

"Godfrey! How many's that she's got now?"

"Don't ask me; I ain't the only dory in the fleet."

IT WASN'T consumption; Tansy didn't cough. Nor Bright's disease; it didn't act that way. The doctor said it was just insomnia, and it came from too much work. Human flesh can't stand studying at a desk the livelong day and then in a bedroom rocker half the night. He advised, and Elsie insisted, that Tansy ease up, go off somewhere, and take a holiday.

"No, I'll just see it through," was all Tansy would say.

When he said that morning: "We'll try the west room a spell," it was a confession of rout. Once away from that window he might forget; that's how he figured it. He hadn't yet got it through his head that God never forgets. At the bank, who should be waiting to see him but two of those trawlmen, Eddie and Sam. It was something about a loan; Tansy hardly knew; the business was done mechanically; the whole sudden thing he saw was that he wasn't to be let escape; that God had sent those wind-browned lusty young fellows as a sign and reminder that by no hiding of his eyes was he to be let forget. He faced it.

When the emissaries were gone he got down on his elbows on his desk and looked at his conscience, and he saw that in all those years of letting his imagination run to that island, instead of keeping it home of nights where it belonged, he had been doing a sinful thing. Now for atonement he was given a cross to bear. In the long run, unless he bore it without flinching, the failure would find him out. It was then, forgetting his hat, he ran home to Elsie with his "Let it be as 'twas."

"As 'twas!" The irony! As tho it could be any nearer to what it had been than heaven is to hell.

He tried never to flinch. Shirt-sleeves and sock-feet, "as 'twas," he sat there whole evenings through. No longer did he stride across the wind-blown grass with Donna by his side. He ran at a crouch under cover of the brush-patches, peeping, spying. Or he lay hidden as near as he dared to the thorn-tree, holding his breath and listening—to youth.

Almost as bad as the jealousy was the shame. Beginning by boasting he would be the biggest man in town, he had ended by being the least in a shady brotherhood, the scummiest of the scum of the water-front.

Sometimes he had to flinch a little; sometimes, reevoking the image of the goddess he had created, he would rail at them. And now his "*I was the first!*" was the whine of a whip, and he had to grovel:

"Lord, when I have borne enough, in Thy mercy take it away."

There came a time when it seemed it was to be taken away. Mercy's instrument was Austin Dow, the proprietor of the Seaside Lunch that came with the steamer, along with other changes, when the old packet-schooner gave up. More and more excursionists were coming for the day's sail from Gillyport, with an hour ashore at noon, and Dow got to thinking he'd have a sign put on his roof, a big fellow, one you could read from the harbor coming in, with "SHORE DINNERS OUR SPECIALTY" in letters five feet high. And he wanted a license from the town.

It came up in special meeting in January, and it made a stir. There were forward-looking people who realized that times had changed, and they spoke in favor. There were just as many against it, tho not quite so apt at saying why; anyway, it would be an eyesore to the worshipers coming out of Center Church, that monstrosity on a roof across the street. And then a man got up in the back of the hall and asked permission to speak.

The man was Tansy Snow. If it had been George True, the town dummy, folks wouldn't have been struck so dead. And that was only the beginning. From the first the thing that had made it look as tho Dow might get the vote was that it was the business men that were with him; it was the sentimental old ladies (male and female) that were against.

And now to hear Banker Snow, the busiest business man of them all, the dried-up human calculator, the man with no sentiment, no romance, no imagination beyond set-down-five-and-carry-two—to see him standing there like a born revivalist—and to hear him carrying on -diving back into history and coming up again -his face running sweat and his eyes as big as quarters with earnestness—reciting the beauty and dignity and grandeur of our island metropolis—recalling the impressions of his boyhood, the simple nobility of that shore-street sky-line, as great epochs had builded it slowly—and then taking the proposed sign-board as a symbol of all the ills the mainland suffers from, making bigness an idol, bustle a religion, the dollar a god to trample them in the dust—it was too much for the town meeting. When it came to a vote, there wasn't a voice for the lunch-room: Dow was too done up even to lift his own.

No one was more amazed than Elsie Snow, or more thrilled. If Tansy didn't fathom what he had done, or what was to follow, she did. As she took him out and home through the streets where people lingered she held him by the arm, "the biggest man in town"; you couldn't fool Elsie Snow.

WHEN they had undressed and she had blown out the light and gone to lift the window, she stood for a moment dreaming down at Dow's lunch-room on the shore, bright in the moonlight in the bottom of the crevice between the Nickerson house and the corner of the church, and, "By gracious," she mused, "it never till this instant occurred to me, but it would've cut off half our one and only sea-view, that monstrosity of his."

No, there was one more amazed than Elsie.

Staring out through the moonlight, and through the darkness when the moon had set, Tansy Snow was wondering:

"Why in the name of the Eternal did I do that?"

Elsie was right about consequences. The town waked up and rubbed its eyes. Tansy Snow had pulled the wool over them for a couple of decades, but he couldn't do it any more. From the minute he sat down after his speech in meeting there wasn't a question in anybody's

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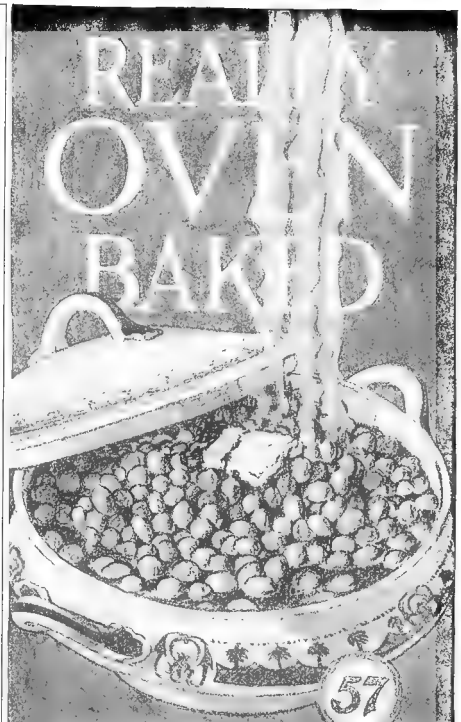

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You can be sure that the beans you eat are really baked in real ovens if you specify *Heinz* Baked Beans. The label says they are baked. And no beans are really *oven-baked* unless the label *does* say *baked.*

HEINZ
OVEN-BAKED
BEANS
with tomato sauce

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COLORS GUARANTEED SUN & TUBFAST

The new Georgian stripe for casement curtains or over-drapes, in a variety of colors. 50 inches wide

Color-fast . . . like other lovely Orinoka drapery fabrics

BEAUTY to delight the designer, colors to enchant the artist, perfection of weave to please the textile expert: *that* (with color-fastness) is the story of Orinoka drapery fabrics. Moreover, you can be certain of good service from any Orinoka guaranteed drapery material you choose. And such practical, satisfactory service too! For these materials are both sunfast and tubfast.

Dyed in the yarn by an exclusive Orinoka process, your Orinoka draperies and curtains will not fade in the strongest sunshine, and they can be washed as safely as if they were white. Look for the Orinoka guarantee tag before you buy. It is attached to every bolt of genuine Orinoka sunfast and tubfast fabric. At the better stores and decorating establishments everywhere.

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"These goods are guaranteed absolutely fadeless. If color changes from exposure to sunlight or from washing, the merchant is hereby authorized to replace them with new goods or to refund the purchase price."

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Six Dollars

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 53

mind but what he'd be chosen Selectman the coming Autumn, in place of John Matheson, who was "getting through." If he'd take it, that is.

What a question! As we used to say: "Will a duck swim?" And yet very presently here was Elsie Snow going around with another kind of smile and another and mysterious light in her eye. She was a wonder, Elsie was.

How did she get wind of it? you'll ask. But you must remember that, what with being chairman of this, manager of that, and corresponding secretary of the other, the banker's wife had in her hands the ends of more underground wires than any dozen in Urkey, and under-water wires too, tapping the gossip of all the towns and precincts the length of the Cape. And wise in politics, she knew that two and two, coming at the right time and at all dramatic, are apt to make nearer forty than four. And she knew that there is a tide in the affairs of men. And she knew that it never rains but it pours.

She could hear them at Gillyport: "Well, they say Honest Tansy Snow opened up his mouth at last, and the man's a spellbinder; yow he is." And at Barnstable: "They knew him, and they knew he meant it; he ain't the kind to spout for spoutin' sake, Banker Snow ain't. And they do say there was a good many noses blowed there toward the end."

But Elsie knew more than that. Piecing it together in her astute mind, from a hint here, an allusion there, a slip of somebody's tongue or pen, she knew a thing that only three men in the Congressional District happened yet to know. And this was that "the party," what with the chill of old blood and the heat of bad blood, was secretly in a bad way indeed; that it wanted a doctor, and wanted one quickly—with the Autumn elections coming forward, and a member of Congress to be sent to Washington. No veteran; no silver-trumpeting old war-horse. No, a new name, a fresh fame, a clean slate.

"And where, oh, where," thought Elsie, "where will the lightning strike?"

Selectman? Selectman of a village? That was why she smiled. Since Barlow Atkins left Congress in 1884 people in Urkey had almost forgotten that an islander *could* sit under the dome in Washington. "The biggest man in this town." She remembered the young Tansy standing up straight in London Lane. Well, she'd see.

ONE afternoon in mid-July the Knights came over in the steamer *Senator Bates* for their annual "time," a clambake at Blue Goat Cove in the evening and the sail back home by moonlight later on. When they had marched the length of the shore street behind their band and got a start for the cove, they took half the population with them, but they left three of their own number behind.

The sail was all right for these three, but they weren't much on clambakes. They'd rather loaf around the old town, looking at the houses. Perhaps they were interested in architecture. Or perhaps it was lightning-rods. They were Mr. Claude Byram of Gillyport, Captain Charlie Slocum of Barnstable, and ex-Senator Bates himself, and they were the three men in the district who knew what Elsie knew. As they strolled they talked. They talked about Henry Poor, the young lawyer in Provincetown, who, unheard of a year ago, had just won the Province-lands suit for the Commonwealth. They talked of the new man who was making such a name for himself as head of the Highmarket Academy—a scholar—no taint of politics there. And once or twice, lingering near the end of the Brick Walk, "Well, here's where *he* lives," they temporized. "What do we say?"

But they couldn't seem quite to say. They had to talk it all over again. Six o'clock passed. They had a snack at Dow's place, and then it was seven, and then it was eight. Elsie Snow wasn't the woman to wait forever. It was in the drug-store, where they had stopped for cigars, that she brought them to earth.

"Captain Slocum, as I live! And *Mr.* Byram! And—*not* Senator *Bates!* Well, I declare, who'd have thought to find you drifting around our little town, and without a soul to manage for you? I give you my word——"

She gave them her word it was an outrage, and that even if there wasn't a committee of welcome, there was a home that would be honored by their presence, and a fresh lemon layer-cake, and a drop of rhubarb wine, put down the year she and Tansy were married. And Tansy *would* be tickled.

IT SEEMED providential; seemed to help to clear their minds. When they had arrived, most easily, most pleasantly, at the foot of the Snow steps, they slackened pace and let their hostess go on in ahead.

She made it simple for them. "I'll run on and see Tansy's fit to be looked at; he's that much of a home body, he's probably in slippers now."

"I guess, Mrs. Snow," the Senator called after her, spokesman for the three. "I guess you can tell Snow we'll be tickled to see *him*."

All the woman could think, and that over and over, was, "This is the greatest day in Urkey's history."

Tansy, hearing voices, was half-way up-stairs. She bustled him up the other half, the news on her tongue; but then it was too enormous to tell.

"Get into your blacks, and *hurry*," she bade him; "there's company."

As she turned and swept down-stairs again to put the company at its ease with ash-trays and cake and rhubarb wine, the chosen of fortune felt along the wall for the chamber door with a sigh. Why wouldn't people let him be?

Once inside, he started toward the window, of habit a quarter-century old. Then he remembered he was to hurry. Company. Who? Why had there been that note in her voice? Perhaps at last it was somebody about the Autumn meeting and the Selectmanship. Oh, Tansy knew. He never let on, but he wasn't a fool. And he wanted it—as he'd never wanted anything. Why? For the name? Yes, in a way. More than anything in life, he wanted to be able to go to that window and throw back the taunt of that leering eye of Blit.'

"Yah! Take a look at me—the man that's trusted above all others! Selectman! The biggest man in this island and his town. You, and your 'moth-millers,' your dirty, filthy nobodies, look at me! Yah!"

But he had been over-told to hurry. In that funny way—*hurry!* It was the Selectmanship! As good as done already. Because he had been an upright citizen and an honest man. Here he was at the window, after all.

It wasn't a "Yah!" It wasn't a sound, nothing formed, just a formless outlash-ing of a life that was tired in secret; secretly, prematurely old. Then, as he looked again, he lifted a hand and drew it across his eyes.

"Fog coming in. Won't have much of a moonlight sail, that crowd."

He removed his hand and stared. There was no fog. The sky was as clear as glass and full of stars. He put his other hand on the bedpost. The bedpost was solid, anyway.

"Good God! What's—wh-what's happened? What's wrong?"

CONTINUED ON PAGE 56

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Incomparable in quality; inimitable in fragrance, COTY Face Powders *are supreme in the discriminating favour of women. They are created for every type—a shade to accent the beauty of each, and an exquisite* COTY *perfume odeur to complete the effect of individuality. The genuineness of all* COTY *creations is only assured when they are purchased in the original* COTY *packages.*

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There are more than fifty shines in every fifty cent bottle — more than fifty applications to protect and preserve the beauty of your footwear.

Available in the colors listed below and in white canvas and white kid. Ten popular colors for suedes.

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Six Dollars

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 54

Elsie couldn't keep them occupied forever, even with cake and rhubarb wine. Minutes are minutes to such men. When fifteen had passed, and Slocum had looked at his watch twice, she went to the stairs and called. Then, laughing, "What would you do with such a man?" she marched up to find him. The bedroom was dark, and he wasn't there. She went to the spare chamber, to the west chamber, down the back way to the kitchen. She returned to their bedroom; he *must* be there.

SHE felt on the bed, the chair; she stood staring out of the window.

She shut her eyes and opened them again. A curious uneasiness, having nothing to do with the company downstairs, seemed to lay hold of her.

"Fog," she said to herself.

She turned around. What was the matter with this room to-night? Why was everything so—so—so wrong—so lost—so funny? She touched the bedpost. It was solid enough. She glanced toward the window again.

She laughed. She saw what was wrong, and it was ridiculous. For two dozen years, without knowing it, she had depended on seeing a light there when the weather was clear. When it was thick, there was no light; no light, it must be thick. And here it was clear, and no light. Absurd, but it had given her the jumps.

That shows what habit is.

Rid of the spell, she remembered what she was about. Her lips whiter and whiter with anger, running on frantic tiptoe, she searched the house.

Coming through the parlor she was all cheer. "Tansy'll be down directly," she promised them, and, slipping out of the door, she was gone.

Time passed. Once or twice they heard a voice calling "Tansy! Tansy!" off in the distance, among the houses and lanes.

They got to talking. "You can't tell me this fellow Poor hasn't made a big impression, especially down-Cape." "Yes, but he's a lawyer, and that means politician to lots of people. Now this man McDowell over at the Academy——"

When Mrs. Snow reappeared it was awkward. They didn't want to seem to run, but there was a man Byram ought to see, and there was the boat.

They got out backward, Slocum saying: "We're right sorry not to have seen Snow," and the old Senator adding a word of kindness: "The talk's been up our way that your husband's slated for the next Selectman over here. I'm glad of that; he ought to make a good one, from all I hear."

Elsie stood staring at the closed door when they were gone.

"Selectman!" she whispered. "*Selectman!*"

All the poison of all the years came pouring out: "I'll *see* him Selectman! I'd kill myself first! He shall stay a stick till the day of his death, he shall. A dumb, stupid stick—stick-in-the-mud! *Ohhhh!*"

IN THE kitchen of the house on the Stone Fold they were playing pachisi down on the floor. The board was an old one, held together with court-plaster; most of the men were buttons, and there were only two dice left. Despite these defects, however; despite the two youngest, two babies, creeping in continually and grabbing and getting slapped; and despite the paralytic old shepherd in the chair behind the towel-rack, who wanted attending to now and then—despite these handicaps they played with a quiet concentration, watching each the moves of all the others, alert for cheating, a gamin shrewdness in the eyes narrowed under

CONTINUED ON PAGE 58

"Don't let your face touch its pillow until your skin has been thoroughly cleansed"

. . . . Here so soon and so clear-skinned!

—then she asked me, "How in the world do you manage to look so fresh and clear-skinned this early in the morning?"

So I told her of my "three golden minutes" at bedtime when I wipe all the day's dirt from my skin with the perfect cold cream that cleanses and beautifies; the one so pure doctors prescribe it—Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Cold Cream.

Make it your rule too, never to let your face touch its white pillow at night until your skin has been thoroughly cleansed—and it will soon be noticeably more lovely.

For sale at department and drug stores—the white package with red bands. Tubes, 10c, 25c, 50c. Jars, 25c, 50c, 85c, and $1.50.

There's a "Try-It-Yourself" trial tube for you—Free. Send the coupon below.

* * *

How to use those "Three Golden Minutes"

I—*Smooth a coat of this perfect cold cream over your face and neck.*

II—*Leave it on a minute to sink in.*

III—*Wipe off the cleansing cold cream with a smooth cloth and finish with a dash of cold water.*

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The Well Groomed Woman's Manicure

It includes shaping and smoothing the nail tips, the proper care of the cuticle and . . . for the finish . . . an exquisite lustre

THE perfectly groomed woman uses her hands naturally and dextrously with a grace that is unconscious. The correct care she gives them enables her to move with the assurance of one who does not have to apologize for their appearance.

Have you been envying her?

You don't have to!

You can have exquisitely groomed, lovely nails—no matter how crowded your day, no matter how exacting your household, social or business duties may be.

Learn the famous Cutex manicure that the most fastidious women of elegance use to keep their finger tips charming.

It is so quick and simple, so scientifically worked out that five minutes will transform the most neglected looking cuticle. Used regularly once or twice a week the finger-tips will proudly bear comparison with the most perfectly groomed hands you know.

Cutex actually removes the dead skin which clings around the base of the nails in ugly shreds, spoiling the appearance of the finger tips. It is just as necessary to get rid of this dead skin as it is to get rid of the nail itself as it grows out. Particular women know that such care of the cuticle is the basis of correctly groomed nails.

A portrait study of beautiful hands by one of the group of younger New York photographers who make a fine art of their profession. A friend of the artist's posed for her. Notice the shapely nails, the thin smooth cuticle and the lovely lustre Cutex has given her nails

First wash the hands. Then shape the nail tips becomingly with a file, and smooth them with a Cutex emery board. Now moisten a Cutex orange stick in Cutex. Wrap a bit of the sterile cotton about the end and dip it again in the bottle. Work this gently around each nail base and under the cuticle edges. Instantly the cuticle is loosened and softened. Rinse the finger tips in water and wipe them. All the little edges of superfluous skin are wiped away and the rim of cuticle shrinks back, curved, thin and smooth as it ought to be.

To make the nails spotless and give transparent tips, pass the orange stick still moist beneath each nail and rub over any stains. Cutex bleaches and cleans them immediately.

Then instantly a lovely lustre

The last step of the manicure is giving the nails a polished surface, pink and gleaming. For this Cutex has four wonderful finishes—Liquid, Powder, Cake and Paste Polishes.

Cutex Liquid Polish keeps the nails polished as long as the manicure lasts. It is tinted just the rose color the smartest Parisiennes are using for their nails. The rosy liquid is so thin it spreads smooth and evenly without leaving brush marks or ridges. It dries almost instantly, giving the nails a high smooth brilliance that lasts a whole week.

This simple manicure is the choice of well groomed women everywhere. It gives the nails and cuticle the correct care they need and makes the finger-tips look bewitchingly fresh and graceful.

* * *

Cutex Cuticle Remover and Liquid Polish are 35c each, as well as all the other splendid Cutex preparations. Or you can get complete manicure sets with a choice of polishes and emery boards and nail file for 60c, $1.00, $1.50, $2.50 and $3.00. At drug and department stores in the United States and Canada and chemist shops in England.

6 complete manicures only 10c

THIS convenient Introductory Set for your dressing table contains enough Cutex for 6 complete manicures. The famous Cutex Remover for smooth, even cuticle, Liquid and Powder Polishes for the finishing lustre, Cuticle Cream, an orange stick, and emery board to smooth the nail tips. Send this coupon with 10c for the Introductory Set and the booklet "How to have lovely nails," today. Address Northam Warren, 114 W. 17th St., New York City. Or if you live in Canada, 200 Mountain St., Montreal, Canada.

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I enclose 10c in stamps or coin for new Introductory Set that includes a trial size of the Cutex Liquid Polish.

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1

Is your scalp oily?

Shampoo the hair once each week, using the following treatment: Rub a tablespoonful of *Wildroot Taroleum* into the scalp with your finger tips. Apply warm water, and let the snowy, antiseptic lather absorb the oily dirt. Rinse thoroughly, and follow with cold water. When dry, massage the scalp with *Wildroot Quinine Hair Dress.*

When hair is beautiful - BEWARE

- say Nature's 3 warning signals

2

Is your scalp dry?

Once every other week, give yourself this treatment: Remove dandruff from scalp by applying *Wildroot Hair Tonic.* Then gently massage a tablespoonful of *Wildroot Taroleum* into the scalp. Cover your head with a hot towel for five minutes. With more *Taroleum* and warm water, shampoo the hair. Rinse well, and follow with cold water.

3

Have you found dandruff?

Two or three times a week (in severe cases, every day), apply *Wildroot Hair Tonic* to the scalp. This should be done in the most thorough manner, parting the hair so as to reach every spot on the scalp—and massaging gently with the fingers. Finish by dressing the hair with the tonic, one strand at a time.

EVEN the most beautiful hair may be doomed to destruction. Beneath the beauty of today—the scalp warns you of baldness tomorrow. Hair experts say that a perfectly healthy scalp is hard to find. No head is safe—but most scalp troubles can be avoided *—if you start soon enough.*

Fortunately, Nature has provided 3 *warning signals* to tell you that your scalp needs care.

1. If your scalp is too oily—*beware!*
2. If your scalp is very dry—*beware!*
3. If you find dandruff—*beware!*

Once you discover which of these conditions threatens *your* hair—you can adopt one of the three treatments, shown here, to keep the scalp healthy and the hair beautiful.

Wildroot Hair Tonic plays a large part in such methods. Used alone, its chief purpose is to clean and condition the scalp—to make the hair lustrous—and to remove dandruff. Put a bottle on the bathroom shelf, where you can use it frequently.

Two special combinations of Wildroot products are suited to combat the dangerous conditions of *excessive oil*—and *over-dryness.*

Read the three simple rules. All druggists carry Wildroot preparations.

WILDROOT CO., INC., BUFFALO, N.Y.

WILDROOT

HAIR TONIC

Six Dollars

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 56

the forelocks of tangled hair. It was an old game with them; yet to-night there was something new about it; as new as tho it had been another game altogether, or the same game transported to heaven, where all is light.

"Better'n that old lantern!"

"Better'n two lanterns!"

"Better'n *ten* lanterns!"

So, from time to time, between moves, carried away afresh by realization, they joined and gloated.

"Better'n a *hundred* lanterns!"

The dogs were barking outside. An old one from under the stove sniffed toward the door, bristling. The players paid no attention, but the grandfather began to screech at the top of his lungs: "Sha'n't have it! Sha'n't! Ain't nobody no decency? With *her* there? Etta, you tell 'em go way. It's an unholy sin —comin' round a night like to-night—that's what it is! Etta!"

"Shut your face!" Etta threw at him as, without haste, she got up from the floor. She was a woman of twenty-odd, the mother of one of the infants underfoot. "Remember, you, it's my next move!" she threatened the others; then again to the old man: "Won't you shut up, f' gracious sake!" and finally to the door: "Well, well, 'tain't locked, is it? *Come in!*"

THE door opened. Those on the floor sat up straight. Etta retreated a step, taken aback to see a stranger.

"What d'y' want?" she muttered.

The man kept standing there, staring at her: staring at her squat, strong-muscled figure, her lowering face, her hair, thick and matted about her head, the color of unwashed brown sheep. She didn't like it.

"Who are ye, and what d'y' want? Y' dumb?"

But the old shepherd began to screech now: "*I* know 'im! I seen 'im many's the time over to the village. I see ye, Mr. Snow. I know ye well, Banker Snow. Well, I vow! Draw out a chair for Mr. Snow, Etta. Florry! Frank! Scabby! What a parcel o' dummies! Git a chair for Banker Snow."

"What d'y' want?" Etta persisted, unmoved.

Snow lifted a hand and passed it down over his face, which looked drawn and moist. Like a man talking in his sleep, he asked: "What's wrong with Donna?"

That seemed to loosen all tongues at once. The kitchen was as full of voices, of a sudden, as it was of the yellow glare.

"Donna's dead."

"Donna's in there; wanta see 'er?"

"Ma went sick and she got worse and died off."

"Donna ain't boss no longer, she ain't."

"We got the lamp down."

"We gone and got the lamp on 'er now, for *all* 'er."

"At last we got the lamp."

SNOW seemed to see the lamp for the first time. Like a man walking in his sleep he went to look at it. It was worth looking at. It stood on its own stand, a good four feet high; its finely swelled reservoir had variegated chasings of brass and nickel all over it; it had an extra-size chimney without a nick, and two wicks, one within the other. A lamp for any parlor in the world. All the parts that could be rubbed were as bright as a new one in the store. It had been looked after, like new; the price-tag, even, had never been taken off. It hung from the stem of the regulator, and the mark was still legible on it amongst the spotting of flies. Tansy read it.

"$6."

Some folks have a God of mercy. And some have a terrible God.

Put Kleinert's Shields in—FIRST!

Before you wear it even *once,* equip your frock with Kleinert's Dress Shields or a Dress Shield Garment guaranteed to keep it fresh and dainty—your most expensive gown may be ruined by a single careless wearing.

Miracle Combination Reducer for Hips and Bust

With the Kleinert's Welded Dual Rubber Reducer sized to your needs, you can lose pounds just where you like—from chin to ankles. Easily, Safely, Quickly. This style is $15.00 in natural amber color.

For Wear Every Day

Kleinert's Blue-Line Sanitary Aprons worn *every day* prevent skirt wrinkles as well as provide protection under all circumstances. For the woman who prefers a bloomer style, there is the dainty Kleinert's Sanralette.

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You bet! He'll be there Saturday

HE'S always on the job for the big play-day of the week; and for the first bell every morning at school.

No stay-at-home days for him on account of sore throat.

Because he and his mother have learned how to keep sore throat away during the coldest days of winter, as well as during the slushy, flu-days of early spring.

Just a simple precaution does the work. And that is the systematic use of Listerine, the safe antiseptic, as a daily mouth-wash and gargle.

So often it will ward off a bad case of sore throat and the more serious ills that may follow.

Sore throat is a nuance—and, usually, it is the danger signal of other troubles that start with throat infections.

Listerine, the safe antiseptic, will put you and your family on the safe side. So do not be without it. It has dozens of other uses—all described on the circular that comes wrapped around each bottle.—*Lambert Pharmacal Company, Saint Louis, U. S. A.*

LISTERINE —*the safe antiseptic*

LISTERINE Throat Tablets, containing the antiseptic oils of Listerine, are now available . . . While we frankly admit that no tablet or candy lozenge can correct halitosis, the Listerine antiseptic oils in these tablets are very valuable as a relief for throat irritations
25 cents

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JOHNSON'S LIQUID WAX

This New Easy Way to have Beautiful Waxed Floors

"HOW do you keep your kitchen so spick and span? It always looks as though you'd just laid new linoleum."

"Why, this linoleum has been down six years. But the man who laid it waxed it for me with Johnson's Liquid Wax and he told me if I'd *keep* it waxed that it would stay like new. And wear years longer.

"No, it isn't any trouble at all since I bought one of those Johnson Floor Polishing Outfits. Every couple weeks I spread on a thin coat of Johnson's Liquid Wax with the Wax Mop. It only takes a few minutes—I don't touch my hands to the wax or the floor—I don't even stoop down! Just pour a little Liquid Wax onto the Mop and a few easy strokes gives the floor a thin, even coating.

"Then I polish the wax with the Weighted Brush. In a few minutes my floor is beautifully polished—and it's no more trouble than running a carpet sweeper.

"Why yes, I wash my *kitchen* linoleum, of course. But it doesn't seem to need washing nearly as often. And then it's so easy—more like washing off a piece of glass than a floor.

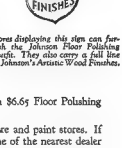
"But I *never* wash the inlaid linoleum in my other rooms. I polish it a couple of times a year with Johnson's Liquid Wax and that gives such a hard, dry polish that dust stays right on the surface. I re-wax the doorways and traffic spots when they start to show wear—but that only takes a few minutes.

"All the wood floors in my house are waxed too. In fact, I couldn't keep house without Johnson's Liquid Wax! I use it to polish my furniture and woodwork—to clean white enamel—and on the car!"

$6.65 Floor Polishing Outfit $5.00

Your dealer is authorized to offer you this $6.65 outfit for only $5.00. It consists of:

1 Qt. Johnson's Liquid Wax	$1.40
1 Johnson's Wax Mop	1.50
1 Johnson's Weighted Brush	3.50
1 Johnson's Home Beautifying Book	.25
	$6.65



Stores displaying this sign can furnish the Johnson Floor Polishing Outfit. They also carry a full line of Johnson's Artistic Wood Finishes.

Insist upon your dealer supplying you with the Johnson $6.65 Floor Polishing Outfit for $5.00—it means a saving of $1.65.

This offer is good at department, drug, grocery, hardware and paint stores. If your dealer cannot furnish the outfit—write us for the name of the nearest dealer who can. If you already have a mop—you can get the Weighted Brush, a quart of Johnson's Liquid Wax and the 25c Book for $3.50—a saving of $1.65. Or, any of these articles may be purchased separately.

Ask for a FREE copy of the Johnson Book on Home Beautifying at your best paint or hardware store. Or, mail us 10c to cover postage and wrapping.

S. C. JOHNSON & SON - Dept. PR-3 - RACINE, WISCONSIN
"The Wood Finishing Authorities" (Canadian Factory: Brantford)

Bewitched

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16

narrowed his lips. "Ain't any use. She follers after me."

There was another silence. What more could they add then and there? Mrs. Rutledge's presence checked the next question. The Deacon seemed hopelessly to revolve the matter. At length he spoke in a more authoritative tone. "These are forbidden things. You know that, Saul. Have you tried prayer?"

Rutledge shook his head.

"Will you pray with us now?"

Rutledge cast a glance of freezing indifference on his spiritual adviser. "If you folks want to pray, I'm agreeable," he said. But Mrs. Rutledge abruptly intervened.

"Prayer ain't any good. In this kind of thing it ain't no manner of use; you know it ain't. I called you here, Deacon, because you remember the last case in this parish. Thirty years ago it was, I guess; but you remember. Lefferts Nash—did praying help *him*? I was a little girl then, but I used to hear my folks talk of it Winter nights. Lefferts Nash and Hannah Cory. They drove a stake through her breast. That's what cured him."

"Oh—" Orrin Bosworth exclaimed.

Sylvester Brand raised his head. "You're speaking of that old story as if this was the same sort of thing?"

"Ain't it? Ain't my husband pining away the same as Lefferts Nash did? The Deacon here knows——"

The Deacon stirred anxiously in his chair. "These are forbidden things," he repeated. "Supposing your husband is quite sincere in thinking himself haunted, as you might say. Well, even then, what proof have we that the—the dead woman is the specter of that poor girl?"

"Proof? Don't he say so? Didn't she tell him? Ain't I seen 'em?" Mrs. Rutledge almost screamed.

THE three men sat silent, and suddenly the wife burst out: "A stake through the breast! That's the old way, and it's the only way. The Deacon knows it!"

"It's against our religion to disturb the dead."

"Ain't it against your religion to let the living perish as my husband is perishing?" She sprang up with one of her abrupt movements and took the family Bible from the what-not in a corner of the parlor. She put the book on the table, and, moistening a livid finger-tip, turned the pages rapidly, pausing at one on which she laid her hand like a stony paper-weight. "See here," she said, and read out in her level, chanting voice:

"'Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live.'

"That's in Exodus, that's where it is," she added, leaving the book open as if to confirm the statement.

Bosworth continued to glance anxiously from one to the other of the four people about the table. He was younger than any of them, and had had more contact with the modern world; down at Stotesbury, in the bar of the Fielding House, he could hear himself laughing with the rest at such old wives' tales. But it was not for nothing that he had been born under the icy shadow of Lonetop, and had shivered and hungered as a lad through the bitter Hemlock County Winters.

After his parents died, and he had taken hold of the farm himself, he had got more out of it by using improved methods, and by supplying the increasing throng of Summer boarders over Stotesbury way with milk and vegetables. He had been made a selectman of North Ashmore; for so young a man he had a standing in the county. But the roots of the old life were in him.

He could remember, as a little boy, being taken twice a year to that bleak

CONTINUED ON PAGE 62

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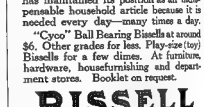

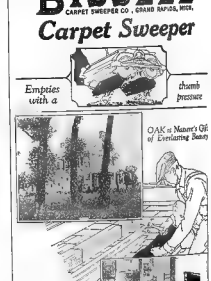
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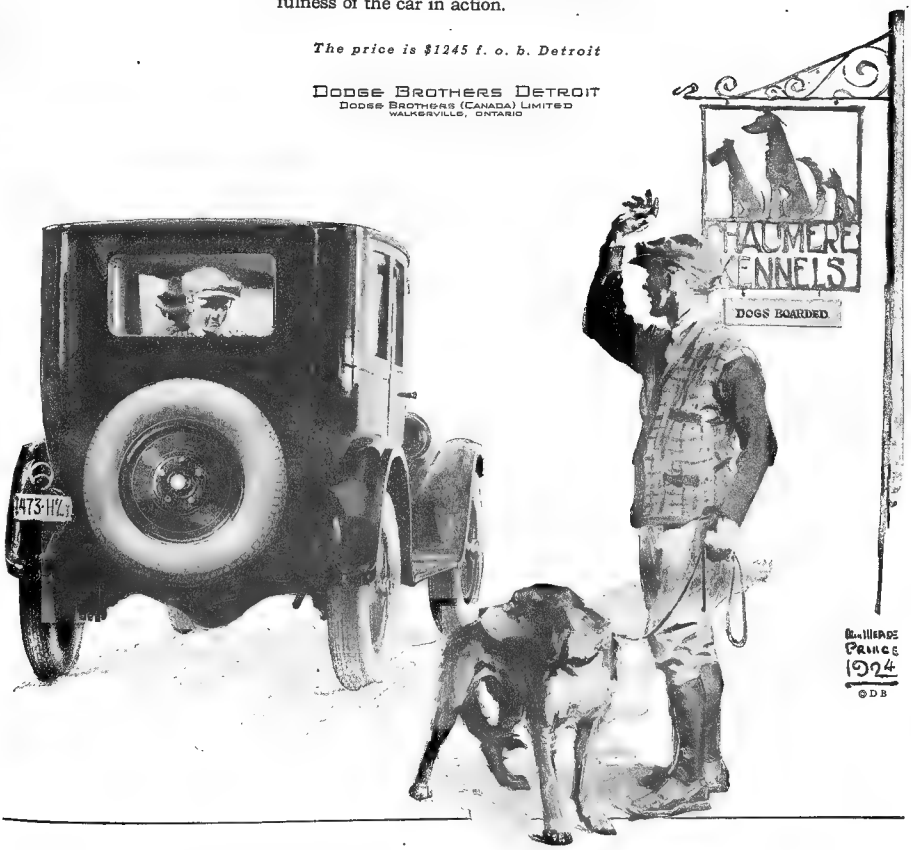

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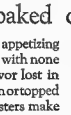

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Bewitched

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 60

hill-farm out beyond Sylvester Brand's, where his mother's aunt Cressidora Cheney had been shut up for years in a cold, clean room with iron bars in the windows. When little Orrin first saw Aunt Cressidora she was a small white old woman, whom her sisters used to "make decent" for visitors the day that Mrs. Bosworth and Orrin were expected. The child wondered why there were bars to the window. "Like a canary-bird," he said to his mother.

The phrase made Mrs. Bosworth reflect. "I do believe they keep Aunt Cressidora too lonesome," she said; and the next time she went up the mountain with Orrin he carried a canary in a little wooden cage for his great-aunt. It was a great excitement; he knew it would make her happy.

Little tremors of excitement ran over the old woman's motionless face when she saw the bird. "It belongs to me," she said instantly, stretching her soft, bony hand toward the cage.

"Of course it does, Aunt Cressy," said Mrs. Bosworth, her eyes filling.

But the bird, startled by the shadow of the old woman's hand, began to flutter and beat its wings distractedly. At the sight Aunt Cressidora's face suddenly became a coil of twitching features. "You she-devil, you, I know you!" she cried in a high, squealing voice; and, thrusting her hand into the cage, she dragged out the palpitating bird and wrung its neck. She was plucking the hot body, and squealing "She-devil, she-devil!" as they hurried little Orrin from the room. On the way down the mountain his mother wept a great deal, and said: "You must never tell anybody the way poor aunty acted, or the men would come and take her down to the asylum at Stotesbury, and the shame of it would kill us all. Now promise." The child promised.

HE REMEMBERED the scene now, with its deep fringe of mystery, secrecy, and rumor. It seemed related to a great many other memories below the surface of his thoughts, half-forgotten stories which stole up anew, making him feel that all the old people he had known, and who "believed in these things," might after all be right. Hadn't a witch been burned at North Ashmore? Didn't the Summer folk still drive over in jolly buckboard loads to see the meeting-house where the trial had been held, the pillory she had stood in, the pond where they had ducked her and she had floated?

Deacon Hibben believed; Bosworth was sure of it. If he didn't, why did people from all over the place come to him on the quiet when their animals had queer sicknesses, or when there was a child in the family that had to be kept shut up because it fell down flat and foamed? Nobody talked about these cases, but the report of them was current. Yes, in spite of his religion, Deacon Hibben *knew*.

And Brand? Well, it came to Bosworth in a flash: that North Ashmore woman that was burned had had the name of Brand. The same stock, no doubt; there had been Brands in Hemlock County ever since the white men had come there. And Orrin, when he was a child, remembered hearing his parents say that "Sylvester Brand hadn't ever oughter married his own cousin, because of the blood." Yet the couple had two healthy girls, and when Mrs. Brand pined away and died nobody suggested that anything had been wrong with her mind. And Vanessa and Ora were the handsomest girls anywhere round. Brand knew it, and scrimped and saved all he could to send Ora, the eldest, down to Stotesbury to learn bookkeeping.

"When she's married I'll send you," he used to say to little Venny, who was his

CONTINUED ON PAGE 63

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Bewitched

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 62

favorite. But Ora never married. She was away three years, during which Venny ran wild on the slopes of Lonetop; and when Ora came back it was only to sicken and die—poor girl! Since then Brand had grown more savage and morose. He was a hard-working farmer, dogged and unyielding; but there wasn't much to be got out of those barren Bearcliff acres. He was said to have taken to drink since his wife's death; now and then men ran across him in the "dives" of Stotesbury. But not often. And between times he labored hard on his stony acres and did his poor best for his daughters.

In the neglected graveyard of Cold Corners there was a slanting headstone marked with his wife's name; near it, a year since, he had laid his eldest daughter. And sometimes at nightfall, in the Autumn, the village people saw him walk slowly by, turn in between the graves, and stand looking down on the two stones. But he never brought a flower there, or planted a bush: nor Venny either. She was too wild and ignorant.

Mrs. Rutledge repeated "That's in Exodus."

THE three visitors remained silent, turning about their caps in reluctant hands. Rutledge faced them, still with that empty, pellucid gaze which frightened Bosworth. What was he seeing?

"Ain't any of you folks got the grit—?" his wife burst out again, half hysterically.

Deacon Hibben held up his hand. "That's no way, Mrs. Rutledge. This ain't a question of having grit. What we want first of all is proof——"

"That's so," said Bosworth, with an explosion of relief, as if the sober words had lifted something black and crouching from his breast. Involuntarily the eyes of both had turned to Brand. He stood there, smiling grimly, but did not speak.

"Ain't it so, Brand?" the Deacon prompted him.

"Proof that spooks walk?" the other sneered.

"Well—I presume you want this business settled too?"

The old farmer squared his shoulders. "Yes—I do. But I ain't a sperritualist. How the —— is nonsense of this kind settled?"

Deacon Hibben hesitated; then he said in a low, incisive tone: "I don't see but one way—Mrs. Rutledge's."

There was a silence. "What?" Brand said suddenly. "You mean spying?"

The Deacon's voice sank lower. "If the poor girl *does* walk—wouldn't you be the first to want her laid quiet? We all know there've been such cases—dark visitations. God moves in a mysterious way. Can any of us here deny it?"

"I seen 'em," Mrs. Rutledge interjected.

There was another heavy pause. Suddenly Brand fixed his gaze on Rutledge. "You've got to clear up this —— calumny, or I'll know why. You say my dead girl comes to you." He labored with his breath, and then jerked out: "When? You tell me that, and I'll be there."

Rutledge's head drooped a little, and his eyes wandered to the window. "Round about sunset, mostly."

"You know beforehand?"

Rutledge made a sign of assent.

"Well, then—to-morrow, will it be?"

Rutledge made the same sign.

Brand turned to the door. "I'll be there?" That was all he said. He strode out between them without another glance or word. Deacon Hibben looked at Mrs. Rutledge. "We'll be there too," he said, as if she had asked him; but she had not spoken, and Bosworth saw that her thin body was trembling all over. He was glad when he and Hibben were out again in the snow.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 64

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"Oh," cried Laura, surprised, "it's Oh Henry! isn't it? *Sliced!* Well, I wonder who ever thought of that!"

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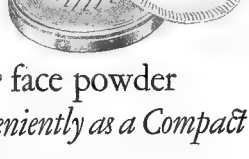

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Bewitched: By Edith Wharton

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 63

They thought that Brand wanted to be left to himself, and to give him time to unhitch his horse they made a pretense of hanging about in the doorway while Bosworth searched his pockets for a pipe he had no mind to light.

But Brand turned back to them as they lingered. "You'll meet me down by Lamer's pond to-morrow?" he suggested. "I want witnesses. Round about sunset."

They nodded their acquiescence, and he got into his sleigh, gave the horse a cut across the flanks, and drove off under the snow-smothered hemlocks. The other two men walked over to the shed.

"What do you make of this business, Deacon?" Bosworth asked, to break the silence.

The Deacon shook his head. "The man's a sick man—that's sure. Something's sucking the life clean out of him."

But already, in the biting outer air, Bosworth was getting himself under better control. "Looks to me like a bad case of the ague, as you said."

"Well –ague of the mind, then. You heard him talk. It's his brain that's sick."

Bosworth shrugged. "He ain't the first in Hemlock County."

"That's so," the Deacon agreed. "It's a worm in the brain, solitude is."

"Well, we'll know to-morrow, maybe," said Bosworth. He scrambled into his sleigh, and was driving off in his turn when he heard his companion calling after him. The Deacon explained that his horse had cast a shoe; would Bosworth drive him down to the forge near North Ashmore, if it wasn't too much out of his way? He didn't want the mare slipping about on the freezing snow, and he could get the blacksmith to drive him back and shoe her in Rutledge's shed. Bosworth made room for him under the bearskin, and the two men drove off, pursued by a puzzled whinny from the Deacon's old mare.

The road they took was not the one that Bosworth would have followed to reach his own home. But he did not regret it. The shortest way to the forge passed close by Lamer's pond, and Bosworth, since he was in for the business, was not sorry to look the ground over. They drove on in silence.

THE snow had ceased, and a green sunset was spreading upward into the crystal sky. A stinging wind barbed with ice-flakes caught them in the face on the open ridges, but when they dropped down into the hollow by Lamer's pond the air was as soundless and empty as an unsworn bell. They jogged along slowly, each thinking his own thoughts.

"That's the house—that tumble-down shack over there, I suppose?" the Deacon said as they neared the edge of the frozen pond.

"Yes, that's the house. A queer hermit fellow built it years ago, my father used to tell me. Now I don't believe it's never used but by the gipsies."

Bosworth had reined in his horse, and was looking, through pine-trunks purpled by the sunset, at the crumbling structure. Twilight already lay under the trees, the day lingered in the open. Between two sharply patterned pine-boughs he saw the evening star like a white boat in a sea of green.

His gaze dropped from that fathomless sky and followed the blue-white undulations of the snow. It gave him a curious agitated feeling to think that here, in this icy solitude, in the tumble-down house he had so often passed without heeding it, a dark mystery, too deep for thought, was being enacted. Down that very slope, coming from the graveyard at Cold Corners, the being they called "Ora" must pass toward the pond. His heart began to beat stiflingly. Suddenly he gave an exclamation: "Look!"

He jumped out of the cutter and stumbled up the bank toward the slope of snow. On it, turned in the direction of the house by the pond, he saw a woman's footprints; two, then three, then more. The Deacon had scrambled out after him, and they stood and stared.

"Heaven—barefoot!" Hibben gasped. "Then it *is*—the dead——"

Bosworth said nothing. But he knew that no live woman would travel with naked feet across that freezing wilderness. Here was the proof the Deacon had asked for—they held it. What should they do with it?

"Supposing we was to drive nearer —round the turn of the pond, till we get up close to the house?" the Deacon proposed in a colorless voice. "Mebbe then——"

POSTPONEMENT was a relief. They got into the sleigh and drove on. Two or three hundred yards farther, the road, a mere lane under steep, bushy banks, turned sharply, following the bend of the pond. As they rounded the turn they saw Brand's cutter ahead of them. It was empty, the horse tied to a tree-trunk. The two men looked at each other again. This was not Brand's nearest way home.

Evidently he had been actuated by the same impulse which had made them rein in by the pond-side, and then hasten on to the deserted house. Had he too discovered those spectral footprints? Perhaps it was for that very reason that he had left his cutter and vanished in the direction of the house. Bosworth found himself shivering all over under his bearskin. "I wish to God the dark wasn't coming," he muttered. He left his own horse near Brand's, and without a word he and the Deacon plowed through the snow, in the track of Brand's huge feet. They had only a few yards to walk to overtake him. He did not hear them following him, and when Bosworth spoke his name, and he stopped short and turned, his heavy face was dim and confused, like a darker blot on the dusk. He looked at them dully, but without apparent surprize.

"I wanted to see the place," he merely said.

The Deacon cleared his throat. "Just take a look—yes. We thought so. But I guess there won't be anything to see." He attempted a feeble chuckle.

The other did not seem to hear him, but plowed on ahead through the pines. The three came out together in the cleared space before the house. Emerging from beneath the trees, they seemed to have left night behind. The evening star shed luster on the peaceless snow that encircled them and Brand, in that lucid clearing, stopped with a jerk. He had spied, slanting obliquely toward the house, the same fragmentary—he bare feet of a woman in the snow. He stood still, his face working. "Bare feet—" he said.

The Deacon piped up in a quavering voice: "The feet of the dead."

Brand stood motionless. "The feet of the dead," he echoed slowly.

Deacon Hibben laid a frightened hand on his arm. "Come away now, Brand: for the love of God come away."

The man hung there, gazing down at those light tracks—light as fox- or squirrel-trails they seemed on the white immensity. Bosworth thought to himself: "The living couldn't walk so light —not even Ora Brand couldn't have when she lived." The cold seemed to have entered into his very marrow. His teeth were chattering.

Brand swung about on them abruptly. "*Now!*" he said, moving on as if to an assault, his head bowed forward on his bull-neck.

"Now—now? Not in *there*?" gasped

CONTINUED ON PAGE 69

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Cleanliness is necessary to health. Old Dutch brings healthful cleanliness; removing surface accumulations, and invisible impurities as well. This is important in the bathroom.

The bath removes body impurities. These impurities cling to the tub, they are invisible, and are not removed by rinsing or ordinary cleaning. Laboratory tests prove that Old Dutch eliminates them. Cleaning the tub with Old Dutch each time it is used assures healthful, spick and span cleanliness at all times.

Old Dutch efficiency is due to distinctive quality and character. To the eye a fine powder—under the microscope its particles are flaky and flat shaped. They make complete contact with the surface, erasing all impurities without *scratching*. This extraordinary, natural detergent makes Old Dutch Cleanser unequalled for economy, ease, and quickness, and above all assures you *healthful cleanliness*. Goes farther—lasts longer.

There is nothing else like Old Dutch

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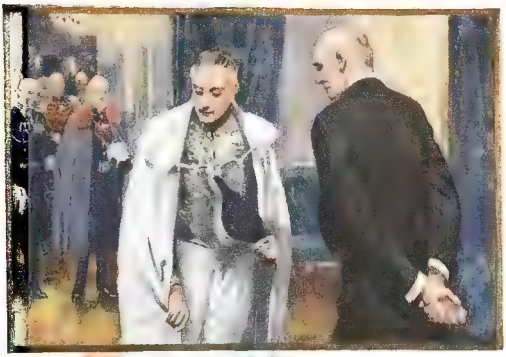
Concerning Three Presidents

Warren G. Harding and the embarrassed diplomat
Woodrow Wilson in France
The Highbred that Roosevelt rode



President Harding

"Official Washington was on its way to a formal White House reception. One of the proudest of the old world's ambassadors descended from his limousine, his military accoutrements shining, his creamy broadcloth uniform spotless.

"Just then Laddie Boy, fresh from burying a bone, dashed past the diplomat and in a frenzy of high spirits leaped against him leaving the prints of two dirty paws. A footman hurried to the rescue and made matters worse by brushing.

"Embarrassed aides were escorting the unfortunate gentleman to a dressing room when President Harding passed along the corridor.

"Now in a matter of dress, President Harding was one of the most correct and perfectly groomed of our Presidents. White flannels and linens were his joy and the White House valet was kept busy by his fastidiousness.

"'My dear sir, please let my valet repair the damage for you. I am sure he can take it out at once with Lux as he uses it successfully for me. Please don't be distressed. I am sure we can make this right.'

"The cordial sympathy of the President restored the somewhat ruffled diplomat to good humor and in a half hour he appeared in the East Room as spotless and resplendent as before Laddie Boy's assault."

MARY MEADER, *Massachusetts*

President Wilson

"I was at the little canteen at St. Brienc, Côtes du Nord. The fresh white coiffe was my pride. But before long coiffes and aprons were getting dingy looking.

"Word came one day that President Wilson would be a guest at the canteen. Excitement reigned.

"How could dingy headdresses and aprons be restored! I washed them in Lux. When they were ironed they were as fresh and pretty as the day we got them. The white was spotless, yet the red cross in each coiffe did not fade a particle.

"President Wilson came. Everything was at its best, and we exultant in the great moment and conscious that our personal appearance would rate 100% due to friend Lux."

MRS. STEPTOE C. WOOD, *Virginia.*

President Roosevelt

"When President Roosevelt visited our home town in South Dakota, a parade was led by the President. He rode on a high-bred horse owned by my husband. The horse had a gorgeous saddle and especially fine blanket, both washed in Lux. The bridle was hung with ribbon rosettes; these, too, were washed in Lux. Everything shone with soft brilliance from the Lux bath. Upon meeting Roosevelt the following year, he asked about the horse so beautifully decorated he rode in the Western parade."

BERMA NAOMI SEAMAN, *Illinois.*

Won't hurt anything pure water won't harm

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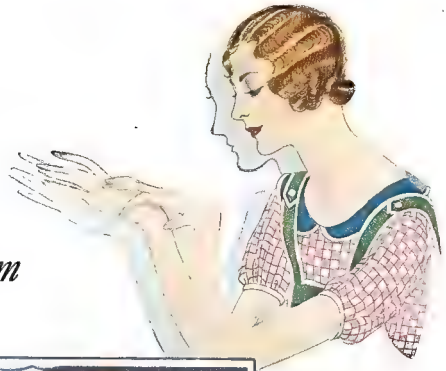
Your own hands wash many, many things— *don't let harsh soap redden them*



"I WOULDN'T mind getting meals if it weren't for washing the dishes"—how often you've said it!

Kitchen soap was so desperately hard on your hands—and three times a day whether you did any cleaning or not, your hands had to go into those strong, stinging suds, just for the dishes! An hour and a half of kitchen soap a day—for dishwashing alone. No wonder your hands were so rough and red.

A single teaspoonful enough

You can make dishwashing as easy on your hands as washing them with pure toilet soap—use Lux in your dishpan. Just one teaspoonful will give you thick foamy suds that won't get tired and lie down before you're through. If dinner is elaborate you may need a bit more for those dishes.

You can safely trust your finest gold decorated china to Lux. Now you can get both the regular package and the big new Lux package. Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.

Everywhere women are keeping their hands white and soft by using Lux for everything they wash themselves. It is the free alkali in kitchen soaps that burns the essential oils out of your skin. Lux is as mild as fine toilet soap.

YOU used to dread to wash them—those precious woolen stockings and mufflers and gay sweaters, "they'll never look so nice again."

Now you whisk them into Lux suds at the first suspicion of grime—you know Lux won't mat or harden the delicate wool fibres.

You don't even care if you wash some things out every day, because even in cold weather your hands stay smooth when you use Lux.

"ALL the youthful sheen has come back and my hair looks twice as heavy"—hundreds of women have spontaneously written us how light and clean and manageable the Lux shampoo leaves the hair.

Just dissolve Lux in half a glass of hot water—you have real concentrated liquid shampoo. Rub it into your hair just as you would any liquid shampoo—the abundant Lux lather is absolutely mild and cleansing. It is as wonderful for your hair as it is for your fine silks and woolens.

GRIMY paint need never distress you again—you can so easily make it clean and new looking!

Just whisk up ample Lux suds and wash a small surface at a time, rinsing off the suds with clear water of the same temperature. When you've dried it with a soft cloth you will be delighted with the gleaming surface.

And your hands stay white and soft no matter how much you clean with Lux.

Important uses for Lux

In addition to the well-known uses—silks, woolens, fine cottons and linens—try Lux for

Family Laundry	**Dishes**
Babies' Milk Bottles	**Rugs**
	Paint
Porcelain	**Shampoo**
Linoleum	

One teaspoonful is enough *for dishwashing*

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OLSON RUGS are entirely different from any other rugs made of old materials. Material reclaimed by the Olson Process defies detection.

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OLSON RUGS are just the kind you have always wanted—up-to-date rugs that are soft and pleasant to walk on—that do not curl—woven ANY SIZE or SHAPE you want. If you lack enough material, we will be glad to help you out with new wool rug yarn at cost. *Every order is completed—*

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From IRENE RICH—"*OLSON RUGS are a splendid combination of the artistic and the practical, and it seems as though there is no "wear out" to them.*"

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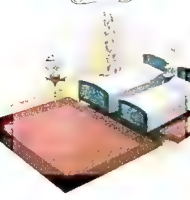

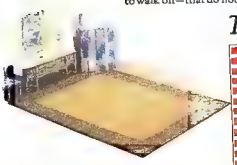

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Bewitched: By Edith Wharton

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 64

the Deacon. "What's the use? It was to-morrow—" He shook like a leaf.

"It's now," said Brand. He went up to the door of the crazy house, pushed it inward, and, meeting with an unexpected resistance, thrust his shoulder against it. The door collapsed like a playing-card, and Brand stumbled after it into the darkness. The others, after a second's hesitation, followed him.

Bosworth was never quite sure in what order the events that succeeded took place. Coming in out of the snow-dazzle, he seemed to be plunging into total blackness. He felt his way across the threshold, caught a sharp splinter of the fallen door in his groping palm, seemed to see something white and wraith-like surge up out of the darkest corner of the hovel, and then heard a revolver-shot at his elbow, and a cry—only one.

Brand, turning back, staggered past him out into the lingering daylight. The sunset, suddenly flushing through the trees, crimsoned his face like blood. He held the revolver in his hand and looked about him his stupid way.

"They *do* walk, then," he said with a laugh. He bent his head to examine his weapon. "Better here than in the churchyard. They sha'n't dig her up *now*," he shouted out incoherently. The two men caught him by the arms, and Bosworth got the revolver away from him.

THE next day Bosworth's sister, who kept house for him, asked him, when he came in for his midday dinner, if he had heard the news.

Bosworth had been sawing wood all the morning, and in spite of the cold and the driving snow, which had begun again in the night, he was covered with a cold sweat, like a man getting over a fever. He hardly heard what his sister was saying, and she had to repeat her question: "Have you heard the news?"

"What news?" he asked.

"Venny Brand's down sick with pneumonia. The Deacon's been up there. I guess she's dying."

Bosworth looked at her with listless eyes. She seemed far off from him, miles and miles away. "Venny Brand?" he echoed in a voice that seemed to come from somewhere outside of himself.

"You never liked her, Orrin."

"She's a child. I never knew much about her."

"Well," repeated his sister with the guileless relish of the unimaginative for bad news, "I guess she's dying." After a pause she added: "It'll kill Sylvester Brand, all alone up there."

Bosworth pushed away his uneaten food and got up. "I've got to see to poulticing the gray's fetlock," he said, and walked out into the steadily falling snow. His sister called after him to know what was the matter with his food, but he made no answer.

VENNY BRAND was buried three days later. The Deacon read the service; Bosworth was one of the pall-bearers. The whole countryside attended, for the snow had stopped falling, and a funeral offered an opportunity for an outing that was not to be missed. Besides, Venny Brand was young and handsome—at least some people thought her handsome, tho she was so swarthy—and her dying like that, so suddenly, had the fascination of tragedy.

"They say her lungs filled right up. . . . Seems she'd had bronchial troubles before. . . . I always said them two girls was both of 'em frail. . . . Look at Ora, how she wasted away! And it's colder'n all outdoors up there to Brand's. . . . Their mother, too, *she* pined away just the same. They don't ever make old bones on the mother's side of the family. . . . There's that young Joe Bedlow over there, across the church; they say Venny was engaged to him. . . . Oh, Mrs. Rutledge, excuse *me*. . . . Step right in here; there's a seat for you alongside of grandma."

Mrs. Rutledge was walking with deliberate step down the narrow aisle of the bleak wooden church. She had on her best bonnet, a monumental structure which no one had seen out of her trunk since old Mrs. Silsee's funeral three years before. All the women remembered it. Under its perpendicular pile her narrow face, swaying on the long, thin neck, seemed whiter than ever; but her air of fretfulness had been composed into a suitable expression of mournful immobility.

"Looks as if the stone-mason had carved her to put atop of Venny's grave," Bosworth thought as she glided past; and then sickened at his own sepulchral fancy. When she bent over her hymn-book her lowered lids again reminded him of sightless marble eye-balls; the bony hands clasping the book were bloodless. Bosworth had never beheld such hands since the far-off day when he had seen old Aunt Cressidora Cheney strangle the canary-bird because it fluttered.

The service was over, the coffin of Venny Brand had been lowered into her sister's grave, and the neighbors were slowly dispersing. Bosworth, as pall-bearer, felt obliged to linger and say a word to the stricken father. He waited till Brand had turned from the grave with the Deacon at his side. The three men stood together for a moment; but not one of them spoke. Bosworth's throat was dry, and Brand's face looked like the closed door of a vault, barred with wrinkles like bands of iron.

Finally the Deacon took his hand and quavered: "The Lord gave—"

Brand nodded and turned away toward the shed where the horses were hitched. Bosworth followed him. "Let me go along home with you," he suggested timidly.

Brand did not so much as turn his head. "Home? What home?" he said; and the other fell back.

BOSWORTH'S sister was talking with the other women while the men unblanketed their horses and backed the cutters out into the heavy snow. As Bosworth waited for her, a few feet off, he saw Mrs. Rutledge's tall bonnet lording it above the group. Andy Pond, the Rutledge farm-hand, was backing out the sleigh.

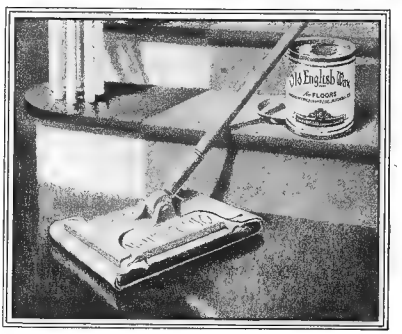
"Saul ain't here to-day, is he?" one of the village elders piped, turning a benevolent old tortoise-head about on a loose neck, and blinking up into Mrs. Rutledge's marble face.

Bosworth heard her measure out her answer in slow, incisive words. "No. Mr. Rutledge he ain't here. He would 'a' come for certain, but his aunt Minorca Cummins is being buried down to Stotesbury this very day, and he had to go there. Don't it sometimes seem's if we was all walking in the shadow of death?"

As she advanced to the cutter, in which Andy Pond was already seated, the Deacon stepped toward her with visible hesitation. Involuntarily Bosworth also moved nearer. He heard the Deacon say: "I'm glad to hear that Saul is able to be up and around."

She turned her small head on her rigid neck, and slowly lifted the lids of marble.

"Yes, I guess he'll sleep quieter now. And *her* too, maybe, now she don't lay there alone any more," she added in a low voice, with a sudden twist of her chin toward the fresh black stain in the graveyard snow. She got into the cutter, and announced in a clear voice to Andy Pond: "'S long as we're down here I dunno but what I'll just call round and get a box of that washing soap at Hiram Pringle's."



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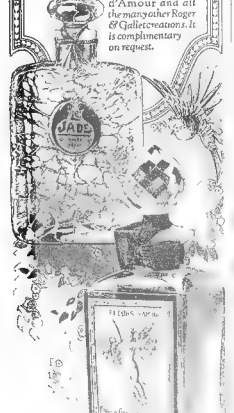

Every-Day Etiquette

A New Department of Modern Social Customs

CONDUCTED BY ANNA STEESE RICHARDSON

WHEN the Editor of Pictorial Review asked me to conduct his new department of Etiquette I was thrilled. Here was an outlet for those new ideas on the subject which had been buzzing in my brain for a long time!

Etiquette has not kept pace with our changing social relations. It has been sticking in the drawing-room while some of our nicest people have been flying out of the window into community and business life.

Originally devised to keep troublesome courtiers and snooping ladies at a comfortable distance from royalty, etiquette was used by our grandmothers here in America to establish narrow and snobbish social circles. Its rules applied to the leisure class only. If you did not boast a ballroom and a butler, what possible use could you have for etiquette? If you worked for your living you could be as rude as you liked. Nobody who counted would recognize you anyhow.

But all these conditions have changed. Every year the leisure class has become smaller, and the ranks of the idlers have dwindled.

Daughters of our very best families now go into trade and into the professions and arts. Butlers, like kings and queens, are disappearing. For every girl who will dance to-night in a private ballroom, a million mighty nice girls will be dancing in community houses, restaurants, and other public places.

For every bride who is wondering whether her new butler will announce dinner properly, there are ten thousand giving smart little dinners at country clubs or planning delightful Bohemian suppers which they will serve by candlelight and without help. We simply must have new rulings on good form for these changing social conditions if our everyday relations are to be smooth and pleasant.

We will start with the etiquette of dancing in public places.

At the Country Club

TWO distinct types of dances are held at country clubs—formal dances, under the management of a committee, for which special invitations are issued, and informal dinner-dances scheduled for certain evenings of the week.

The club-member who receives an invitation to a formal dance, with the privilege of bringing a limited number of guests, is expected to acknowledge the invitation promptly, stating the number of guests he will have and, if there is a charge for tickets, enclosing his check for the amount.

At Winter dances, particularly on holidays like Christmas, Thanksgiving, or New-year, evening dress is worn, and women add jewels as for a private ball. In Summer an unwritten rule permits less formal dancing-frocks for women and flannels for men. For dances at yacht- or boat-clubs in Summer, the dressing is usually informal, the men wearing white trousers and blue coats, white duck, or whatever uniforms they wear aboard their boats.

For the weekly dinner-dance, members engage tables in advance through the steward. Dress is less formal. In Winter women wear simple dinner- or restaurant-gowns, and men wear their dinner-coats. For Summer, women wear dainty organdy, net, or lace frocks and men don flannels.

A young girl does not require an individual chaperon at a club-dance. The matrons who belong to the club supply the needed chaperonage. In the more exclusive circles, however, a girl goes to and from such a dance in a motor with a married woman or a maid. To some clubs, young people go in parties of four or six, unchaperoned. A girl attending her first dance in a new community should inform herself concerning the prevailing customs, as by arriving alone with a young man she may arouse unpleasant comment.

At Restaurants and Supper Clubs

IT IS not good form for a very young girl to dine and dance with a man at a fashionable restaurant or an after-theater supper-club, but she may go with a party which includes a chaperon. A married woman never goes to either place alone with any man except her husband, but she may join a party if her husband is unable to go.

In larger cities business girls are frequently invited to dine and dance at restaurants. They will find their position often more comfortable if they suggest that their host make it a foursome, including a married woman. Economic

Questions Answered

Mrs. Richardson will answer any legitimate question about etiquette if you send her a self-addressed and stamped envelop. She will not answer postal cards nor letters which are not accompanied by self-addressed and stamped envelops.

Address all of your inquiries to Anna Steese Richardson, Pictorial Review, 224 West 39th Street, New York City.

independence does bring some social freedom, but it pays a girl to observe the social customs followed by her sister who lives at home. The business girl can not afford to accept frequent invitations for after-theater dancing during the week, because it interferes with her efficiency and progress.

Smart people dress very simply at restaurants. Unless the dinner and dance are given in a private dining-room, women do not wear elaborate evening frocks and jewels, but restaurant-dresses and hats. This restaurant-dress is usually of black or some other quiet color with soft sleeves, long or short, and a modest neck-line. Men wear dinner-coats. Dressing at exclusive supper-clubs is as elaborate as for the opera or private ball, but for after-theater dancing at restaurants the regulation restaurant-dress described above may be worn, or even smartly elegant afternoon clothes, always with a hat.

College Dances

IN MANY State universities and co-educational colleges definite rules governing dancing privileges are drawn up by deans or the faculty and student bodies. A new student should familiarize herself with these rules. In many college towns students who are earning their way through college rent a public hall for certain nights in the month, organize an orchestra, and throw open their dances to both students and local young people.

The admission-charge varies from fifty cents to one dollar, and dressing is informal. The girls often wear gay sports frocks. Girls may go to these dances unchaperoned because they are usually supervised by women connected with the college or local club-women who volunteer for this service.

A class "prom" is quite another affair. It usually calls for programs and evening dress.

When an out-of-town girl goes to a college dance or "prom" she must be chaperoned by a local hostess or by a married woman who accompanies her from her home town. She can not travel alone nor stop unchaperoned at a local hotel. When a cadet invites a girl to a hop at West Point or Annapolis he also invites a chaperon, or asks the girl to join a party of young women who have already secured a chaperon. For a college dance the young host fills the program card for his guest in advance, as it is part of his obligation to supply her with desirable partners.

Public Dances

THIS group includes dances given at community houses or for charity by fraternal orders; in fact, practically any dance for which an admission-fee is charged. As such dances are enjoyed nightly in thousands of cities and towns by millions of persons, old and young, it is a grave mistake to assume that because they are public affairs they are not subject to social customs.

Dances given by fraternal organizations like the Masons or Odd Fellows, the American Legion or any local committee raising funds for a good purpose, are usually open to the public. The ticket may or may not include the supper-charge, a fact which a man must take into consideration when inviting guests. There is also the item of the check-room for both men and women.

When officials of the organization form a receiving-line, guests usually greet them on entering the room. If there is no such receiving-line new arrivals find seats or immediately start dancing.

A newcomer or visitor in a community should inquire about local customs, particularly whether full evening dress or informal dress is to be worn. A traveling

CONTINUED ON PAGE 84

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"Your beauty is *just* as magical by sunlight"

SHE knew that sunlight was the most trying proof of "how she looked." Harry had come to Miami just to see *her!* She wished she could meet him in the evening, protected by the soft glow of rose shades.

But he had insisted on coming right to her mother's cottage in the bright afternoon sunlight—and the teacups heard a very precious story! Her beauty stood the test of sunlight.

Afterward, she felt sure that his pretty compliments were the result of the way she had used her Pompeian Day Cream and Pompeian Beauty Powder.

Pompeian Day Cream, with its two specific rewards, is the beauty maker for thousands of women. It *keeps the powder on* for hours and effectually *removes face shine*, giving a soft, satiny appearance to the skin. It healthfully counteracts enlarged pores by its slight astringent quality.

Mme. Jeannette's Beauty Treatment

Use Pompeian Day Cream as a powder base. Apply it lightly after you have cleansed your skin. Cover every bit of surface—face, neck and shoulders—so that your skin will be uniformly powdered.

This cream should be applied with a delicate touch, patting and smoothing it, for the best effect. As you apply Pompeian Day Cream it seems to vanish, but an invisible film actually remains to protect the delicate skin against sun and wind, and to form a perfect foundation for your powder.

Then apply your shade of Pompeian Beauty Powder. Finally—don't forget that fetching little touch of Pompeian Bloom that gives the glow of youth to your cheeks, and brings the sparkle to your eyes. By this treatment you gain beauty instantly.

Use Pompeian Day Cream to remove "shine." If your skin is oily you will be glad to know that Pompeian Day Cream has a slight astringent quality, and will tone up the skin, helping to subdue the excess oil.

At all toilet counters, 60c (slightly higher in Canada).

Get 1925 Panel
and Four Samples

This new 1925 Pompeian Art Panel, "Beauty Gained is Love Retained," size 28 x 7½. Done in color by a famous artist; worth at least 50c. We send it with samples of Pompeian Beauty Powder, Bloom, Day Cream and Night Cream for only 10c. With these samples you can make many interesting beauty experiments. Use the coupon now.

TEAR OFF, SIGN, SEND

The dangerous days of spring are the cold windy days. Consistently use Pompeian Night Cream for cleansing and softening the skin. And never neglect to use Pompeian Day Cream as your powder base before going out into the weather.

Mme. Jeannette
Specialiste en Beauté

Keeps the powder on—removes shine

Pompeian Day Cream

Madame Jeannette, Pompeian Laboratories,
3301 Payne Ave., Cleveland, Ohio
Gentlemen: I enclose 10c (dime preferred) for the new 1925 Pompeian Art Panel, and the four samples.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

Shade of powder wanted?_____

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Leading Dealers Now Offer

Kirsch Curtain Rods

In Beautiful StippleTone Finish

Three ways to be sure of getting genuine Kirsch Rods

1 Three-Color Box

2 Beautiful StippleTone finish

3 Name "Kirsch" on Rod

"There is no substitute for Kirsch Quality and Service"

Better curtain rods at no higher price

Your dealer has the new Kirsch Rods. They're the most beautiful window draping fixtures you've ever seen. The "Kirsch" StippleTone finish is rich and silk-like. Entirely new and different. More durable as well as more artistic.

Kirsch Rods provide most effective help in window draping: Easy to put up, easy to take down, fit every window, take care of every draping treatment. They tilt on or off the patented Snug-fit Brackets, but never come down accidentally. Kirsch Accessories—heading rings, drapery hooks, draw curtain fixtures—are equally simple and practical.

Look for—The 3-color box—The StippleTone finish—Name "Kirsch" on the rod.

KIRSCH MFG. CO., 120 Prospect Ave., STURGIS, MICH., U.S.A.
Kirsch Mfg. Co. of Canada, Ltd., 101 Buller St., Woodstock, Ontario

FREE!

Wonderful Book of Window Draping Helps

A 32-page book packed with practical aid for window draping. Ideas for every room and every kind of window—single, double, triple, casement, bay, odd shaped windows and doors, French Doors, etc. 24 color schemes for living rooms, dining rooms, bed rooms, sun rooms, etc. Instructions for measuring windows, making valances, headings, etc.; how to sew on Kirsch hooks and rings; how to put up draw curtains on Kirsch Rods. Our 9th annual book—a book of real service.

If the booklet doesn't give all needed help, write the Kirsch Interior Decoration Service Bureau.

Dish-Washing and the Death-Rate

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 2

for charity. They do it because they have to. The laws governing the production and the sale of food make it necessary for the manufacturer to know exactly what he is offering to the public, and this information must be available to the buying public and to Government officials. The method of preparation must be approved and all ingredients must be first-class.

If you do not know why your children should eat cereals or why they should drink plenty of milk, you can find out about it from any reputable manufacturer of cereals or from the National Dairy Council. Don't ask your neighbor over the back fence. Ask the highest authority there is under a two-cent stamp. Uncle Sam is very particular about what his family eats. The Bureau of Home Economics of the United States Department of Agriculture is on the job all of the time, and whatever they know at Washington you are entitled to know.

ARE you intelligent in the use of your heating-apparatus? Do you understand the principle of ventilation? Do you know why your rooms should be ventilated and how to ventilate them? A profound study of this subject has been made at great expense by the City of New York, and the report of the New York Ventilation Commission contains information that should be in the hands of every housekeeper in America. Ventilation, as well as dish-washing, has a direct bearing on the death-rate. It will pay you to give it attention.

Do you want to live long and to live happily? Well, listen, not to sentimentalists and theorists, but to cold science. Here is what science says about it:

Keep your home clean, sweet, wholesome, and beautiful, but do no drudgery that a machine can do for you. Take time to think and to feel. Learn to take care of your body by eating properly and using the simple preventives and remedies that modern science has found effectual in preserving health and beauty. In some of the time saved by letting a machine work for you, study something about the economy and the appropriateness and the beauty of dress. If you like to wear aprons, wear attractive aprons. If you are happier and more comfortable in a loose house dress, choose a becoming color and watch the neck-line.

Yes, that is what *science* tells us. Science has found out that to be well you must be happy, and to be happy you must be expressing the very best that is within you. We need more beauty, more music, more humor in our lives. We need to laugh more and to sing more.

Love your kitchen. Have it the cleanest, most efficient, most beautiful little kitchen you can dream of. Enjoy it. But beware of becoming kitchen-minded!

Remember there is a relation between drudgery and the death-rate.

Fitting the Modern Novel into the Year's Schedule

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 36

One way of approach to the contemporary novel is by choosing one for each meeting and presenting with it two or more papers that bear on its subject, preferably based on recent books. "A Passage to India," reviewed by the method described last month, could be followed by a paper based on Romain Rolland's "Mahatma Gandhi" or Dhan Gopal Mukerji's "My Brother's Face." Anne Douglas Sedgwick's "The Little French Girl," adroitly and delicately setting off one national psychology against another, could be followed by papers suggested by Edith Wharton's "French

CONTINUED ON PAGE 74

After Breakfast

Now before we start the day's work, let us digest our breakfast, sweeten the mouth, soothe the throat and cleanse the teeth with WRIGLEY'S—it will help to start the day right, and a good start is half the battle.

After Luncheon

In the middle of the day when possibly time is limited and we may eat too fast, then is when WRIGLEY'S is of greatest help. It makes your food do you more good. It avoids the stuffy feeling after a hastily eaten meal. It sends you back to your duties full of pep.

After Dinner

In the evening, around the lamp, after dinner, with games and books, or before going out to the theater, let WRIGLEY'S sweeten the mouth, remove the odors of food and help your stomach in its work.

"After Every Meal" F16

WRIGLEY'S

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Refreshment time and the sociability of thirst — Such is the charm of purity at home.

The Coca-Cola Company, Atlanta, Ga.

Google

Steichen

LET YOUR HANDS *be something more than useful servants! Keep that quality of charm in them that makes their lightest touch something lovable, remembered!*

IN SPITE OF HOUSEWORK—*you can have soft, smooth, youthful hands*

Soft youthful hands that keep their power to charm—

You can have them in spite of housework

WHAT a pity to let it all go—that dazzling whiteness, softness, grace, that give a woman's hands their wonderful charm—

To let it all be drowned and forgotten in the daily flood of housework!

If you keep house, your hands must be serviceable—must cook and mend, clean, wash dishes, meet all the thousand demands of a home.

But let your hands be something more than useful servants! Keep that quality of charm in them that makes their lightest touch something lovable, remembered!

A new preparation which keeps hands smooth and white

Today there is a new preparation especially made to protect much-used hands from the drying, chapping effect of housework. Thousands of women are using it as they go about their household tasks—and it is a real joy to them to see how soft, white, youthful it keeps their hands in spite of their being constantly used.

This new preparation is Jergens Lotion, a product containing benzoin and almond, two of the most healing skin restoratives known.

In Jergens Lotion, benzoin and almond, together with other healing ingredients form a clouded, silvery liquid—deliciously fragrant—which overcomes almost at once any dryness, chapping or irritation of the skin. It leaves not a trace of stickiness.

Use Jergens Lotion *every time you have had your hands in water* and see what a smooth, soft, exquisite texture it gives them.

You can get Jergens Lotion for 50 cents at any drug or toilet goods counter. Get two bottles at a time and keep one on the bath-room shelf to use for your face—keep another above the kitchen sink, for convenience when you are using your hands for housework!

Free Offer

Send this coupon today and get the new large-size trial bottle—FREE!

THE ANDREW JERGENS CO.
429 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio
Please send me FREE the new large-size trial bottle of Jergens Lotion and the booklet "Skin Care."

Name_____

Address_____

If you live in Canada send to The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 429 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ontario.

Fitting the Modern Novel into the Year's Schedule

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 72

Ways and Their Meaning" or W. C. Brownell's "French Traits."

"Viennese Medley," by Edith O'Shaughnessy, about a large family-clan struggling with postwar poverty and a lovely old lady "visiting round" among them, suggests an explanation of what is meant by "the rate of exchange" and examples of its fantastic performances; if it is a change from the story, all the better, for that will leave any audience with its emotions so shaky it will cry into the teacups.

The subjects for the shorter papers should be suggested by the one who reviews the novel.

Another way which has had excellent results wherever I have seen it used is to group by subject. This lets you choose, along with the newer novels, earlier ones on the same general theme. Some topics last over from year to year like standing heads. One is "The Woman Question": I looked over the list of books I had grouped under that head for the last fifteen seasons, and it would almost have made a history of the progress and phases of the woman movement. Just now the phase most in evidence is the adjustment necessary as women work more and more outside the home; last year I chose Charles Norris's "Bread" and Helen Hull's "Labyrinth." It is not necessary that the committee choosing the book should agree with the author's conclusions; it is enough if he has fairly presented the evidence on which these conclusions are reached.

Another subject always with us is "The Younger Generation"—fortunately these novels are scolding less than they were—and one that I have never known to fail to hold the attention is "The Family Changing, Not Disappearing." "The New Psychology in the New Fiction" is another popular title, and this season you have for it one of the most important of the American novels, Harvey O'Higgins's "Julia Cane." You can find plenty more in the piquant volumes of Dr. Joseph Collins, "The Doctor Looks at Literature" and "Taking the Literary Pulse." "What Is Success?" groups some of our most characteristic American novels—"So Big" would be one of them.

"The Immortal Quest" is a title under which you could review novels of spiritual unrest, sometimes most searching and beautiful, like J. A. Larsen's "The Philosopher's Stone" or Johan Bojer's "The Great Hunger." These are of course only points of departure, but these are just what this department is intended to provide. A ready-made program, worked out to the last detail, reaches the program committee half tired already; the one it works out itself from suggestions and experience leaves it full of life.

Another plan is to group by locality. If you are dealing with "America in Contemporary Fiction" you could choose among the novels of Mary Wilkins Freeman, Dorothy Canfield (especially "Raw Material"), Joseph Lincoln, and from Mrs. Wharton her masterpiece "Ethan Frome," to represent types of native-born New-Englanders. You could have one day or several on New York city, for besides the earlier novels named in A. B. Maurice's "New York of the Novelists" you have the riches of Mrs. Wharton's "Old New York," much of Ernest Poole and Arthur Train, and the novel that seems to me the best panoramic view of the city to-day, Alexander Black's "The Great Desire." You could see the Middle West through the eyes of Sinclair Lewis, of William Allen White, of E. H. Howe, of Booth Tarkington. You see how it goes.

Miss Ferry and Mr. Barge

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11

with his mechanical courtesies and slow speech. They stood in a shadowy veranda corner watching a round, flaming moon hanging like a crimson fruit against the dark foliage of the sky.

"Do you care for yachting?" the Earl of Stradbroke had asked.

Jan looked at the moon, thinking that it was a harvest-moon not meant for her, who had never seen a harvest.

"No," she said. "But tell me, what is that funny boat that is rather square and flat and has a queer little house on top of it?"

"A scow? A barge?"

"A barge, maybe. And what would he do—the man on it?"

"Oh, very ordin'ry things. I can't say. I had never remarked one."

She was silent, and he took her hand, timidly wistful.

"I had hoped you would care for my yacht——"

"No," she said cruelly. "I wish it were a barge."

TWICE she contrived to cross by herself on the ferry before the deluge of prewedding luncheons and teas engulfed her. The first of these times the barge was not there and she went home strangely miserable. The second time it was back in the old place; the brindle bull again lay in the sunshine; and inside the cabin she could see the man moving about. The ferry was almost in its slip, passing within a few feet of the barge. And suddenly, trembling at her own audacity, Jan leaned over the rail and gave her purse a little toss. It landed on the barge, and the brindle bull jumped up to sniff at it suspiciously.

It was only a few minutes more before the ferry was in and Jan was hurrying out along the dock to retrieve her property. Quickly, before losing courage, she leaped across the narrow strip of water and was upon the barge. The dog was worrying his new plaything, and when she reached for it he planted his paws possessively on the pocketbook and growled.

JAN went to the door of the cabin. With his back to her the man was lighting a burner of the stove.

"H—hello," said Jan in such a low voice that he did not hear.

"Hello, Mr. Barge," she repeated, biting her lips.

Now he turned and gazed at her in such surprize that she felt very much out of place. "Your dog won't let me have my purse," she said.

The man's tone was instantly argumentative. He took the view that his dog was a naughty sort that never ventured on land, and that, furthermore, his dog was a polite dog that would never have possessed himself of a strange pocketbook, still less *her* pocketbook.

"But it *is* mine!" cried Jan impetuously. "I guess I ought to know. I threw it myself from the ferry."

Then the man began to laugh—a glorious, irresistible laugh. He took the purse from the dog and gave it to her and then went on laughing.

"What are you laughing at?" asked Jan sullenly.

"I knew you'd manage to get on this barge somehow, the way you looked at it the other day."

"How did I look?"

"Enviously," he said with relish. "Now you're here I expect you want to

CONTINUED ON PAGE 76

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The Newer Corsetry

IT really began twenty years ago, when small waists went out, and "straight fronts" came in!

From that day on, "corsets" have been gradually getting to be more and more comfortable—less and less unkind.

Now every woman insists on being straight, slender, her figure firmly yet flexibly held in. Yet she herself must be just as much at ease as if she hadn't any kind of a corset on at all!

So the corset house that has been meeting her whims from 'way back when she wanted a small waist—yes, she did, once,—is today giving her just the easy, yet firmly controlling underthings her fastidious soul demands.

There are many types of foundation garments which the House of Nemo is now offering under the new name of Nemo-flex.

The flexible girdle, guiltless of back laces, has generous panels of the soft yet firm elastic webbing which does the holding in so much better and more gently than bones did. A long brassiere tops this, to permit not the slightest "break" under your slenderest frock.

THE combination, which so cleverly combines in one a girdle with a brassiere, is another high in the favor of modern women. And Nemo-flex combinations are proportioned to fit five different types of figure. So no matter what your proportions, you can be suited in these most comfortable of all modern foundations.

Back-laces, front-laces, every type of model has undergone scrupulous revision to accord with your new needs.

The modern woman looking back on what used to be says: "I am straighter, slenderer, happier!"

* * *

The joy of corsets that will hold your figure in without heavy boning is the magic of modern times!

And the athletic, modern, sensibly-slender girl who wants next-to-nothing-at-all under her slim frocks, finds Nemo-flex light bandeaux and practically boneless little girdles exquisite in detail and flexible as her own body.

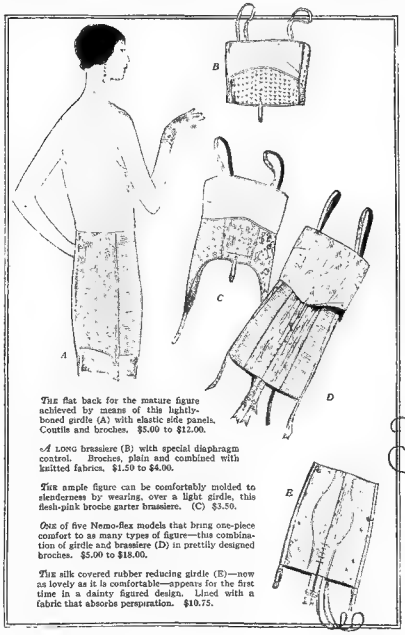
In all you will find the workmanship that has always distinguished corsetry from the House of Nemo. Shoulder straps are well made and firmly sewed on, garters are of the finest quality.

THE very elastic inserts that go into Nemo-flex girdles or brassieres are a special patent, lighter and more flexible where you want them so, firmer where the figure is heavier.

Things you never thought of—elastic shoulder straps, adjustable fastenings—all anticipated for you in these lovely Nemo-flex models.

If you would like to see them and try them on, just ask for them in any store, where you will find them at varying prices, according to the fabric. For the excellence of the foundation garments Nemo makes has long been known to every store in America. Nemo, the House of Complete Corsetry, 120 East 16th St., New York City.

A FAVORITE with the younger set, this broche and elastic girdle firmly molds the figure over the hips and allows more "give" at the waist-line. $3.50. * * In this jersey silk bandeau, just enough support for the youthful figure. $1.00. * * Ease and smoothness, girdle and brassiere in one, in this combination which so smartly carries "the lead-pencil" frock. Attractive broches. $3.00 to $22.50.



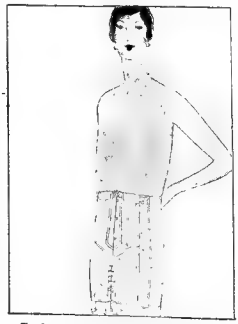
THE flat back for the mature figure achieved by means of this lightly-boned girdle (A) with elastic side panels. Coutils and broches. $5.00 to $12.00.

A LONG brassiere (B) with special diaphragm control. Broches, plain and combined with knitted fabrics. $1.50 to $4.00.

THE ample figure can be comfortably molded to slenderness by wearing, over a light girdle, this flesh-pink broche garter brassiere. (C) $3.50.

ONE of five Nemo-flex models that bring one-piece comfort to as many types of figure—this combination of girdle and brassiere (D) in prettily designed broches. $5.00 to $18.00.

THIS silk covered rubber reducing girdle (E)—now as lovely as it is comfortable—appears for the first time in a dainty figured design. Lined with a fabric that absorbs perspiration. $10.75.



THE figure requiring special abdominal support will find it in this girdle, which conceals the marvelously effective Wonderlift device for holding weakened muscles in their proper place Coutils and broches. $7.50 to $15.00.

Nemo-flex

GIRDLES

BRASSIERES

COMBINATIONS

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Bourjois

Master of French Toiletries

Choose powder and rouge that touch the face pleasantly, and remain beautifully. Only so may "the happy feel" be surely attained.

MANON LESCAUT* Face Powder

has delicate *French* perfection. One little pat of your puff will reveal that it is not only pleasing, but distinguished. Manon Lescaut has the purity, delicacy and fragrance to set it apart—delightfully and completely apart.

ASHES OF ROSES* Rouge, or Rouge MANDARINE*

—the former dark and rich, the latter light and bright—are perfect companions to Manon Lescaut. One may truly say "They make beautiful skin fascinating!"

Mail . . . . This . . . . Coupon

A. Bourjois & Co., Inc., S-37 W. 34th St., N. Y. C.

With this coupon is enclosed 18c (stamps or coin) for which send me at once a sample box of MANON LESCAUT in the shade I have checked: White ☐ Rose ☐ Rachel ☐ or Peaches* Powder ☐ Peaches-and-Cream* Powder ☐

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Miss Ferry and Mr. Barge

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 74

see the cabin? See, this is the little oil-stove and this is a kind of folding bunk I rigged up. Then look! Here is Jock's bed, and I eat at this table. And here, you can sit on this camp-chair; it won't upset if you are very careful."

Jock came in and jealously curled up on his cushion as if to say, "Well, she sha'n't have this, anyhow."

The kettle was on, and almost at once they were having tea out of nicked blue cups without any saucers.

"I knew exactly how you felt, Miss —Miss Ferry—" He leaned across the table, suddenly grave. "I was going over on a ferry once, oh, years ago, but I remember it because it was a most vivid experience—and I saw a barge with a man on it. I shall never forget his face. It was old and wrinkled, but there was a kind of—well, something almost majestic about it, a sort of beautiful wisdom and peace. Do you know what I mean?" He stared out of the little, white-curtained window. "Well, when the ferry got across I simply rode back on it, and I bought a barge; it seemed to me I had to have a barge. And I've been living on it nearly ever since. And yet," he said slowly, "there was every reason why I shouldn't have returned on that ferry."

"What was the reason?" said Jan in a stifled voice.

"I was going across to be married."

"Then you weren't in love?"

"Yes—I was terribly in love."

A silence fell. They could hear the whistle of a boat and the swishing whisper of the river below the pier. Suddenly it seemed to Jan that everything was hateful—the blue tops, the lazy sunshine, the white table, and, most of all, the man.

She jumped to her feet, breathing hard. "I wish I hadn't come," she said. At the door she turned back and spoke again. "Of course I knew you were Alan Van Madden. I was almost sure when I first saw you. And—and I wanted to talk to you just once; it's such a terrible thing to be disillusioned with somebody you like. And—and all the time I'd hoped maybe you weren't a cad. But when I remember all the misery and shame and anguish you caused and I hear you say lightly that you did it all for a mere whim —oh, I feel ashamed that I even talked to you! And for three years—" her voice broke—"I believed that you did have a reason!"

She stumbled from the cabin half blindly, furious with herself because she was not honest. For she knew that the real cause for her heartsick words was his confession that he had been terribly in love.

"Listen to me!" He was beside her, pulling her back across the threshold, with an angry hand on her arm. Once inside, he slammed the door and stood glowering at her, his dark face very close to hers.

"You had the advantage. I didn't recognize you, not with that hat and veil —and, besides, you've changed in looks anyhow." His voice grew loud and hoarse. "But if your mind hasn't changed you know all that talk about cads and anguish and shame is *darned rot!*"

"Please don't shout," said Jan coldly.

He suddenly raised her chin with his hand and looked into her eyes long and unwaveringly. A deep flush crept from her throat to her forehead. She wanted to cry.

"But you are the same Jan," he said gently.

She nodded, unable to speak.

"When you asked me if I had been in love you didn't ask me with whom."

"With whom?" she whispered.

"With you, child," he said.

"Still?"

"Still."

"But it's no use," she said, her fingers groping at the latch.

"Why is it no use?"

"Because in a few days—I'm going to be married."

She looked back once as she went along the pier and saw him staring after her, dully, like a man in his sleep.

NOW the preparations for the wedding swept forward solemnly like a pompous caravan; and devious ways were devised to torture the soul of Jan—white satin fitted cunningly to her body and a long train fashioned to wind after her unwilling feet. She looked at the new diamond on her finger as if it were a blemish and regarded her bridesmaids as enemies (which in all probability they were).

"What seems most absurd," said Jan to Laurie, "is rehearsing for a wedding. You wouldn't rehearse for dying."

"I should," said Laurie, "if I had time. You could think up more dramatic last words if you had rehearsed them."

Jan meditated. "I suppose it is just as well to rehearse the ceremony. That darned English accent—is so hard to follow. If we rehearse maybe I can tell at the last minute whether he is saying 'I do' or 'I don't.'" She always called the Earl of Stradbroke "he." "The other day," she chattered on, almost hysterically, "he said, 'The Isle of Wight,' and I said, 'Who's he?' And he said, 'Not he—it. The Isle of Wight.' And I said, 'He—the Earl of Wight.' And he said, 'The Isle—*it*!' And I said, 'The Earl—*he*!'"

"Stop, for gracious sake!" cried Laurie, her fingers in her ears. "You make me dizzy and, besides, you aren't appreciative. If I were marrying an English accent I'd back it with bells, and imitate it."

"Oh, Laurie! I wish—"

Jan suddenly stopped and put her face down in Laurie's lap, where she held it very still. She had weakly wanted to burst out into a long, tempestuous confession of her meeting with Alan, but she dared not mention his name.

Across Jan's small, quiet head Laurie smiled at the Earl, who had quietly appeared, looking rather shy and lonesome.

"She's just tired," murmured Laurie, "just tired." Their eyes met in a long look, and then they quickly glanced away from each other.

"I hope the garden-party won't tire her further." The earl spoke perfunctorily and fumbled in his pocket. "I had wanted to give her this before we set out."

He was holding out an old-fashioned necklace of pearls and curiously wrought gold. Jan made no motion to take it his arm dropped awkwardly and his sensitive lips twisted in humiliation.

Jan knew she was behaving abominably, but she felt like a sick child unable to show interest in playthings.

"Perhaps you don't care for the old-fashioned things? It belongs in our family. I thought you might wear it this afternoon."

"I adore it," said Jan, closing her eyes. "I'll wear it this afternoon." She stretched out languid fingers to receive it, fingers from which jewels already dripped mockingly.

Then the earl did a surprizing thing —not at all like an automaton. "If you don't mind," he said coolly, "I'd like to see it upon Miss Laurie first." And he fastened it gently about Laurie's milky throat.

"Does it become me?" asked Laurie. She was furious with Jan.

"Nothing could add to your loveliness," he said in a low, hushed voice. Then he carefully unclasped the necklace, tossed it to Jan, and walked stiffly from the room.

Immediately Jan bounced to her knees and clapped her hands. "Can you beat it?" she cried with admiration. "And they tell me he's only an earl!"

Laurie faced her angrily. "You little fool!" She nervously tore her handkerchief into shreds. "You may call him an earl," she said hotly, "but *I* prefer to think of him—as a man."

Alan Van Madden was no longer contented with his barge. He did the same things in the same leisurely fashion, but somehow the pleasure had gone out of everything. He had the barge towed up the river and back to its mooring-place, he worked around the cabin and strummed his guitar, he talked to the longshoremen who lounged that way, he daubed oils on a few smudgy canvases, but these pursuits no longer seemed various and satisfying. So mostly he sat on a mooring-post and smoked a very black pipe, regarding the river moodily. He was obviously interested in ferries and sometimes studied them through a pair of old binoculars.

Knowing Jan, he was almost certain she would come back once more—if only to say good-by. Still he was surprized one afternoon when he had given up hope and turned back to the cabin to find her sitting there.

"Jan! Are you real? How on earth did you get here?"

"By the ferry that you were watching through your glasses. Only I wanted to surprize you this time. Alan, I have only five minutes," she said breathlessly. "Will you please talk awfully fast, Alan? Can you talk about hundreds of things —millions of things—in only five minutes?"

HE DREW a deep breath and began, pulling up a camp-chair close to hers. "I felt on the garden wall just like I do now, only not so much, probably because you *have* got stunning looking eyes and you haven't freckles on your nose. Last week it was glorious living on a barge. It isn't any more. Now that's over," he said sternly, "who is this damned earl?"

"I have only five minutes," she evaded uneasily. "I couldn't even tell you his name in five minutes."

"I don't care about his name. But are you going to marry him?"

"Yes, I am," she said. "Yes, Alan, I am." And they sat there in silence, she looking very frightened and he looking stricken.

At last she held out her hands pleadingly. "Oh, Alan, let's not waste it this way! Not this way!"

For answer he slipped to his knees and buried his face against her. She ran her fingers through his crisp, black curls —and the watch had ticked away more than the five precious minutes before he lifted his head. His eyes were frankly wet. "Dear little Jan," he said. "Dear child. Beautiful baby child." He kissed both her palms, the little hollow at the base of her throat, and then her mouth. "The water will go on lapping around the barge and ferries will cross the river, and you will not be on any of them. And the stars will come out and I shall sit here looking at them. And life will have no meaning," he said, "because you will not come any more."

"No, Alan," she said, "I can not come any more."

"You will be in England. And I shall be here. Do you think that is right?"

"Everything is wrong," she said, tortured. "But you don't understand. He is not such a man as you think. There is something fine about him; he is not a person I could treat dishonorably."

"Then you love him!" he cried.

"I don't love him," said Jan, "but I am going to marry him." She cast a wistful glance at the watch. "I wish he were vous glance at the watch. "I wish he vous glance at earl. People just *aren't* earls. weren't an earl. People just *aren't* earls. It—it—seems so sort of extravagant." Pushing him gently away, she stood up

CONTINUED ON PAGE 82

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82% of these Hospital Dietitians

say: "Cream of Tartar Baking Powder is best from a healthful point of view"

"What kind of baking powder do you consider best from a healthful point of view?"

That was the question recently put to a notable group of dietitians in recognized hospitals all over the country.

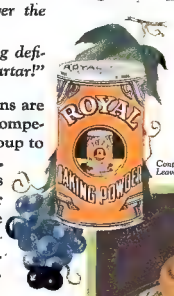
82% of those replying definitely said "Cream of Tartar!"

HOSPITAL dietitians are perhaps more competent than any other group to speak on this subject. For hospital dietitians are chosen only after wide experience in the chemistry of foods—the work they do demands the most exacting care.

Their emphasis on the importance of the right kind of baking powder in the daily diet and their overwhelming endorsement of cream of tartar, the principal ingredient of Royal, is of vital interest to every housekeeper.

It is a precious ingredient—this cream of tartar. Every bit of it used in Royal Baking Powder is made from the finest grapes grown. Much labor is involved, infinite care and expense—but ever since Royal Baking Powder was first formulated, over 50 years ago, Royal's importations of pure cream of tartar have gone on uninterruptedly.

In all these years there has been no variation in the high health quality of the baking powder so many millions depend on daily.



Contains no alum
Leaves no bitter taste

2c worth insures your success

Cakes and biscuits baked with Royal can be readily distinguished from all others. Royal makes them not only marvelously light and fluffy but insures a fine, even texture, a delicious full flavor with no trace of bitter taste. Yet enough Royal for a large luscious layer cake—the kind your family likes best—costs less than 2c!

Experienced cooks know they can trust Royal to do its full duty every time; inexperienced cooks have the best luck with it. For fifty years it has been used in millions of homes for successful baking.

Send for complete recipe book—FREE

Practical and delicious recipes of all kinds—over 350 altogether! Tested by experts for accuracy. Over 9,000,000 copies of this famous Royal Cook Book have already been distributed. Let us send you a copy free—use this coupon.

COCOA CREAM CAKE—Melting chocolate is often troublesome. With cocoa, this cake is easily and quickly made.

NUT AND RAISIN ROLLS—If the dough is handled lightly and rolled thin the rolls will be light, crisp and flaky.

FEATHER COCOANUT CAKE—An easy method is to sift dry ingredients in one bowl, mix the liquids in another, then combine.

The Royal Baking Powder Co.,
114 East 41st Street, New York

Send me free copy of the famous Royal Cook Book—over 350 delicious, tested recipes for all kinds of foods.

Name .....

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SEND *for the famous Royal Cook Book—It's FREE*
Recipes for the foods shown above are in this book or will be sent you if you write for them

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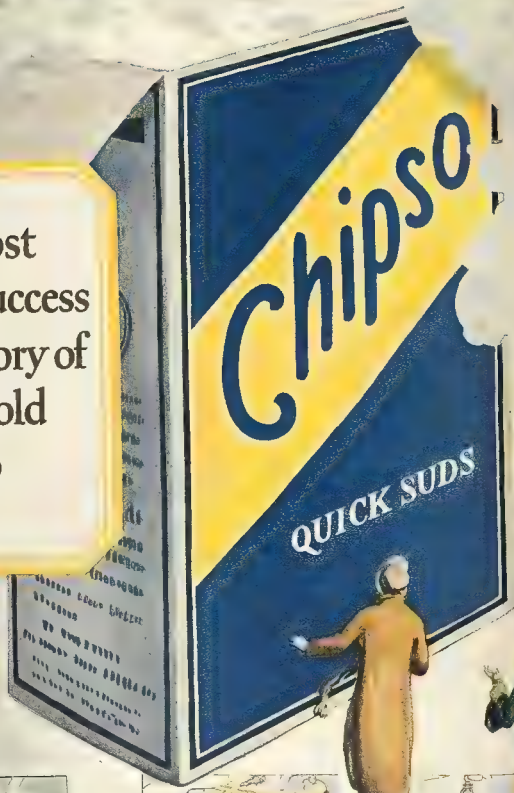
CHIPSO sweeps the country..

The most amazing success in the history of household soap



Oh, ho! I'm "Soaker" Bubble.
Just watch me in the tub!
You rest—let *me* dissolve that dirt;
Then *you'll* not have to rub!

Sh! I am "Boiler" bubble.
I seldom work at all.
My brothers do the hardest job;
But if you need me, call!

Ha! I am "Rinser" Bubble.
I chase the whole dirt clan,
I rinse them all out in a flash—
Just catch me if you can!

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..makes housework *shorter and easier*

Never before has a soap-product been adopted so quickly by so many women. They have named it "White Magic"—see how it saves *your* time and strength.

MANY of you who read this already know and use CHIPSO.

But you may not know that millions of other women throughout the country who have also been bothered by the hand-chipping and melting of cake-soap and other time-taking methods now know CHIPSO. They not only *use* it, but they feel exactly as you do about it—that it is one of the most remarkable and economical helpers ever offered to make housework easier.

In every state of the Union and in every province of Canada, this wonderful, economical new soap, ready for instant suds in laundry and kitchen, with its quick, almost magic cleansing, is providing what every woman has long been hoping for!

CHIPSO cuts work in two—
saves your time and strength

CHIPSO—

Makes rich, foamy suds the instant hot water is poured on it—no lumping or delay as in the case of powders. RESULT: Saves time, bother and fuel formerly required for chipping, shaving and melting soap.

Cleanses quickly and safely in your tub, dishpan or washing machine. RESULT: Clean, snow-white clothes and gleaming dishes. No more hard rubbing of soap on clothes, except in extreme cases of ground-in dirt; less frequent boiling; colors, fabrics, and china decorations unharmed.

Rinses out promptly and thoroughly. RESULT: Leaves no soap-particles, no yellow stains, no soap odors or soapy tinge.

Lessens the contact of your hands with soap and hot water. RESULT: Better protection for your hands.

Cleans (by the modern method) woodwork, floors, bathroom porcelain, and everything else that needs cleaning. RESULT: No more hard rubbing or worn surfaces.

More than merely a matter
of adopting a new soap

When you take CHIPSO into your home, you do a great deal more than adopt a new soap.

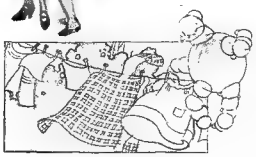
By letting CHIPSO help you, you find, at once, more time and strength for those who look to you for cheer and encouragement. When that little fellow who needs your care has come running with his eternal questions and demands, hasn't it been hard, sometimes, to do what he asked? And the cost, in time and strength, of having your home neat and clean and cheerful for your husband—hasn't it been too great?

With CHIPSO to help, your smiles will be more natural, your strength will be more genuine—not merely "nerve." The *real* "you" will have a better chance to show itself in all its charm and beauty.

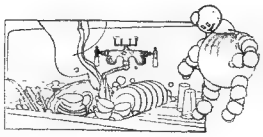
You need not go another day without CHIPSO—its generous blue package with the orange stripe, in two big sizes, awaits you now at your grocer's.

PROCTER & GAMBLE

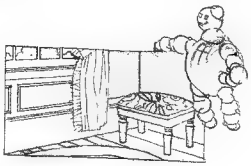
However you wash—Whatever you clean—
CHIPSO makes it easier.



Well, well! I'm "Washer" Bubble.
Put *me* in your *machine*.
I make the grandest, richest suds,
And swish! The clothes are clean!



Hello! I'm called "Dish" Bubble.
"Save time!" That job is mine.
Just lead me to your dishpan—whee!
Watch glass and dishes shine!



Good day! I'm "Scrubber" Bubble.
I do my work on floors—
And have you woodwork, bathtubs, chairs,
That need a scrub? I'm yours!

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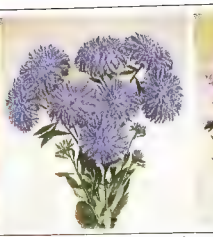
King or Needle Flowers large and double, petals quilled, making them distinct from all other Asters. A very odd and striking variety and attracts a great deal of attention wherever grown. Crimson.
Pkt. (50 seeds), 10c; 3 pkts., 25c.



Giant Branching Comet Plant of upright habit about 2 feet high, branching freely, stems long, flowers large, petals curved and twisted. A very beautiful variety. Dark blue.
Pkt. (50 seeds), 10c; 3 pkts., 25c.

American Branching A very strong grower, branching freely, flowers large and double, borne on long stiff stems. Excellent for cutting, graceful as a chrysanthemum. Rose pink.
Pkt. (50 seeds), 10c; 3 pkts., 25c.

Giant Crego A monster among Asters. The plants are of the branching family, very vigorous and productive, stems long, flowers large, petals curved and a most pleasing variety. Purple.
Pkt. (50 seeds), 10c; 3 pkts., 25c.

New Astermum A beautiful new race of Asters. Plants of strong upright growth with 10 to 15 strong stems nearly 20 inches long, each carrying a flower of perfect form with long graceful petals. Lavender.
Pkt. (50 seeds), 10c; 3 pkts., 25c.

Beautify Your Home with Asters

Asters are very popular and acknowledged to be the **QUEEN OF AUTUMN ANNUALS.** Never before have the **PICTORIAL REVIEW** readers had an opportunity to select from such an array of gorgeous colors in Giant Asters.

They are easily raised from seed—you can plant seed in March or April in the house or hotbed for early flowers, or later sow seed in the garden up to June 1st and they will make a most brilliant show, furnishing a constant supply of cut flowers until killed by frost.

The varieties shown represent the most beautiful, artistic and robust types of the wonderful Aster family. You can order any variety and color offered on this page at prices named, or you can have the entire list of **14** at a **bargain** under my **Special Offer.**

SPECIAL OFFER TO PICTORIAL REVIEW READERS

In order that every **Review** reader may have these **14 beautiful Asters,** I will send to *any* address one packet of each variety and color, **14 packets** in all, postpaid, for only **60c.** Club of **two, $1.00.**

New Seed Book for 1925 is sent with every order or free on application. It is full of bargains in Vegetable and Flower Seeds.

Leaflet, "How to Grow the Most Beautiful Asters and Giant Flowers," free with every order for Aster seeds.

ORDER TODAY and have a wonderful Aster display this Summer. *(38 Years in Seed Growing)* **THIS OFFER WILL NOT APPEAR AGAIN.**

F.B.MILLS, Seed Grower, Box 40, Rose Hill, N.Y.

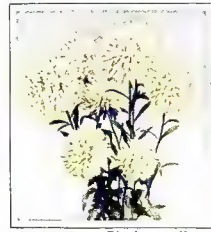
Lady Roosevelt Very distinct and unique, blooms profusely, being a beautiful soft rose pink. Its charming color and handsome form make it unexcelled for outdoor showing or cut flower displays.
Pkt. (50 seeds), 10c; 3 pkts., 25c.

New Red Sensation Called the reddest of all red Asters; color a dark rich garnet or oxblood red, which glistens in sunshine like a live coal. Produces double flowers in great abundance.
Pkt. (50 seeds), 10c; 3 pkts., 25c.

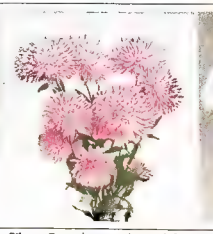
Daybreak A wonderful Aster. The plants are upright and bushy, 18 inches high. The flowers are globe-shaped and produced in such profusion as to almost cover the plants. Lavender.
Pkt. (50 seeds), 10c; 3 pkts., 25c.

Hearts of France A new bright red Aster, making a large vigorous growing plant, covered with flowers of a striking brilliant ruby-red color. Blooms over a long period. One of the most beautiful Asters grown.
Pkt. (50 seeds), 10c; 3 pkts., 25c.

Pink Enchantress Very beautiful. The immense flowers of a soft delicate pink, always full and double, are borne on strong upright stems, petals broad and curved. Creates a sensation wherever grown.
Pkt. (50 seeds), 10c; 3 pkts., 25c.



Peerless Yellow The best yellow Aster grown. Flowers are large, full and round, with centers deeply covered with quilled and twisted florets, being a beautiful chrysanthemum-yellow.
Pkt. (50 seeds), 10c; 3 pkts., 25c.



Silvery Rose A new variety with long stems, large flowers of a deep lilac-rose, almost cerise color, very delicately threaded with white. The effect is indescribably beautiful. Should be in every Flower Garden.
Pkt. (50 seeds), 10c; 3 pkts., 25c.

Ostrich Feather Strong grower producing large full flowers of mammoth size on long stiff stems, petals gracefully curved and twisted, resembling giant chrysanthemums. Very pleasing. White.
Pkt. (50 seeds), 10c; 3 pkts., 25c.

Earliest Blooming Earliest of all, usually two weeks ahead of other Asters. Plant of a graceful spreading habit. A profuse bloomer, flowers of good size borne on strong graceful stems. Crimson.
Pkt. (50 seeds), 10c; 3 pkts., 25c.

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Choosing Annuals for Color

By Alice T. A. Quackenbush

THAT fascinating bit of literature, the seed-catalog, is with us, and none will question its welcome timeliness. The pictured blooms are so especially alluring when the weather is inclement, while the accompanying descriptions are sure to set one's fancy roaming down garden paths. No matter what discouragements may have gone before, one visualizes a perfect garden for the coming season.

Now, I am not one to scorn any kind of planting; for to me there is a sort of savage splendor in a mass of flaming, unrelated color, provided blossoms make it, which would drive an artist mad and add an unbecoming tilt to the nose of a discriminating gardener. Yet it does seem a pity that those who have a love of flowers should be satisfied with this sort of thing when a beautiful garden is quite as easy to grow. All that is needed is a little more forethought and intelligence in buying. When you are choosing your seeds, if you think of where they are to grow and which will make pleasing combinations, your gardens will become a greater delight.

MY IDEAL of a perfect garden for the person who makes only one, is a substantial planting of perennials as a sort of foundation, with all intervening spaces filled with annuals to assure continuous bloom. Annuals are grown for their prodigal generosity in color-giving. However, we are growing more exacting in this matter—or is it better educated? Effects which would have satisfied our grandmothers are sometimes strangely disturbing to our more discriminating eyes; and this not merely in the garden.

Color-suitability is treated seriously now, and probably will receive even greater consideration in the years to come. Women are demanding a far greater range of choice in fabrics both for home-decoration and clothing, while manufacturers are acknowledging this growing desire for just the right shade till fabric-counters have become rainbow gardens. China, glass, all accessories to toilet and gentle living, have responded to the call.

Every woman knows that a gown may be both well cut and well fitting, yet a depressing failure if it does not harmonize with its wearer. To match the eyes and contrast the hair is a good working rule which may be enlarged and improved by use of charts of color suited to the complexion which some textile manufacturers print for the convenience of their patrons. Besides these there are several charts of pure color-relation on the market. I know of at least one seedsman who supplies a chart to be used in the garden; there may be others. Needless to say, it is most useful to the beginner in gardening and not to be despised by the more experienced.

Probably more sins against color-harmony are committed in the selection of annuals than in any other element of garden-making—and the worst of these comes from the buying of mixtures. They are cheaper, but if you are planning a definite color-scheme avoid them, for there is absolutely no telling what their colors may be. Always provide for plenty of white blooms; they are gentle peacemakers. Pastel shades, too, are always lovely and friendly the one with the other. Probably you will want some of the more glowing colors, especially for late bloom; these require more thought in placing. Use plenty of green about them, with white to soften their sometimes too-strident voices.

I do not recommend red for a small garden; it is too hot and difficult to manage successfully. Plant in irregular groups, and let one group overlap its neighbor to avoid the possible appearance of a sharp line of demarcation. After a few years of careful gardening one is inclined to discard, or at least restrict, bright yellow and orange—especially orange—and turn more and more to the pastels, with bronzes and mahoganies for the Fall, always remembering that blues of every shade are welcome at any time or place.

To instance how some simple and easily grown reliables may be made more delightful by a careful placing, the bachelor's-buttons (*Centaurea cyanea*) grow almost as readily as a weed, yet they are a marvelous shade of deep blue, worthy a place in any planting. They are brightened by a neighbor of white, say annual delphinium, or are complemented by lemon-yellow (try the African marigold, lemon queen), while a lavender or purple adds something to them which is lovely beyond words.

I had a purple aster near a clump of them last season and the effect was thrilling. Be careful not to let the bachelor's-buttons go to seed, else the plant will have stopped blooming before aster-time. Speaking of asters, choose your colors carefully; they may be surpassingly lovely or merely a bricky pink or red.

It is the same with the petunia, that most faithful of friends. It may be an aristocrat in a ruffled coat of delicate pink or glistening white, or merely a drab of magenta splotched with dirty white: this is for you to decide when the seed-catalog is before you.

If petunias are most faithful friends to the gardener, zinnias are the most adaptable and least exacting. It is a wise plan to start them outside the garden, to be moved in later for fillers when the bulbs go, or for any other emergency which may arise.

CLARKIA is another annual easy to grow and is nice in white and peach-bloom. The darker pink is rather metallic and difficult to harmonize with a neighbor. The peach-bloom shade lives peaceably with almost anything and is absolute heaven itself with an underplanting of annual forget-me-nots.

The list might go on and on; the principle would be the same—think before you buy and do not be content with anything save the best. I might add do not be discouraged if you don't succeed the first year with every color combination you may try. That would be humanly impossible, so much depending on season and other elements outside your control. Half the battle is won, however, if you go to a reliable seedsman; whatever he sells is good, and you may rest assured that the colors you order will come true.

Gardening for beauty of color is at the same time the most difficult and the most satisfying kind, far above mere successful floriculture; in fact, an art and a noble one. Once you try for it nothing else will content you.

ONLY ONE WAY to keep teeth both white and safe

Restore the natural protective fluids of the Mouth Glands

Start today to keep your teeth safe

Unsuspected—Dry Mouth is the real cause of tooth decay. Use the tooth paste that increases the action of your mouth glands and protects your teeth from decay.

Steiben

WE brush our teeth more often than any other nation in the world—yet they mysteriously decay.

Dentists now know that this is due to an abnormal mouth condition—unsuspected but practically universal—which must lead to decay.

It is known as Dry Mouth—the natural result, they say, of our modern, soft cooked foods, which require no real chewing.

The mouth glands, which nature intended to flow continuously, now dry up from sheer lack of exercise. And your teeth, no longer washed by their alkaline fluids, are inevitably eaten by the acids of decay.

After ordinary cleaning no safer than before

You can remove the acids of decay temporarily. By scouring with gritty pastes which endanger the irreplacable enamel. By washing with strong substances that damage gums and delicate mouth lining.

By such harsh methods thousands of people make their teeth white—*but not safe.* Five minutes after they stop brushing the acids form again.

The only way to prevent decay is to remove the underlying cause—Dry Mouth.

Physicians and dentists now know that the mouth glands can be successfully stimulated. Today you can protect your teeth naturally and permanently by a tooth paste that restores the normal alkaline flow of the mouth glands.

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Pebeco acts directly on the salivary glands. As soon as it enters your mouth it starts a full, normal flow of alkaline saliva.

With constant daily use Pebeco completely restores the natural, protective action of your glands. Their alkaline fluids again bathe your teeth day and night. The acids of decay are neutralized as fast as they form. Pebeco leaves your whole mouth normal and healthy. *And in this healthy mouth, your teeth are kept not only white and shining, but safe.*

Send for a trial tube of Pebeco. Made only by Pebeco, Inc., New York. Sole Distributors: Lehn & Fink, Inc. Canadian Agents: H. F. Ritchie & Company, Ltd., 10 McCaul Street, Toronto, Ont. At all druggists.

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Burpee Quality Seeds.

Market growers and florists use Burpee's Annual as a reference book, and still it is so interesting and easy to read that a million amateurs use it as their garden guide. Burpee's Annual is the most popular seed catalog in the world.

If you are interested in gardening Burpee's Annual will be mailed to you free. We want you to sow Burpee's Seeds—The Best Seeds That Grow.

FREE SAMPLE: First write for a copy of Burpee's Annual; then look through the book and select a regular 10c packet of any vegetable or flower seed entirely free, and we will mail it to you post-paid.

This free offer is made to get new customers for Burpee's Seeds and is good only until May 1, 1925.

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Plant

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Dingee roses are grown on their own roots—known as *The best for 74 years.* Send for our "New Guide to Rose Culture" for 1925—it's free. It isn't a catalog—it's a practical work on rose culture. Profusely illustrated. Offers 500 Roses, and other plants, bulbs and seeds, and tells how to grow them. Safe delivery guaranteed, everywhere. Write today.

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For 10c packages; white, pink, striped, blue, red. Make a beautiful, and attractive Flower Garden.

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Miss Ferry and Mr. Barge

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 76

and started to leave the cabin. "It's getting terribly late, Alan. There will be hardly time for me to get back. You can't imagine how awfully hard it was for me to slip away, even for this long."

She tried to speak lightly, but her quick voice trembled. "And now I'm going, and, Alan, please, you won't say good-by. It would be too hard to hear your dear voice saying good-by. I never thought of it before, but it seems to me that it's such a sad word." She stood before him, twisting her hands nervously like a small child. "And if you look at me like that, I am so afraid I won't go. And I must go."

"Why must you go," he said bitterly; "when these are all the minutes we shall have in all the world?"

WITHOUT a word she left the cabin, and he made no movement to detain her. He sat rigidly by the table, his face in his hands, and did not look up when he heard her voice again. Her tone beseeched him pitifully to understand. "I just wanted to tell you that I wouldn't go unless I had to. My engagement is important."

"To ——with your engagement," he said dully without looking at her. "What do you want me to do? Plead with you? Persuade you against your will? If you loved me you would stay."

"That was another thing," she said, as if she only now remembered. "I hadn't told you that. I thought I would just come back to say it once. I have never said it to anybody and I wanted to hear how it would sound."

With a low, husky cry he caught her very close to him and kissed her wet cheeks, her mouth, her eyes; and they lost all thought of time while the watch ticked on and they repeated an ancient sentence with an air of triumphant discovery.

Suddenly she started up wildly, looked at the watch, sighed, relaxed again into his arms. "Well, it's all over."

"What?"

"My wedding."

"But how could there be a wedding—?"

"No, that's right. They couldn't have any because I wasn't there." She looked abashed. "Unless Laurie—no, that would be too unconventional. She'll have to wait a little while. I dare say she'll marry him to safeguard."

His eyes were shining with wicked mirth. "But do you realize the 'anguish' and 'misery' and 'shame' you are causing? You have jilted the earl," he said severely, "and for three years I had hoped you weren't a cad."

She put her hand over his mouth. "There is nothing for a girl of jilters to do but to marry each other."

He was instantly boyish with excited plans. "We'll open my town house this Winter," he said, "and we'll have heaps of money to spend. Like Van Madden money, you know, is somewhere eating its head off."

Her face clouded. "Just now I should so love to live on the barge."

"We'll live here then until you tire of it," he answered, "but what shall we do with all that money?"

"We had better save it," she said sagaciously; "it will come in nicely when we have to educate our children. They say that the younger generation is spending a frightful lot at college!"

"I may live to be ashamed of us," he objected, "if we persist in living on a barge!"

"They can just be ashamed," she cried heatedly; "they can all go away and marry earls and things and we'll cut them off without a cent——"

"Miss Ferry," he interrupted, "how *soon* will you become Mrs. Barge?"

After deep thought she said that if it wasn't too late she believed that afternoon would be nice. Because, after all, it was her wedding-day.

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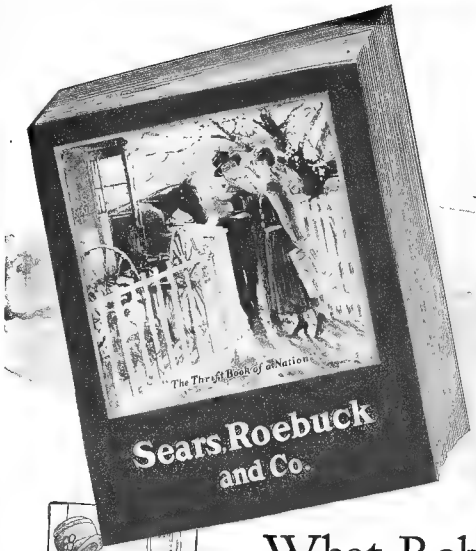

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Every-Day Etiquette

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 70

man who dropped into a dance given by a grange in a rich farming section was much embarrassed to find himself the only man present in a business suit. The farmers, young and old, wore evening clothes. On the other hand, if the dance is to be informal a stranger would feel equally embarrassed if he were attired in evening clothes.

Young people may attend such dances in pairs or larger groups, unchaperoned, because a reception committee of women serves as chaperons. It is not a good idea, however, for two young girls to go to such dances unattended by young men or by members of their family. Their chances of having desirable dancing partners are small, and they may be conspicuous.

Now for the vexing question of introductions at these dances! How is a strange young man to secure dancing partners? Only by the grace of men guests he knows or through the courtesy of the floor committee. He can introduce himself to any member of this committee, presenting his business or social credentials, and a member of the committee may then request the privilege of introducing him to other guests. A man who invites a girl he has not met to dance with him at a public function takes a long chance, for on the girl's complaint a floor-manager, or a member of the floor committee, may ask him to leave the hall.

As a rule, a desirable young man will be asked by committee members whether he would like to meet dancing partners.

The girl's problem is entirely different. She can not appeal to hostesses or members of the committee for partners, and she should not go to such a dance unless attended by a man or in the company of her parents, married friends, or a party of young people. The unescorted girl is not a happy figure at a public dance even in this day of freedom for the once chaperoned sex. The presence of her parents will insure her protection, but not a dancing or a supper partner.

Nice girls do not accept invitations to dance from men who have not been properly introduced. This rule holds good even at a charity dance or an affair given by a well-known and altogether reputable organization. The right sort of man who really wants to know a girl will find some way of being introduced to her.

PRACTICALLY the same rules govern the community dances which have become so popular in small cities, towns, and rural districts. While these are neighborhood affairs and everybody is supposed to know everybody else, young men must ask for introductions to girls with whom they would like to dance, and a girl will feel more easy if she goes not with another girl, but with relatives, married friends, or a nice young man.

A word to girls who go to large cities to earn their living. Avoid public dances of any kind unless you go with tested friends, with a married couple, or with some young man whom you know very well.

Dancing in the better class of public halls is carefully supervised, but patrons must be taken at their face value. So long as they behave properly the management can not ask them to leave the hall, and the girl who does not seem to be properly chaperoned or escorted may be subject to unwelcome attentions. In every large city there are clubs, church and community houses, and social settlements where girls may meet nice young men and dance under proper chaperonage.

Dancing Do's and Don'ts

THE man asks a girl to dance thus: "Will you dance with me?" Or "May I have this dance?"

The girl answers: "Yes, I'd like to have this dance with you." Or "Certainly."

Or if the dance is taken, the girl says: "So sorry, but this dance is taken," and the man may then say: "May I have your next free dance?"

If a girl is not engaged for the dance, but does not wish to dance with this particular man, she may say, "Sorry, but I'm not dancing this number," and then she will not dance with any other man unless she wishes to deliberately cut the man because he is intoxicated or has made himself offensive to her in some way.

No nice young man will force his attentions on a girl who has shown that she does not wish to dance with him, neither will he cut in when she is dancing with another man.

Exaggerated dancing positions and eccentric steps are not good form at a public dance. They belong on the stage. Nice young people do not make themselves conspicuous on the dance-floor by cheek-to-cheek dancing, "necking," or any other form of petting.

Neither at the public or private dance does a young woman sit out one or more dances in a young man's automobile, nor does she go with him for a drive between dances. This custom, which came in with the World War, is now banned by nice people. The proper place to sit out a dance is the foyer, the stairs, the clubhouse veranda, pergola, or terrace.

Another custom which is dying out rapidly is cutting in. This is done only between intimates when a friendly understanding exists.

Above everything else, if you enjoy dancing, learn to do it well. The man or woman who insists upon dancing without knowing how to do it is one of to-day's social pests.

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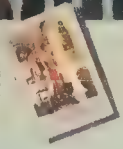

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The Dalton Plan

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 20

two pupils sat at a desk designed for one. Here and there a boy or a girl would be leaning forward, quietly talking to another in the seat just ahead. It was a beautiful, balmy day in early Spring, and at an open window, across the room, we saw a group of three girls apparently fourteen or fifteen years old. One of them, leaning on the broad window-sill, was looking out at the grass and trees. Close by, but with her back to the window, stood a second girl, while the third, who was facing them, seemed to be speaking earnestly.

At one side of the room sat the history teacher explaining some puzzling point to a small boy, while near by three or four other boys and girls were waiting their turns to obtain individual help. Soon one of the girls over by the window came toward us, walked out the door and into the corridor. Evidently she went to the school library; for in a few moments she returned with a book which she took to the other two, pointing out a passage with a smile of triumph.

While we were wondering about this, a husky, well-built boy arose from a desk where he had been working alone half-way down the aisle, stretched his muscles, picked up some papers, and stepped to where the teacher sat. On the wall back of her hung several graphs or charts, and the boy made a few marks with his pencil on one of them, comparing this entry with a smaller graph he carried with him. Then he came toward us, and unconcernedly walked down the corridor—while the visiting principal, Mr. Jones, looked after him in astonishment. Our guide noticed this and spoke to the boy.

"Where are you going, Walter?"

"Down to the English room—got tired of studying history."

"That's the right thing to do," said our guide. "I just wanted these visitors to understand."

Again we looked into the room, where some of the pupils still were working alone, while others were in groups of two or three. Without exception they were intent on whatever they were doing. There were no loud voices, no noise, not the slightest confusion. Principal Jones glanced at his watch.

"It's ten-thirty," he remarked, addressing the guide. "When does this history room begin its day's work?"

"They've been at it since nine-fifteen," the guide answered with a chuckle. "And they'll keep right on until noon. Boys and girls above the fifth or sixth grade don't have to have any recess during morning session; don't need it because they are free to move around whenever they choose. Don't get tired out sitting in a cramped position, as in most schools."

IN ORDER to obtain a clear view of the Dalton plan, and its simplicity, we may take as a definite illustration a pupil in the eighth grade named Robert Brown. After attending morning assembly of the whole school he goes with his fellow pupils to the eighth-grade room, where the adviser of that grade aids the boys and girls to lay out their work for the day. This usually takes not more than fifteen minutes because each of them knows, as a rule, just what he or she intends to do; has already planned it.

Robert's schedule of studies and other school activities includes English, American history, mathematics, science, French, music, shop-work, and physical training—a somewhat heavy load, perhaps. He has had a little difficulty with his history, and decides to take up that subject at once. So he goes directly to the history room. It is the first day of the school-week, and he is handed two or three mimeographed sheets outlining the work he is to perform during this week. The particular subject is the Mexican war. So Robert sits down wherever he chooses and begins to read the mimeographed sheets. They start off with a brief introduction telling in story form the underlying reasons which caused that conflict, when it occurred, the areas in which it was fought, the principal battles, the leading military, political, and economic forces concerned, and the final results.

This short introduction, it should be borne in mind, does not consist of a few dry statements of fact. On the contrary, if properly prepared, it is so written as to capture the pupil's interest at the outset, making him eager to go on and find out for himself what happened. Following the introduction is a schedule of the work he is to complete during this week, the principal points in it being mentioned, as well as references which give pages and paragraphs of the history books he is to study.

The mimeographed sheets constitute Robert's history contract for that week, and it is up to him to complete it. The contract consists of five units for the five school-days. If he wants to complete one unit per day he may do so. If he wants to finish three units in one day, or five units in two days, all right.

SO HE settles down to work; but after a while comes upon a passage in the history book which puzzles him. He does not quite understand why the Southern cotton-planters had to do with bringing on the war with Mexico. He speaks about this matter to an eighth-grade boy at the desk in front of him, and asks a girl sitting back of him. Neither of them is quite clear on the point, so he goes to the teacher, and after she has explained the passage he comes back and repeats what she said to the others with whom he had spoken. At the end of thirty minutes, or perhaps forty, he finds that he has completed two units of that week's history contract. And he marks this on a graph—a card of heavy paper. Then he places a corresponding mark on a large graph hanging on the wall.

This large graph contains the names of all eighth-grade pupils who are studying American history. On it is recorded, from day to day, the number of units in that week's contract which each pupil has completed. Thus the teacher constantly knows the progress or lack of progress every one of them is making. When she finds that in spite of individual instruction some of them are falling behind the grade average in history, she posts a notice on the school bulletin-board, asking such pupils to meet her at a certain hour. When that time comes the history room is closed to all except these, whom she helps to surmount whatever difficulties they have encountered, in this way bringing them up to the rest of the eighth grade.

The same method prevails in other subjects. While Robert may be a little slow in history, or English, he is apt to be unusually keen in mathematics, say, or chemistry, and for that reason easily completes his contract therein, and is ready to go on with the next one. But before being permitted to do so he has to pass an individual test not only in American history, but in all the other subjects he is carrying. If successful he can go ahead just as rapidly as he sees fit.

This means, of course, that the pupil exceptionally bright in all studies is not held back to any standard or lower average. It also means that the pupil of less ability is not pushed, and urged, and dragged on by a teacher. Instead of attempting the impossible task of fitting forty boys and girls of varying mentality, temperaments, and habits of industry to a single, rigid pattern, Miss Parkhurst has reversed this familiar process, by

CONTINUED ON PAGE 88

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The Dalton Plan

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 87

fitting the educational requirements to the individual pupil. Therein lies the heart of her achievement.

The importance of class spirit is not forgotten in the Dalton plan. Recitations and class conferences are held frequently—as often as each teacher thinks desirable—but instead of occupying a large part of each day they occupy only a small part, the pupils spending almost all their time in getting their work done through individual and co-operative effort. Every boy and every girl stands on his or her own feet, as they must do a little later on when they go out into the world of activity.

With this in view I have taken a vote of pupils in one room after another where the Dalton plan is used. Approximately seventy-five per cent. of the boys and girls want it continued. The rest of them want to go back to the old system, saying frankly that under the Dalton plan they "have to do too much work." There can be little doubt that this plan gives the teachers more to do than in former times, and that not a few of them are against it. But the great majority of teachers with whom I have talked are more than willing to accept the extra burden it imposes, because they are so delighted with the progress of the boys and girls under their care, because disorder has practically vanished, and because the pupils are so eager, so ambitious to do their best, and withal so happy and contented.

IF THERE is any disadvantage in the Dalton plan it would seem to be that in the average large school the new system may make necessary a somewhat larger teaching staff. But this is more than counteracted by the progress which pupils make, by their happiness and sheer, compelling interest in their work, and by the marked increase in their powers of initiative and individual energy.

The fact that it is entirely possible for pupils to do all their academic studies in one session per day should be seriously taken into account at times like the present, when hundreds of schools are so overcrowded that various expedients have to be resorted to, such as evening sessions, part time, etc. Owing to extreme cost of constructing new buildings, or making additions to schools already in existence, boards of education and taxpayers all over the United States are confronted with a most difficult situation. From the largest cities in the land down to villages of a few thousand inhabitants conditions are the same: children swarming to enter school, only to find the schools overcrowded.

Miss Parkhurst has demonstrated, in her own model institution, the Children's University School, New York, that it is wholly practicable for pupils to accomplish all their academic work in one session per day. There is no reason why this should not be done elsewhere. With the Dalton plan in operation two sets of pupils, under two sets of teachers, could attend different sessions, one in the morning, the other in the afternoon. This might not be ideal, it must be admitted. But it would be far better to run the educational plants with two shifts—as industrial plants are run under pressure of work—rather than limit pupils to part time or subject them to overcrowding with all the dangers this includes.

The way in which foreign educators, especially British, received Miss Parkhurst's system is in striking contrast to the apathy shown toward it by not a few American educators. And the way in which it first was tried out in the United States is a matter of no little interest. Shortly after the armistice, in 1918, Mrs W. Murray Crane, whose husband then was Governor of Massachusetts, heard through an acquaintance about Miss

CONTINUED ON PAGE 90

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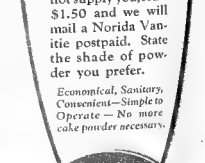

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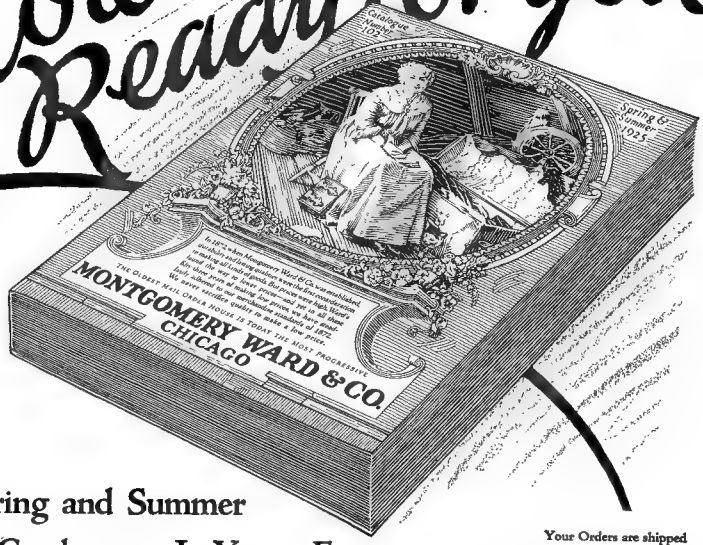

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Modern women *find this booklet of vital importance*

THE modern woman who would keep her vitality and youth, does it by a regular *health routine* of living. Her animation and joy come from serene good nature, the crowning token of excellent physical condition.

PART of this health routine is a regular sanitary measure known as feminine hygiene, which physicians have found of extreme importance to women in the preservation of their youth.

In the "Lysol" Health Library—a free set of pocket-booklets which we have just issued—you will find a volume, "The Scientific Side of Youth and Beauty," with full, scientific information on feminine hygiene. It is written for you, and we will gladly send you the Health Set without charge.

The selection of your antiseptic for feminine hygiene is of the utmost importance. It must be *safe* from two standpoints. First, it must assure complete antisepsis. Second, it must be free from unpleasant effects.

The antiseptic your physician recommends

THE antiseptic which physicians advocate as *standard* for feminine hygiene is "Lysol" Disinfectant.

They know that "Lysol" is soothing to delicate membranes. It contains no harmful acids or alkalies. It dissolves completely in water, which means that no part of its solution can possibly be stronger than any other part. Thus you are sure of a safe, uniform strength. Used in proper proportions, "Lysol" will absolutely destroy harmful germ-life, at the same time being free from irritating properties.

All drug stores sell "Lysol." Complete directions for its use come with every bottle. Be sure you get the genuine "Lysol."

You will want this knowledge Send the coupon today

A CAUTION

BESURE that your antiseptic for feminine hygiene is *safe*, as to efficacy and careful, scientific blending. There are many solutions which are not thoroughly effective or are harmful to tissues because of insoluble ingredients. Your assurance of "Lysol's" safety is the fact that it is the *standard* antiseptic and disinfectant in hospitals everywhere.

BESIDES the feminine hygiene booklet in the "Lysol" Health Library there are other valuable treatises on "Health Safeguards in the Home," and an interesting manual for mothers "When Baby Comes." You will find these three booklets of inestimable value for daily living and for reference use. Send the coupon for your free set.

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Lysol Disinfectant
Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.
The ideal personal antiseptic

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The Dalton Plan

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 88

Parkhurst and her new system of laboratory schools. Mrs. Crane was deeply interested in a school for crippled children at Pittsfield, Mass., and persuaded Miss Parkhurst to introduce her system there. The results were so surprising that the following year Mrs. Crane and the Governor urged Miss Parkhurst to organize it in the public school at Dalton, Mass., where they resided.

Six months later Mrs. Ann Archbold, sister of John Archbold, came back from England, bringing with her an English friend, Miss Belle Rennie, who was interested in education and wanted to see what was going on in the United States.

Mrs. Archbold and Mrs. Crane having been friends from their own school-days, Miss Rennie was taken to Dalton and was so impressed with the Helen Parkhurst system that on returning to England she caused to be inserted in a London newspaper a few lines to this effect:

> I have seen a most remarkable experiment in an American school, the atmosphere of which is like that of a public library rather than a schoolroom. I would be glad to place the information before any schoolmaster or schoolmistress of England who may be interested

As indicative of the alertness of English educators—and in contrast to the lack of alertness of some of their American brethren!—it may be said that Miss Rennie's brief note in the newspaper brought her an inundation of letters. So profoundly were English educators stirred by what she told them of Miss Parkhurst's new system and its success at Dalton that a few months afterward she found it necessary to write a detailed article on the subject, which was published to the extent of several columns in the London *Times*. This proved so convincing that the new system was taken up by the largest elementary school and the largest high school for girls in London, with the result that in the Spring of 1920 Miss E. Bassett, head mistress of Streatham High School, London, came to America to confer with Miss Parkhurst.

IN 1921, two years after the Dalton plan was first adopted by some of the most important schools of London, its success was established to such an extent that members of the London County Council invited Miss Parkhurst to visit England for the purpose of lecturing before bodies of educators, and aiding them to install her system in additional schools. This she did, lecturing two or three times a day, and covering practically all the larger school districts of England.

By this time France, Germany, Sweden, Italy, and other countries had heard of the new departure from former methods of teaching, and Miss Parkhurst's name already was sweeping around the world except the United States. Her books sold by thousands, five large editions being exhausted in England alone.

It is pleasant to record that in each country where the book is published Miss Parkhurst refuses to accept any payment for herself. By terms of contract she dictates, royalty returns are given for experimental work with children, altho not necessarily in connection with her own Dalton plan. In England, as in the United States, however, she stipulates that the author's profits shall be used for aiding crippled children.

Either through ignorance or reckless talk stories were afloat in the Spring of 1924 to the effect that after having tried out Miss Parkhurst's system the Dalton school had found it of little value, and had abandoned it, going back to the former plan of teaching and study. In order to settle this matter an inquiry was sent to Mr. Ernest Jackman, principal of the Dalton High School, who replied as follows:

> I am very glad to answer your questions in regard to the Dalton plan as related to the Dalton High School.
>
> We assumed the change in our school methods in February, 1920 [*sic*]; consequently have been going under the plan over four years. We did not abandon the plan, but modified it somewhat to suit our particular needs. We place heavy emphasis upon the suggestive environment, freedom of movement, and planning of time. The only serious divergence from Miss Parkhurst's original plan lies in the fact that we do not use the type of graphs which she recommended.
>
> The plan does indeed, in general, work very satisfactorily. The effects are readily seen, even by the casual observer, in the intelligent attack upon work, the quality of thinking, the better social attitude, and the general spirit of the school.

The principal of the Dalton High School, it will be noted, writes with restraint, being careful not to overpraise a system of education with which the name of his school now is coupled all over the civilized world; a bit of conservatism characteristic, perhaps, of New England. He recognizes, as do all familiar with Miss Parkhurst's system, that it is sufficiently elastic to be adapted to particular requirements of the individual school and its special problems.

TO SUM up the matter as it appears to one who has undertaken a careful investigation: the Dalton plan makes no attempt whatever to interfere with courses of study. It is equally applicable to the small rural school and to the large school of two or three thousand pupils. Through it part-time and overcrowding may be done away with, when necessary, by having two sets of teachers and two sets of pupils, one using the school-building and equipment in the morning, the second set in the afternoon. It enables the bright, highly intelligent child to go ahead as fast as he or she chooses, without being held back by children whose minds are not so active, or whose physical strength is limited. It provides individual instruction for each child, and also sufficient group work in classes.

Instead of attempting the impossible task of fitting forty children of various grades of ability to one school job, the Dalton plan fits the job to the individual child. It does away with all home-work at least until the final year of high school is reached. And it gives the pupils a freedom of action, an encouragement to individual initiative, which they seldom, if ever, can have under the prevailing system that long ago supplanted the old-time district school and has succeeded in turning the average American public school into a huge machine grinding out a standardized product.

Judging from reports by principals and teachers who have thoroughly tried out Miss Parkhurst's system, there is no question as to its practical value. Here and there a school has been disappointed with it. But in every instance of this kind known to the writer the disappointment resulted because the school tried to adopt the system before it was thoroughly understood, or because some of the teachers, brought up under old-fashioned methods, were so set in their ways as to be positively antagonistic to such a decided change. That grown-up men and women who have accepted with enthusiasm new inventions in other fields of life should balk at the idea of changes in our system of education seems surprising. Yet such seems to be the case.

But in spite of many years of black nights, a new day is at last dawning for our children of school age. May the coming generation be better able to cope with life's duties! They will be better educated, and if they will have found themselves they will be happier and more useful members of society.

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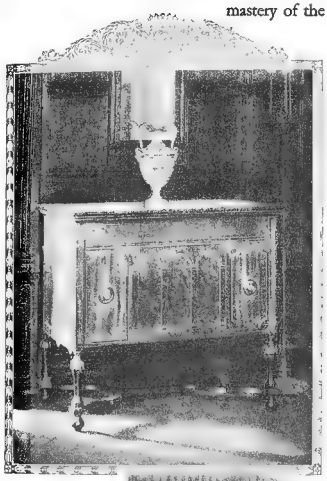
Radio's Superlative Thrill

is embodied in this amazing NEW instrument— The Brunswick Radiola

What it is. Some of the remarkable things it does. How by scientifically combining the reproductive mastery of the Brunswick Phonograph with the supreme receiving devices of the Radio Corporation of America, all previous conceptions of musical mastery of the air have been changed . . . of the ultimate in home entertainment.



Brunswick Radiola No. 160

HERE is an instrument that is literally changing the lives of people—a musical achievement admittedly without parallel.

Starting with the outstanding wonders of radio, it multiplies them.

Educationally, in homes where there are children, it offers a wonderful new world of musical appreciation.

Mechanically, it is so far past the experimental stage that one may acquire it with positive assurance of lasting satisfaction through the years to come.

It combines the thrills of radio's most remarkable achievements — the receiving devices of the Radio Corporation of America—with the internationally acclaimed musical and tonal qualities of the Brunswick Phonograph. It is a radio, a phonograph in one . . . yet, not a "combination" in the sense that you know it.

The superlative in Radio
The supreme in a phonograph—in one!

At a simple turn of a lever, it is the most remarkable of radios. At another turn, it is the supreme in a phonograph—the instrument for which virtually every great artist of the New Hall of Fame now records *exclusively*.

Nothing in music — music in the making, music of the air, the favorite records your heart calls to hear now and again — are thus beyond your reach.

You change no parts to operate it.

Not a makeshift, but a scientific UNIT

It is in nowise a makeshift — simply a radio receiving device in a phonograph cabinet — but the ultimate result of exhaustive laboratory work by acoustical and musical experts of the Radio Corporation of America and of Brunswick. The Brunswick Method of Reproduction has been subsidized to do for radio what it did for phonographic music.

Thus the Brunswick Radiola marks the best that men know in radio; the best that's known in musical reproduction.

Note particularly that it is a scientifically combined unit—not a so-called "combination" radio and phonograph.

The loud speaker unit, the loop antennae, batteries and all the integral parts are built into the instrument itself.

Due to the synchronizing of the Radiola loud speaker with the Brunswick all-wood tone amplifier and two-purpose horn, it attains a beauty of tone, a rich musical quality—*and a clarity that is almost unbelievable.*

Prices as low as $190

Some styles embody the Radiola Super-Heterodyne, others the Radiola Regenoflex, others the Radiola No. 3 and No. 3A. All are obtainable on surprisingly liberal terms of payment.

For a demonstration, call on any Brunswick dealer.

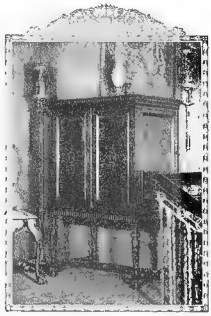
The Brunswick Radiola Super-Heterodyne

—some remarkable features:

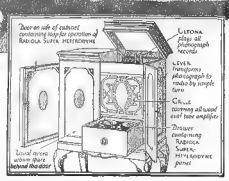
1. Requires no outside antenna—no ground wires. You can move it from room to room—plays wherever you place it.
2. Amazing selectivity permitting you to "cut out" what you don't want to hear and *pick out* instantly what you do. Consider what this means in big centers.
3. Combines the superlative in radio with the superlative in phonographic reproduction—a phonograph and a radio in one.

Remember:

Brunswick now offers the choice of two supreme musical instruments; the Brunswick Phonograph alone without radio, and the Brunswick Radiola, which is a phonograph and a radio in one. Embodied in cabinets expressing the ultimate in fine craftsmanship.



Brunswick Radiola No. 260


Door on side of cabinet containing keys for operation of Radiola Super-Heterodyne
Listens plays all phonograph records
Seven-tube Regenoflex phonograph to radio by simple turn
Circuit matches all-wood cone tone amplifier
Drawer containing Radiola Super-Heterodyne panel
Loud speaker unit in sliding door behind the door

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THE BRUNSWICK-BALKE-COLLENDER CO.
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The Sign of Musical Prestige

Brunswick

PHONOGRAPHS • RECORDS • RADIOLAS

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SIX-ROOM HOUSE NO. 636 *Designed for the Service Dept., American Face Brick Assn.*

One of the 154 small Face Brick houses for which complete building plans are available at nominal cost. Home-builders have purchased more than 300 sets of these plans in four years

Why It Pays to Use Face Brick

IT IS NOT so much what it costs to build a house as what it costs to keep it up that determines its real value as a home-building investment.

A Face Brick house costs from 6% to 10% more than one of less durable materials. But in a few years, savings in depreciation, repairs and upkeep, in insurance rates, and fuel costs, more than offset this difference.

Thus it is that, in the longrun, you get the beauty, permanence and fire safety of the Face Brick house at an actual dollars and cents saving.

"The Story of Brick," free for the asking, gives you the facts. Read it and you will know why so many Face Brick houses are being built in all parts of the country.

"Face Brick Bungalow and Small House Plans" are issued in four booklets, showing 3 to 4-room houses, 5-room houses, 6-room houses, and 7 to 8-room houses, in all 104, each reversible with a different exterior design. These designs are unusual and distinctive, combined with convenient interiors and economical construction. The entire set for one dollar. Any one of the booklets, 25 cents.

We have the complete working drawings, specifications, and masonry quantity estimates at nominal prices.

"The Home of Beauty" shows fifty two-story houses selected from 350 designs submitted by architects in a nation-wide competition. Sent for 50 cents. Complete working drawings, specifications, and quantity estimates at nominal prices.

"The Home Fires," a most attractive fireplace book, with many designs, gives full directions for fireplace construction. Sent for 25 cents.

Perhaps you have a good old house to repaint or restucco. Better give it a permanent overcoat of beautiful Face Brick. It will last. Send for free booklet, **"A New House for the Old."** It will tell you all about it.

Address, American Face Brick Association, 1726 Peoples Life Building, Chicago, Illinois.

In the Spotlight for Forty Years

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 26

to Mr. Frohman by Mr. Haggard. The Brady play is an unauthorized version of 'She,'" and so forth. This was not the truth, literally, for Haggard had failed properly to copyright the novel in the United States and in consequence had no American rights to convey to anybody. In brief, the book was public property. Anybody could use it.

I strutted up to McGeachey like a bantam rooster, and, pushing out my lower jaw in the most approved pugilistic style, demanded:

"Are you McGeachey?"

"Yes; what about it?"

I didn't land on his jaw, but I landed on his ears with the worst string of billingsgate you ever heard in your life.

"I represent Charles Frohman," urged McGeachey.

"Yes, and you've come out here to ruin me. I'm going to break your blooming neck right now."

He took me at my word, and started running down those fifteen flights of stairs. He never stopped till he got to the bottom. I know, for, like a dog, I watched him, over the top banister, negotiate his rapid, spiral descent until he seemed to disappear into the bowels of the earth. Nevertheless the advertisement McGeachey had prepared came out next day unchanged.

"Who is the best lawyer in town?" I asked the hotel clerk.

"W. W. Irwin," said he.

I called on that gentleman. It was my first experience with lawyers. Mr. Irwin was a tall, distinguished-looking man, closely resembling Roger A. Pryor. I began with customary abruptness.

"My name's Brady. I've got a troupe coming here next week to play 'She.'" I handed him the *Globe*. "What can I do to the man that wrote that advertisement?"

"How far do you want to go, Mr. Brady?"

"Far as the law allows."

"According to the laws of the State of Minnesota I should call that criminal libel."

"What can I do to him?"

"For five hundred dollars I'll have him arrested. For fifteen hundred dollars I'll have him indicted."

I got out the faithful old black valise and counted out fifteen hundred dollars in certificates of deposit on New York, and said: "Go to it."

McGeachey was snatched out of his bed that evening and locked up, but subsequently released under ten thousand dollars bail, which Frohman furnished. Next morning every newspaper in America, almost, came out with:

"Highbinder from the West"—meaning me—"Puts Frohman's Representative in jail"—and so on.

I HAD contemplated bringing "She" all the way to New York, but found, on reaching Chicago, that the public in that city and in other towns between Chicago and New York had been fed up on the play by the vastly superior Frohman company. So I shelved it, putting in its place my old California success "After Dark."

The fame of "After Dark" had preceded me. The theatrical fraternity were beginning to talk about "this guy Brady from the West," which did not detract from the "nerve" which had always been mine. So, having played Chicago to the limit, I made a bee-line for New York with "After Dark." We opened at Harry Miner's People's Theater on the Bowery.

It was the opening night. I was in my dressing-room making up for my first professional appearance in the metropolis. There came a knock at the door.

"Aha!" thought I. "Some flatterer to congratulate me and then suggest that a

CONTINUED ON PAGE 94

Five Foot Colonial

Daintiest of all our Grands. Smaller Grands are built, but at a sacrifice of tone, touch and line incompatible with *Ivers & Pond* standards. Larger Grands require money and space your needs may not call for. Send for our catalogue describing this and other Grands, Uprights and Players.

Ivers & Pond PIANOS

are used in over 500 educational institutions and 70,000 homes. Built today, as from the first, in *but one quality the best*—with continuity of proprietorship and of artistic ideals, they represent the farthest advance in fine piano building. Every intending buyer should have our catalogue. *Write for it.*

How to Buy

Where no dealer sells them we ship IVERS & POND pianos direct from the factory. The piano must please or it returns at our expense for Railroad freight. Liberal allowance for old pianos in exchange. Attractive easy payment plans.

Fill out and send this coupon to

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171 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass.
Please mail me your new catalogue and valuable information to buyers.

Name.....

Address.....

Model C—42 inch Screw Cover. Three other Models from $315 up. (Freight Extra.)

Kiddie-Koop Saves Money and Worry

Modern mothers use Kiddie-Koop first at bassinet with springs in upper position; then as indoor or outdoor crib and playpen through all crib years. They save cost of separate articles.

Attractive in nursery, living room or garage. Most healthful and safe for baby; greatest comfort and help to mother.

Write today for free illustrated folder and names of Kiddie-Koop dealers. THE KIDDIE-KOOP MFG. CO., 449 Central Avenue, Dayton, Ky. Also makers of the baby Bathinette.

(The name-plate your protection against substitutes)

MAKE ONE OF THESE A MEMORIAL

KIDDIE-KOOP
The Modern CRIB Bassinet Playpen

CLAY CLOTHES DRIER

Delicate clothing goes electrically clean, fluffy and sweet. Holds as much as 10 lbs. wet. Folds up as umbrella to store away 18 in. long. Revolves in 12 ft. space. No dragging of basket. A convenience Durable, economical. Fully guaranteed. Postpaid, Cincinnati, $2.00. Write for complete Circular. Agents Wanted. HOWE GATE COMPANY, Cedar Falls, Iowa.

Mothers!!

"LITTLE TODDY" is the most practical health promoting, labor saving boon and travel necessity for the baby and small child. Fits securely any large toilet seat; is collapsible, attractively finished, highly sanitary. Does away with unpleasant work. WOMEN REPRESENTATIVES Wanted Everywhere. Write today JUVENILE WOOD PRODUCTS, Inc., Dept. 23, Fort Wayne, Indiana.

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For the Best Reasons Why
SKINNER'S *is The Superior*
MACARONI
SPAGHETTI
AND PURE
EGG NOODLES
PARTICULARS IN FREE BOOKLET. DUPLICATE PRIZES IF TIES.
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Savory
KITCHEN BOUQUET
Adds rich color and delicious flavor to soups, gravies, stews, sauces and meat dishes. Prepared from the aromatic juices of fresh garden vegetables. Pure, wholesome, nourishing.
To Chef's Flavouring for Home Cooking

If your grocer can't supply you send 10c for generous size sample bottle. Recipe folder sent free.
KITCHEN BOUQUET, Inc.
522 Fifth Ave., New York

Own Your Own Tea Room

And Earn a Fine Income

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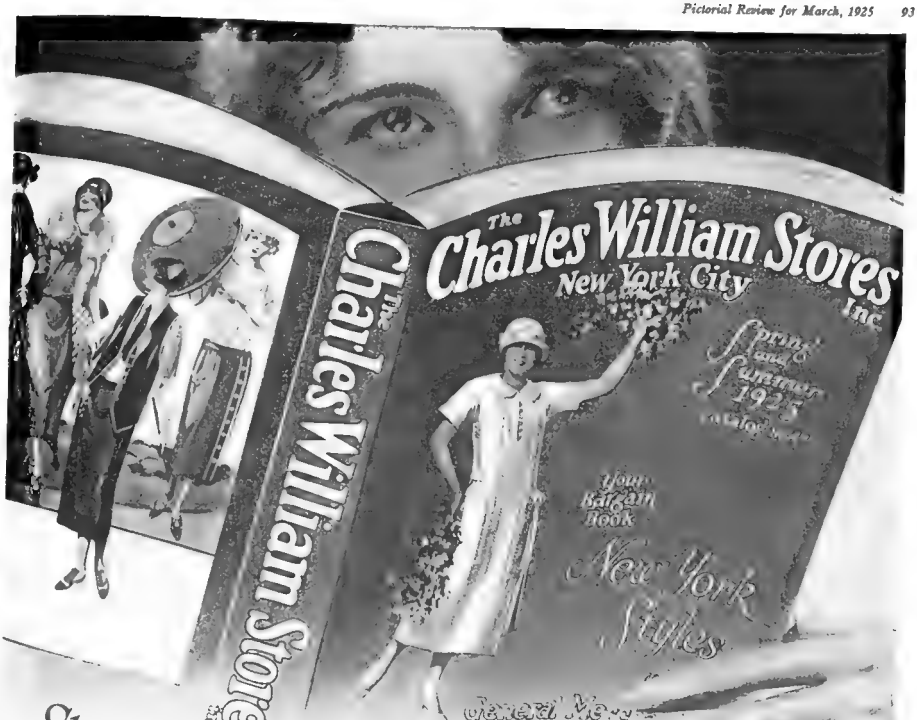

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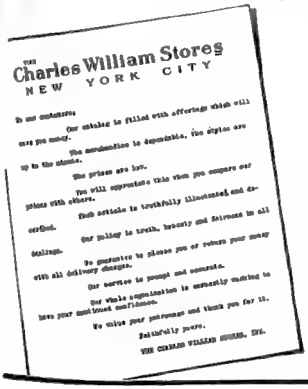

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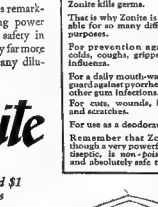

In the Spotlight for Forty Years

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pair of seats would be available." But it proved to be no flatterer. On the contrary, in walked a little shrimp of a process-server. The sinister-looking gentleman pushed a massive document into my hand. It must have contained a hundred pages. I glanced at the title —"Augustin Daly *versus* William A. Brady." It was a motion for an injunction temporarily restraining me from producing "After Dark," demanding damages, and so on. Imagine my feelings! A youngster, knowing little or nothing of law, but having a kind of superstitious respect for the same, with a thing like that thrust upon me just as I was about to go on the stage on my opening night! It was as if an undertaker had poked his head in at the door and said: "Brady, you're next."

Thus began the famous case of Daly *versus* Brady: thirteen years of suspense, more or less devitalizing acrimony; no end of energy spent; sixty thousand dollars in money paid out by one side only; diversion from other matters that might have proved profitable to both Daly and me. Did it pay?

THE theater-manager, or any manager of halls or grounds where large assemblages obtain, is never free from certain haunting fears—the worst of which is fire. There is nothing more terrible. But the terribleness of it is due almost wholly to the lack of self-control in the ordinary audience. I believe if a theater were filled with sailors or soldiers it could, in case of a fire, be emptied without the loss of a single life.

And such is the sensitiveness of an audience that one must not even suggest the possibility of a fire in admonishing his people to be calm in case of an accident. For illustration, you will notice the Fire Commissioner of New York, in warning audiences to avoid a rush, never uses the expression "in case of *fire*." It is always "in case of *emergency*."

Every theater-manager prays devoutly that he will never be visited by such a horror. Such was my prayer. And it has been answered so far as any theater of my own was concerned. But it fell to my lot to take an active part in one of the greatest theater tragedies that ever happened—the Iroquois catastrophe of Chicago.

My company was playing "The Pit," by Frank Norris, at the Garrick Theater in Chicago, with Wilton Lackaye in the star part. A short block away was the Iroquois—Klaw & Erlanger's theater. The house-owner manager was William J. Davis—husband of Jessie Bartlett Davis, the famous contralto with the Bostonians—and a fine fellow. It was the day before New-year and bitterly cold. Both houses were packed with regular holiday audiences. I had been standing in the lobby of my theater until the curtain went up, then sauntered over to the Iroquois. There I met Harry Powers, one of the staff and a person of authority. Said Powers:

"Come on in, Bill, and see a house that will do your heart good to look at."

We went in and took seats in a box. It was a typical holiday audience—one that would do your heart good, as Powers had said. The house was literally packed with young men, young women, girls, old men, children—for it was a matinée—everybody smiling and happy.

In a few moments I started back to my own theater. I was half-way down the block when some man rushed up and grabbed me.

"Good God! The Iroquois is on fire!"

I dashed back toward the theater. Through the large glass windows of the lobby I saw a thin sheet of flame curling around in the shape of a figure eight. It is curious how, under so fierce a tumult of the emotions as I experienced at that moment, insignificant details are impressed on the memory. For instance, I noted the treasurer of the theater getting his money together, putting it in a box, and carrying it away.

Altho I had left the theater but a few moments before, and everything was orderly and joyous, I was now in the midst of a frightful stampede. It was as if I had been plunged into a nightmare without any warning. There were the most terrible yells and shrieks and cries of agony and fear coming from the theater. One will wonder why this miracle was wrought, for a fire moves slowly, even a theater fire—but more of that later on.

Being a trained theater man, I acted on my first impulse. Wrapping my coat over my mouth, I ran into the lobby and dragged out three or four persons who had fallen underneath the crush—for everybody who could escape was fleeing. I tried to go back the fifth time, but was pushed out by a policeman. I told him who I was, but it made no difference. The police lined up in front and kept everybody from going in. It was frightful. We had to stand there and see people overcome, trampled on, die in awful agony.

I saw a tramp—a fellow with no collar—a week's growth of beard—dash into the crowd and, again and again, drag out women and children. He must have saved fifty or sixty persons, and would have saved more if the police, acting under orders, had not thrown him out.

A man whom I knew rushed out of the theater and stopped as he saw me.

"Brady, God knows how many are alive in there—God only knows how many will be burned up!"

As I stood there, speechless, I saw girls in ballet-skirts crawl out of coal-holes in front of the theater, evidently having made their escape from the holocaust by subterranean passages. As I say, the horror of it all held me for a few moments. Then I realized that my own audience was but a short block away and must be protected by all means. Particularly must I make it impossible for any one to communicate to those people in there what was going on at the Iroquois.

I DASHED back to the Garrick. As good luck would have it, the first act was still on there. No one had come out. I found J. J. Shubert in the lobby and told him what had happened. There were two great doors to the Garrick, an inner and an outer door, about forty feet apart. It was this distance between the two doors which prevented any one in my audience from learning what was going on beyond the street door. I told Shubert not to admit any one beyond the outer door—not a soul. Then I hurried back behind the scenes and told Wilton Lackaye what was happening, admonishing him to use his wits to the utmost to keep the people from leaving the theater between the acts.

"For if they go out, Will," said I, "I can not let them back. And their people inside would wonder what had happened to them. You know what will occur if once this audience gets wind of what is going on down the block—there will be a panic that may cost as many will be a panic that may cost as many lives as the Iroquois is losing now." It was more than six hundred.

Wilton Lackaye has played many a hero in his career, but he never played so real a hero as he did on that occasion. The man's heart was breaking within him. The scenes of the awful tragedy being enacted almost next door were in his vision all the time. Yet he pulled himself together, did his part in the play, and at the end of each act went out in front of the curtain and, with that horror constantly before his mind's eye, consoled and told the audience funny

CONTINUED ON PAGE 97

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In the Spotlight for Forty Years

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 94

stories in his best—one might say his almost mockhaint Lackaye manner. Then, as the curtain would rise, Lackaye would resume his part in the play. Not even one of his fellow actors suspected that the man was suffering indescribable agony through it all. He did this for three successive acts. His power, his wit as a story-teller kept every soul in the theater in his seat.

Having posted Lackaye, I went out front again and took my stand at the outer door, sending Jake Shubert to guard the inner door. I was a small man but a very determined one. I realized that it was up to us two to keep persons from going into the theater. We could summon no help, for the police were all at the Iroquois. Furthermore, I knew that persons hearing of the catastrophe might rush to our theater to see if their beloved ones were with us. And it was so. Lord knows what might have happened if any considerable number of our audience had gone out and, learning what was happening in the next block, become panic-stricken and rushed back to get into the house to bring their people out. We might not have been able to stem the tide, and there would have been a still more frightful catastrophe at the Garrick.

SHUBERT and I held the fort from 2:45 to 5 o'clock, and it was some task. Not a soul was allowed to enter the theater, tho many made desperate attempts to do so. By 3:30 all of Chicago knew what was happening. And fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, and friends of people who had gone to the matinée that afternoon were crowding around the Garrick, half mad with anxiety, not knowing whether their loved ones were in the Iroquois or the Garrick.

As I stood there along came Harry Powers, whom I have mentioned as one of the owners of the Iroquois. His wife and children were in a box at the Garrick.

"Bill," he urged, "I must go in there and bring my people out."

"You can't do it, Harry—you can't bring anybody out. Other men's wives and children are in there."

"But I'm a trained theater man—I wouldn't let anybody know," he urged.

I shut my jaws tight. "Not a soul goes into this theater."

Then up rushed a gray-bearded old gentleman—looked like a bank president.

"I want to go in there."

"You can't," said I.

"But my wife and children are in there." Same protest—same answer:

"Other men's wives and children are in there."

"What do you mean?"

"You might create a panic in there." He drew himself up.

"Don't I look as if I had common sense?"

"You can't tell what you'd do. If you got inside that door you might forget everything and shout to your wife and children to come out. I know. I've seen men act like that. There'd be a panic—a stampede—nothing under God's heaven could stop it."

The old man clutched my hand.

"You're right," he said. "You're right. I'll stand by you."

Up rushed Charles F. Murphy—not the former Tammany chief—red-whiskered, flashy.

"You let me in there, Bill Brady."

"You can't go in there."

"My daughter is in there. By Heaven! I will go in."

He made as if to force his way by me. The old gentleman who had himself tried to get in stepped to my side, brandishing a heavy stick over Murphy's head. He said: "You're not going in there. He is right. I'll brain you if you try it."

This is only a sample of the work I had to do to keep desperate persons from forcing their way into the house. But no sooner did I convince one of these impetuous persons that I was right than he immediately took sides with me and helped me hold the fort.

At 5:30 our audience began to come out. As they did so they were perplexed, amazed at what they saw. For the lobby was crowded with hundreds of persons —desperate men and women waiting to see if their loved ones had been in our house or in the Iroquois. Fathers would rush up and grab their girls in their arms; mothers would look and look until every soul had left the house, then turn away sobbing piteously, awfully. I shall never forget it if I live a thousand years. By contrast with this were the hysterical yells—shrieks of joy of those who clasped their loved ones in their arms.

I was the only one who had a definite theory as to the cause of the holocaust —I won't say "fire." For, remember, the interior of the house was in such condition that it might have been played in the following night. It was only necessary to dry the seats.

The ignorance, or stupidity, or criminal carelessness of some people was responsible for the tragedy. A drop in the left entrance caught fire from the calcium-light. There were a hundred and fifty of these hanging pieces, or drops —all highly inflammable, covered with chemical preparations which, under sufficient heat, emitted a noxious gas. Some one at the first suggestion of danger, thinking only of his own precious hide, rushed out, leaving open the great, high scenery door. There was an inrush of cold air.

The crime was that the skylight, which is customarily left open for just such a contingency, was closed; it being a terribly cold day. Otherwise the aforesaid noxious gas would have been carried up by the draft, and the people, realizing the danger, would have been able to leave their seats and get out of the house in time to escape the danger which they saw in the burning scenery—for, as I have said, any theater can be emptied in three minutes. But there being no means of emission in the roof, the deadly gas was blown outward over the footlights into the audience. Very few of those people were burned to death. They were asphyxiated by the deadly gas. Yes, thank God, it was all done so quickly that they were dead before they knew what was happening to them.

THAT was quite a while back, that Iroquois disaster. Since then a great deal of water has flowed under the bridge, as the poet says—water both bitter and sweet. And again, since then, I have suffered most all of the ills that the managerial flesh is heir to, and enjoyed many of the blessings thereof. In a word, the world owes me little. I've had many hard knocks and, on the other hand, have achieved many a success. With most managers ups and downs are about as frequent, about as alternating, as the ups and downs of an elevator man. Of course there must be more ups, if that apparent paradox be physically possible, than downs, or many of us would cease to exist as producers.

During the time I have been in the spotlight, as the editor puts it, I have been associated with hundreds of persons, including many famous actors, great actors and actresses, and have been identified with the production of many notable plays. Also I have known, in a business way, famous prize-fighters, wrestlers, bicyclists, cake-walkers—in brief, athletes and artists of all kinds and descriptions. I have met freaks from all countries.

It is wonderful, the great and small people one is brought into contact with in his managerial capacity. In that capacity and often as an individual bent on

CONTINUED ON PAGE 98

The girl who was raised to be a beauty

by Carrie Blanchard

THE LOVELIEST GIRL IN AMERICA stood before me. She *was* beautiful! Slender, clear-eyed, smiling, with a complexion—a real complexion—that almost made me gasp. I had come to learn her "secrets of beauty." Her mother laughed when I asked the question.

"I am afraid Ruth's 'beauty secrets' are not very thrilling," Mrs. Malcomson said. "Fresh air, exercise, plenty of sleep, wholesome food—just the things which everyone recognizes as necessary."

Just the things which everyone recognizes! Simple rules, perhaps, but from my work I know how few, how very few, put these things into practice.

"And have you observed these rules?" I asked.

"Yes, always," she said. "You see, from the very first, I wanted Ruth to be beautiful. So we have not taken any chances. I think carelessness in apparently small details often means the difference between success and failure. Ruth has never tasted coffee or tea, for instance—because the best authorities condemned them. I haven't been an exacting mother, either—Ruth has had a mighty good time. But the things I have encouraged her to do have been so sensible that they have fallen in naturally."

It pleased me particularly that Mrs. Malcomson said this—for this is a point I have always made! There isn't a single thing necessary to attaining our best which is unnatural or "faddish." Of course, every girl cannot be a Ruth Malcomson, but every girl *can* make the most of her own possibilities—yet so few do! Beauty doesn't just happen! It is developed! And so much depends on what we eat and drink!

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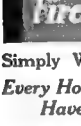

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Here is just what you have always wanted a complete combination electric range and fireless cooker! Gives you all the advantages of electricity plus the economy and convenience of fireless cooking! Automatic Control Box shuts off electricity at the right time and cooking or roasting continues on fireless cooking principle. Fuel saving, work-saving, time-saving and wonderful in better baked more delicious meals.

NO SPECIAL WIRING *Works Off a Home Lighting Circuit*

Here's What It Will Do For You

Roasts all roast meats—fowls and fish. Only uses electricity about 1-3 of the usual time. Cooks *all vegetables*—eight medium sized potatoes use electricity 8 to 12 minutes. Does *all baking*. Cake uses electricity about 12 to 15 minutes. A boiled ham uses electricity 30 to 35 minutes. Cooks a boiled dinner complete—using electricity about 40 minutes. Fries, Toasts, Stews, makes coffee, boils tea kettle — no other stove needed. Will do anything any range will do.

With this range you can do all your cooking under the perfect heat control of electricity and yet at a cost that is only one-third of what it would be if a regular electric cook stove were used.

Has double electric grill on top for frying, cooking, etc., a deep 17 inch oven for baking, roasting, etc., and a big electrically heated fireless cooker compartment. Oven big enough to hold a large turkey or three loaves of bread. Slow, fast, or medium heat.

Entire range lined with aluminum—rust-proof and easy to keep clean. *No special wiring necessary.* Attach to any lamp socket or wall plug. On casters, move anywhere. All complete, ready to use when you receive it.

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Write today for big illustrated catalog and my introductory offer, special low price for a limited time only. My price will amaze you. Selling direct gives you big savings! Cash or easy payments.

THE WILLIAM CAMPBELL CO., 1003 Union Ave., Alliance, O.
Canadian Address: Georgetown, Ontario

In the Spotlight for Forty Years

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 97

pleasure I have traveled broadly both in America and in Europe. In both countries I have met many people. I have had a chance to study all kinds and conditions of men from different angles—have observed humanity at its best and at its worst, for I have mixed in with the highest and with the lowest. Of the former I might say that I have had a speaking acquaintance with every President of the United States since the days of Cleveland. But that's another story.

After having been forty years in the spotlight and having gone through an infinitude of experiences both startling and mediocre, I have concluded that the only thing that gives perfect satisfaction is to be ever on the alert—always on the job, as they say—and to do one's level best to do a good piece of work—deliver the goods. Lincoln once said, "I can't guarantee to win the war, but I can guarantee to do the best I can to win the war." I can't guarantee always to deliver the goods, but I can guarantee to do the best I can to deliver the goods.

Another thing I have learned, and that's a thing which might be crystallized into the following rule of conduct: Don't be afraid to fight for your rights. But be good and sure that they are your rights before you begin to fight for them. Otherwise it is a hundred-to-one shot that you'll lose your money and your morale as well. Take it from one who knows. Another rule—absolutely essential to success: Be on the square with those you deal with; keep your word; help the under dog when you can. Above all, never "take it lying down" from any one—no matter how big he is. For, as one of my pugilists used to say, "The bigger he is the easier he is to put down for the count."

Perhaps the best thing I've got out of being in the spotlight for forty years is that I can travel through this country and the best parts of Europe and be greeted everywhere as just Bill Brady.

THE END

Mrs. Edward MacDowell

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27

to introduce them to America, and in order to inspire these women and stimulate them to greater effort through widespread recognition and national appreciation, Pictorial Review has offered an annual award of $5,000 to the American woman who makes the most valuable contribution to American life during the year.

The conditions of the award are simple, and they are but four in number. The achievement for which the award is bestowed must be national in its scope. It must have received the recognition of an appreciable number of people distinguished in the particular field. The work must have been completed or must have reached its highest point of success within the year for which the award is given. And it is desirable that it be original.

Twenty-one men and women of diversified interests, and each a person of distinction in his or her particular field, were asked to act as judges. Recommendations were made on blanks furnished for the purpose by Pictorial Review. The judges were asked to consider, in bestowing the award, the actual record of the candidate, without regard to the number of people recommending her. No one connected with Pictorial Review, directly or indirectly, is eligible for the award or has anything to do with the decision, which is entirely in the hands of the judges.

Thus it will be seen that every effort has been made to keep the award on a

CONTINUED ON PAGE 100

it means less work

Sani-Flush has made cleaning the toilet bowl easier than any other household task. Simply sprinkle Sani-Flush into the bowl—follow directions on the can—and flush. Then watch how quickly and thoroughly it does its wonderful work. The bowl is white and shining.

Sani-Flush removes every mark, stain and incrustation. It cleans the hidden, unhealthful trap. It destroys all foul odors. It leaves the entire toilet clean and sanitary.

Sani-Flush will not harm plumbing connections. Always keep a can handy in the bathroom.

Buy Sani-Flush at your grocery, drug or hardware store, or send 25c for a full-size can.

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Just 17c a day pays for this Beautiful Chair

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Home Furnishings
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Dr. Lis Hand-Made Infant's Wear

Layettes of softest materials, exquisitely fashioned by French needlewomen. Quality guaranteed.

Send For This Dress—

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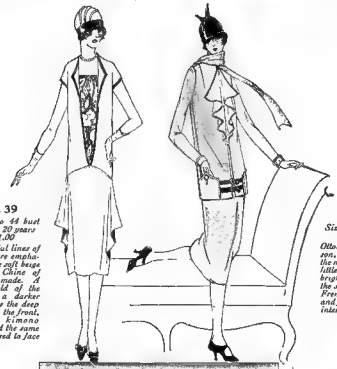
Modèle Parisien

Un Service Exclusif

The advance models illustrated on this page comprise a *chic* collection specially selected by our personal representative resident in Paris through an exclusive arrangement with the greatest *couturiers* of the *Champs Elysées*, *Rue de la Paix*, and *Place Vendôme*. To meet the requirements of those who demand the most advanced creations of the Paris world of fashion Modèle Parisien Patterns will be shown on this page every month. The first collection of models appeared in the December issue.



No. 39

Sizes 34 to 44 bust and 16 to 20 years—$1.00

The graceful lines of the frock are emphasized by the soft beige crêpe de Chine of which it is made. A narrow fold of the crêpe in a darker shade edges the deep opening in the front, the short kimono sleeves, and the same shade is used to face the skirt.

No. 38

Sizes 34 to 44 bust and 16 to 20 years—$1.00

Ottoman, a favorite of the season, in a soft shade of grey, is the material chosen for this chic little suit. Double belts of bright red leather coming from the side pockets are a strictly French touch. The scarf collar and jabot of white Georgette are interesting features.

Marque de Distinction

To give that *distingué* touch of finality —that supreme *cachet* of authority— this specially designed label in silk is included free of charge with every Modèle Parisien Pattern. You can then sew it into whatever garment you have made and be proud to display it to your friends.

No. 43

Sizes 34 to 44 bust and 16 to 20 years—$1.00

A chic touch is given to this frock of black satin by folds of ecru satin edging the pockets on the sides of the straight skirt. Beneath these pockets a modish flare is obtained by the loose side pieces.

No. 40

Sizes 34 to 44 bust and 16 to 20 years—$1.00

Brown silk fringe appears as a novel edging to the jaunty tiers of this imported model of checked kashir, and borders the short sleeves and smart scarf collar. The side closing extends from the left shoulder seam.

No. 41

Sizes 34 to 44 bust and 16 to 20 years—$1.00

Ottoman in a putty shade with Roman-striped ribbon for girdle, sleeves and collar, was chosen for this frock. The box-plaits illustrate a new feature in design, and are particularly smart when used in this way.

No. 37

Sizes 34 to 44 bust and 16 to 20 years—$1.00

An edging of darker green crêpe emphasizes the design of this model, which is developed in wood-green kashir. As an offset to the long lines of the upper part of the frock, the short tunic fulfills its mission.

Advance patterns of these special models are on sale at all leading merchants under the name of

Modèle Parisien Patterns
Price $1.00 Each

If your favorite store does not yet carry them, place your order with that store or send direct to

MODÈLE PARISIEN PATTERNS
220 West 39th Street
New York

No. 42

Sizes 34 to 44 bust and 16 to 20 years—$1.00

The trimming of this frock is on the skirt, and consists of loose overparlance of transparent crêpe cut in points, and edged with lace.

No. 44

Sizes 34 to 42 bust and 16 to 20 years—$1.00

The desired flare is given to this model of salmon-pink satin by squares of pink chiffon caught to the skirt by one corner, and hanging loose.

Special Subscription Offer to Exclusive Dressmakers

In response to many requests from exclusive dressmakers, we offer a special yearly subscription consisting of individual fashion cards for each Modèle Parisien design together with handsome art leatherette binder for only $6.00.

Fill in coupon below for sample fashion card and details, or send $6.00 and receive this exclusive service immediately.

Modèle Parisien Patterns, 220 W. 39th St., New York.
Enclosed find $6.00 for one year's subscription for Modèle Parisien designs, or please send without charge, sample card and details.

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May Breath Free

Present coupon at your store

What a Story

Women could tell about men's breath

How millions now avoid the grave offense of bad breath

You carry a sweet breath with you this new way

NO man would knowingly offend with bad breath. But nine out of ten do, unconsciously, at one time or another.

Yet but few realize that fact. You never know when your own breath is bad. Only those with whom you come in contact do, and no one ever tells you.

Smoking causes bad breath. So do stomach disorders. Certain foods and drinks are constant offenders. Or it may be food decaying between the teeth, or an unnoticed gum disorder.

* * * *

Now there is new, scientific protection. Millions are turning to it, for it affords absolute immunity in an amazingly simple manner.

The name is May Breath, an antiseptic mouth wash *in tablet form*. Not a mere perfume that merely cries out your effort at concealment. Not a liquid that you can only use at home.

Dissolve a single tablet in your mouth. Your breath is instantly purified.

Every odor, whether from mouth or stomach, is combated; your breath made sweet and pure.

In your pocket

May Breath is packed in thin enameled boxes. Carry a box with you always . . . . you never know when you'll need one.

Never pay a social call, never go to a dance or theatre, never risk close contact with others without being sure your breath will not offend.

That's simply good manners. Bad breath used to be unavoidable. Today, as everyone knows, it's become unpardonable.

A box free

We will gladly send you a box free. May Breath, we know, will delight you. Tear out the coupon now and mail it.

Your charm

Is destroyed if the breath offends. A May Breath avoids that risk.

In your home

Be as careful as you are with friends. Insure sweet breath.

Spring odors

One May Breath tablet brings that added charm.

May Breath is now on sale in Canada

15c and 25c

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Fill in your name, then present this coupon to any druggist for a 15c box of May Breath free. He will charge to us.

Name .....

Address .....

TO DRUGGISTS: Redeem all these coupons you get, as per our offer, send to us as they accumulate, and we will pay you 15 cents each in cash.

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1104 So. Wabash Ave., Chicago
Canadian Branch: 191 George St., Toronto
Only one box to a family.

Mrs. MacDowell

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 98

high plane, and to make it of real value to the recipient as well as to the American people.

By the votes of sixteen of the twenty-one judges the award for the year 1923 has been bestowed upon Mrs. Edward MacDowell, widow of the eminent composer—in the estimation of many critics, both here and abroad, the greatest composer America has produced. He has been described as "the most serious, the most scholarly, the most inspired, and probably the most thoroughly sophisticated of American composers." Mrs. MacDowell's achievement consists in the establishment at Peterborough, N. H., of a colony where creative artists—musicians, painters, and writers—can live in ideal environment at the nominal cost of ten dollars a week. It is the only colony of its kind in America. In fact it is the only one in the world.

For a number of reasons the bestowal of the award on Mrs. MacDowell has given very general gratification, not only on the part of those who are responsible for it, but on the part of thousands of people who have no interest in it except that of true Americans interested in the future of our great nation.

It is interesting to note that not one of the judges knows Mrs. MacDowell intimately and but three or four of them have seen met her. This shows that her work was appraised and the award was made truly on the merits of her accomplishment and not because of any personal interest in her or of any sentimental leaning toward the work she is doing.

Only one of the judges, Madam Louise Homer, is a musician or is specifically interested in music. Among them are scientists, sociologists, editors, educators, presidents of organizations of varied interests, writers in several fields, the president of the Painters and Sculptors' Association of America, and a great actress. Such a jury could have, as a whole, no leaning, no bias, consciously or unconsciously.

NOW, the great significant fact of the decision, as it has impressed many thoughtful people, is that a jury of twenty-one distinguished Americans, careful, conscientious, thoughtful men and women from various walks of life, interested in a dozen different lines of activities, and thinking along as many different lines, should be practically agreed that the one outstanding need in America, if we are to grow and progress, in the finest and highest way, is a stimulation of the creative impulse. This is the channel through which America is to find herself. This is the road upon which she is to travel to her greatest destiny.

Are we crude and commercially minded and materialistic? If the decision of these eminent judges is an indication of how America herself feels about it, the answer is no. These high-minded, impersonal, fine-spirited men and women have said through the award of Mrs. MacDowell for the first year's award, that the soul of America is striving to be free, to express itself. And, what is even more significant than that, they have said that America wants to give it a chance to express itself. Could any decision have struck a higher note than this?

Never have busy people, laboring under the stress of weighty personal responsibilities, taken a labor of love more seriously than the judges took the rendering of this decision. They did not make their selection carelessly. Several hundred women were recommended for the award, and every name was placed before every judge, together with the data concerning the candidate furnished by those making the recommendations.

In the process of eliminating those who

CONTINUED ON PAGE 102

Beauty

A Gleamy Mass of Hair

35c "Danderine" does Wonders for Any Girl's Hair

Girls! Try this! When combing and dressing your hair, just moisten your hair-brush with a little "Danderine" and brush it through your hair. The effect is startling! You can do your hair up immediately and it will appear twice as thick and heavy—a mass of gleamy hair, sparkling with life and possessing that incomparable softness, freshness and luxuriance.

While beautifying the hair "Danderine" is also toning and stimulating each single hair to grow thick, long and strong. Hair stops falling out and dandruff disappears. Get a bottle of "Danderine" at any drug or toilet counter and just see how healthy and youthful your hair appears after this delightful, refreshing dressing.

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—*A Beautiful Home Art*

PAINTING with sealing wax is a favorite among home crafts because it is so fascinating, bright, inexpensive, and useful. It is easy to make plain articles—such as ink-shakers, or ordinary objects of glass, pottery, or paper—into things of real beauty. Get a copy today of

SEALING WAX CRAFT

—from stationers, department stores, or many druggists; or send ten cents direct to Dennison's, Department 3-C, Framingham, Mass. (A set of patterns for painting is also ten cents.)

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A Variety of Designs Including a Quilt Protector and Pillow

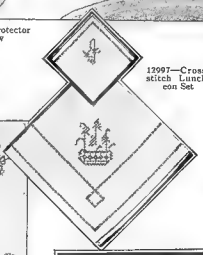
The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12999, blue or yellow, 20 cents—9d, furnishes 1 and 1 reverse of 7 motifs and 2 each of 10 motifs to be embroidered in simple stitches such as lazy-daisy, stem, outline, solid satin and French knots. All of the motifs are small and dainty, making the pattern an exceptionally useful one.

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 13001, blue or yellow, 25 cents—1/, furnishes appliqué motifs to decorate two pairs of curtains. On unbleached muslin the motifs are especially effective with the flowers made of pink and white check gingham and lavender linen, the basket of brown linen and the leaves of green. Cutting guides are provided for the appliqué.

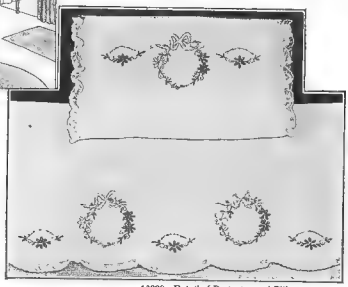
13000—Quilt Protector and Pillow

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 13000, blue or yellow, 40 cents—1/6, furnishes 6 yards of border and 6 yards of scallop designed for a boudoir set consisting of a quilt protector and pillow slip. Pastel colors may be blended in any color arrangement that is pleasing. The roses are pretty in yellow, rose, blue and violet, each embroidered in two shades of a color, with yellow or brown for the centers. It is more effective to use the darker shade near the center and the lighter one at the outer edge. Maize, rose, and lavender may be used for the other flowers. *Directions for making this set are included.*

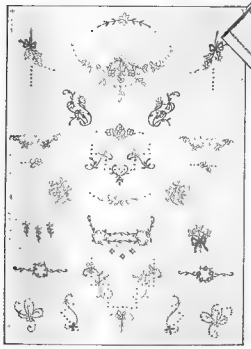
The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12997, blue only, 40 cents—1/6, supplies the shape and design for a luncheon set consisting of a 36-inch cloth and six 12-inch napkins, together with a chart for color placing. The design is developed in cross-stitch and French knots. Yellow, orange, and black threads are very smart on white linen. The edges may be finished with narrow lace.



12997—Cross-stitch Luncheon Set



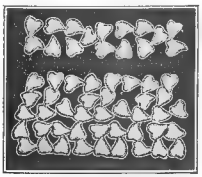
13000—Detail of Protector and Pillow



12999—Dainty Sprays and Motifs

13001—Appliqué Motifs on Curtains

13002 –Cross-stitch Motifs



12998—Appliqué Borders

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12998, blue or yellow, 40 cents—1/6, furnishes two yards each of two borders 3 and 6¾ inches wide to be developed in appliqué. Two yards of extra border are included for cutting guides. The borders were designed especially for trimming blouses or frocks and are attractive made of tan flannel on a background of brown flannel.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 125

WHEN it comes to the smartest, newest designs for Embroidery, Beading, Braiding, and any kind of Fancy Needlework *this* is the one publication you need.
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Mary wins

"MARY, dear, don't be offended, but I'm bursting with curiosity. I've known you ever since you were a youngster at boarding school and I expected great things of you in the younger married set. But I must confess you disappointed me. After you married Jack Hollsworth you went into a sort of social eclipse and almost kept out of things entirely.

"Now I come back from abroad and find it all completely changed. Instead of the retiring and, well, not *very* attractive person of a year ago, I find you positively lovely. All the best people want you and I see you everywhere. And now I hear that you are to head the Committee on Arrangements for the Charity Ball. How *did* you do it? I am on pins and needles."

Mary smiled. "About a year ago I had an awakening. Without realizing it I had drifted into poor health. I didn't want to go anywhere, and for that matter, I did not seem to have many chances. Then one night at a dance I overheard a cruel remark about my complexion. It hurt—my, but it hurt! But it woke me up.

"I went to my doctor. It was not until then that I realized how much my health had suffered. He made me see myself as others saw me. My complexion was bad and almost sallow. My eyes were dull and I was bothered by headaches. I was continually tired and could hardly get through the day sometimes. I must have been pretty dull company.

"It is all due to auto-intoxication—self-poisoning', Doctor Nash said. 'It is a condition brought about by faulty elimination.' He told me it was responsible for all my ailments.

"After advising me about diet and exercise, he told me to take Nujol every day. He said it would bring back internal cleanliness, which he said was the basis of good health, and before long my trouble would all clear up.

"Well it worked—wonderfully. My color did come back. My eyes lost their yellow look. My hair, which had been dry and brittle, took on a soft lustre. But best of all was the way I came back in health and spirits. I got back energy I hadn't had since I left school.

"I really took an interest in what was going on about me and it wasn't long before I noticed that people were glad to see me. Invitations began to appear regularly in my mail. Of course, Jack's success downtown and our new house on the Hill might have had something to do with it. But after all, it was mostly due to my learning the way back to health.

"So, if I happen to make a hit at the Charity Ball, you can put it down to Nujol and internal cleanliness."

A Message to Women

Perhaps you are allowing self-poisoning to stand between you and the things you most desire. If you are subject to listlessness, complexion troubles, headache, etc., you should correct faulty elimination. Don't wait. Even now poisons originating in clogged intestines may be impairing your health and damaging your good looks. Take Nujol. Nujol will enable you to preserve internal cleanliness *all the time.*

Nujol is a lubricant—not a laxative or cathartic, the continued use of which gives only temporary relief at the cost of permanent injury. Nujol simply lubricates and softens the food waste. Thus, it enables Nature to obtain regular, thorough elimination. Like pure water, Nujol is harmless. Hospitals use it. Physicians all over the world recommend it for infants and children and people of all ages.

Nujol should be taken as regularly as you wash your face or brush your teeth. Nujol makes internal cleanliness a habit—the healthiest habit in the world. For sale by all druggists. Made by Nujol Laboratories, Standard Oil Co. (New Jersey).

Tested and Approved by the Good Housekeeping Bureau of Foods, Sanitation and Health

"Regular as Clockwork"

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REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

For Internal Cleanliness

4-DAY TRIAL FREE!

Nujol, Room 801-B, 7 Hanover Sq., N.Y.

For this coupon and 10c (stamps or coin) to cover packing and postage, send trial bottle and 16-page booklet, "Internal Cleanliness". (For booklet only check here ☐ and send without money.)

Name.....

Address.....

Mrs. MacDowell

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 100

were obviously not within the scope of the award, it was found that seven women had made contributions of definite value, and one or more votes were cast on the first ballot for each of them.

A number of the judges were greatly impressed with the remarkable work of Mrs. Cora Wilson Stewart, known as "The Moonlight School Lady." Mrs. Stewart's contribution has consisted in her splendid work in the interest of making America literate. Starting in her own little mountain county in Kentucky, she has worked indefatigably, and often against great odds, until most of the States have illiteracy commissions. Largely through her efforts a national illiteracy commission has been established, and the subject has also been taken up on an international scale.

Miss Grace Abbott, head of the Children's Bureau, was, in the estimation of some of the judges, eminently eligible for consideration. Miss Martha Berry, founder of the celebrated Berry School for mountain children in Georgia, received several votes on the first ballot, and serious consideration was also given to the recommendations in support of Judge Florence E. Allen of the Supreme Court of Ohio for her brilliant efforts in behalf of world peace, and to Mrs. Margaret Sanger for her campaign in the interest of birth control. More than one of the judges voted for Miss Annie Jump Cannon of Harvard University for her distinguished contribution in the field of astronomy.

Is it any wonder that the judges were torn between conflicting emotions in casting their votes? Here indeed were seven women of real achievement, any of whom we might be honored in honoring. The value of their work no one could doubt. To compare the value of one achievement with that of another was difficult. Everybody wished there had been seven prizes instead of one. At least we now know that American women have done great things for America.

IT TOOK several days after the decision of the judges had been rendered to locate Mrs. MacDowell, as she was on a concert tour on the West Coast. As soon as we had definite word as to her schedule I took the fastest available train across the continent and found her in Los Angeles, a tired, frail little woman with the courage of a lion and the faith of a little child. "Five thousand dollars," she said very quietly, with a mist in her soft brown eyes. "Now at last I can be sure that I can fulfil the promise I made to him, and for the first time in fifteen years I will be out of debt. I wonder how it will feel."

It has often been cruelly hard for those nearest Mrs. MacDowell to watch her carrying this burden of debt and responsibility, but no one now can doubt that results have justified her methods.

And then she told me in a few sentences a story that I could never forget. Always I shall see the little white cottage nestling among the sighing pines in the New Hampshire hills. Always I shall see the gray light of the early dawn stealing into a simple, quiet room where lay the broken body from which the soaring spirit of Edward MacDowell was seeking release. And always I shall remember Mrs. MacDowell's soft voice and the misty brown eyes and the brave, smiling lips as she told me about it.

"He became uneasy and fretful in the early dawn of a day about a year before the end came, and I went to his bed and asked him what was troubling him. This thing had been an obsession with him for several years, this idea of providing a place where creative artists could go and work in quiet and in peace. You see, we knew so well what it meant to fight the wolf from the door and do creative work at the same time. I found him fretting

CONTINUED ON PAGE 103

Makes hair easy to manage . . .

Adds Glossy Lustre—Instantly! Keeps Wave and Curl In

Wash your hair as often as you like, and have no more trouble afterwards.

A little Glostora brushed through your hair when you dress it, makes it so soft, pliable, and easy to manage, that it stays any style you arrange it—whether long or bobbed—on any and all occasions.

It acts like magic! It keeps the wave and curl in; brightens, softens, and gives dull, dry, or dead looking hair new life—immediately!

A few drops impart that bright, brilliant, silky sheen, so much admired, and makes your hair fairly sparkle and glow with natural gloss and lustre—instantly!

Glostora is inexpensive and you can get a bottle at any drug store or toilet goods counter.

There is nothing better for children whose hair lacks natural life and lustre, or is hard to train, or keep in place.

Not sticky, pasty or greasy.

Glostora

Put a few drops on your hair brush

Be a Nurse

Learn in Spare Time at Home

Earn $30-$35 a Week

Every woman should learn. We train beginners, Practical nurses, Mothers and Religious Workers by our Internet Home Study Method. Send no money. Write today. Enclose stamp for booklet and 32 page catalog.

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If your hair is gray, do what thousands of others have done—use the wonderful, clean, colorless liquid known as Kolor-Bak and see the original shade quickly return.

No matter what the cause of grayness—age, shock, illness, scalp disease—this remarkable liquid restores the exact former shade, gives the hair a beautiful silky texture, and keeps it from becoming brittle and from falling out. Also cleanses scalp and hair, banishes dandruff, and stops itching of the scalp. As easy to use as water.

No need to furnish a sample of your hair—no tests to make—as the one clean, colorless liquid is for all gray hair regardless of former shade. Kolor-Bak is the best known substitute for the natural hair pigmentation.

"My Hair Was Quite Gray"

"Only a short time ago my hair was quite gray. It was falling out in great patches and dandruff so terrible. Kolor-Bak stopped the itching, dandruff and falling. Most wonderful of all, however, is that my hair is its original shade. I look 10 years younger."
(A typical letter)

Ask Your Dealer

So popular is Kolor-Bak because of its merit that it is sold everywhere. Ask any druggist or toilet supply dealer. If Kolor-Bak does not bring the desired results, your money will be instantly refunded.

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Banishes Gray Hair

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Mrs. MacDowell

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 102

about that. I tried to soothe him. 'I have never broken a promise to you,' I said, 'and I promise you if I live I will find a way to make it easier for other artists than it has been for you. I will promise you that I will do this if you will stop worrying about it and forget it.'

"He lived a year or more after that, and he seemed to forget it, for he never spoke of it again. He trusted me to keep my promise made to him in the gray dawn of that dim morning, and now, for the first time in these seventeen years, I am sure that I shall be able to do it. This five thousand dollars is the miracle that will make my dream and his come true."

Looking into the fine, brave face of this remarkable little woman, and hearing her tell the tender story of her inspiring life, I felt that the privilege of retelling that story to the world is worth many times five thousand dollars and many tedious trips across the continent. For the story of Mrs. MacDowell and her work, simple as it is to her and modest as she is in its telling, is one of selfless fidelity to a great ideal, of supreme but joyful sacrifice, of rich compensations despite discouragements and disappointments that would have swept you or me from our moorings long ago.

And still Mrs. MacDowell actually tried to exact of me a promise that I would leave her out of the story entirely! "It's not the story of me," she declared. "It's the story of how the spirit of MacDowell lives at Peterborough, and of how it lives because of the loyal devotion of his friends."

And yet I know, and hundreds of loyal MacDowell lovers know, that there were many times when the doe must have grown faint in her valiant soul.

And yet how much of the soldier spirit she really has! And how human and sweet she is! A maid in the hotel where she was staying in Portland, Ore., seeing the piano which had been placed in her room, said, "Can't you play a little piece for me?" "Why, certainly I can," she said. And with only the maid for an audience she played several of the exquisitely lovely MacDowell woodland sketches as he loved to hear her play them.

WHEN I asked her what message she would like to send to the world through Pictorial Review she said, "First, of course, I want to express my very deep appreciation. Pictorial Review has made it possible for us to receive recognition of our work, the value of which can not be estimated in terms of money, and I prize this recognition even more than I do the very generous check through which I have been made aware of it.

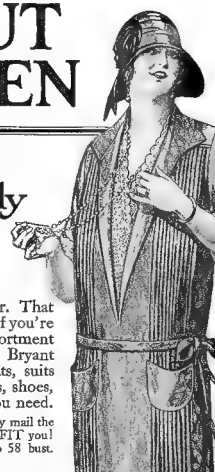
"And then I want to say that the whole Peterborough idea is based on MacDowell's absolute faith in the latent talent among the people of these United States—the people in Texas and in Maine and in Oregon and in other States. And through the Peterborough plan we want to give this talent a chance. I find it everywhere," she said "and because it is so often unaccompanied by money, we must keep the prices at Peterborough as low as possible."

Mrs. MacDowell believes in miracles. "Every time we get really desperate at Peterborough," she said, "a miracle happens. Last Summer we faced one of those desperate times. The bills were so high and the funds were so low. We didn't know which way to turn. Then a miracle happened. I got my royalty check, and it was bigger than I had ever dreamed it would be."

She takes her royalties from the MacDowell music, as well as the proceeds from her concerts, and pays Peterborough bills with them! And because she not only manages the colony but gives

CONTINUED ON PAGE 104

STOUT WOMEN



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The Amazing Moment

By JUNE WARREN

MARJORY turned from the telephone, dark eyes glorious. "Mother, it's a last-minute party! Dave Murray's coming for me! There will be dancing, they say, and "

"But your blue dress is at the cleaner's."

"I'll have to wear the tan."

Her mother sewed lace on the tan silk dress. Marjory caught a loop back into place with pink rosebuds clipped from a hat. With tan stockings . . . a sash draped softly about the waist. . . . "Mother, does it look all right?"

Her mother's eyes rested pridefully on flushed cheeks, shining eyes, glinting brown hair. The door-bell excited them both.

"It's Dave. Don't stay up for me, Mother. Good-bye!"

* * *

Twelve o'clock. She crept heart-sick up the shadowy stairs. The turn showed her mother in a white night dress at the landing, moonlight slanting on her hair. "Marjory, what's the matter!"

"I—I never had such a miserable time," she sobbed. "Oh, Mother . . . people don't wear clothes like this any more. Just straight, rich things. I felt like a—freak. And Dave pretending all the time he didn't —notice—"

* *

Sunlight danced on the magazine page. It touched Marjory's soft hair and the pathos of her face. She read a fiction story to forget last night . . . reread it! Hope came quietly. She looked up. "Oh, if I could—"

* * *

It was hard to believe that all of them were hers. She counted them eagerly. The sleeveless poudre blue with its smart godet at one side; the lovely soft green charmeuse with its tiny bit of embroidery; the tailored sports blouse with its straight black tie; the jaunty flannel skirt; the gold brown canton. "All for so little," she exclaimed incredulously. "And a short time ago I didn't even have the little." Her mother entered. "Mother, I love you in that bluish gray."

Her mother smiled happily. "It is pretty, isn't it?"

Marjorie tore open a package—revealed gleaming folds.

"See what I found down-town this morning. It's that new two-toned crepe, and you'd be surprised how little it cost. Isn't it beautiful! Now if I can just make it in time for Dave's dance—"

* * *

She flung off her coat in the dressing-room and approached the mirror.

"Marjory!" Girls forgot powdering and hair-smoothing to see Marjory, winsome in softest yellow silk with its faint rich tracery of blue and gold.

"I never saw anything so lovely!" "Such graceful lines too!" "Where *did* you get it?"

Marjory's eyes gleamed with triumph. "Only $8.25," she laughed. "The Woman's Institute helped me make it."

"Make it! How—"

"As soon as I wrote the Institute, they told me how I could enroll—and right away I began making! An adorable dress, fluffy underthings. Then—oh, a closetful of lovely things! I've started a bank account too. You see, the Institute people help in every way . . . write such dear personal letters you can hardly wait till the next mail. And as for packages—"

"Marjory, that's the loveliest dress here!" "Has Dave seen it yet?" "Will you make something for me?" "And me?" "Tell me more about the Institute?"

* * *

She broke from them, happiness flooding her face. "There's the first waltz. I promised Dave . . . oh, I can hardly wait to tell all of you—everything! I've never been so happy."

* * *

Won't you let the Woman's Institute help make you happy too? An attractive 32-page booklet tells the full story of the Institute and what it can do for you.

How you can make lovely dresses in your free minutes at home at a surprisingly low cost . . . give them striking touches that make them most becoming . . . be ready for happy times . . . earn money.

Sending for this booklet today may mean more to you than you know. Don't you want to send a letter, postal or this coupon now, so that you will receive the booklet by return mail?

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Please send me, without cost or obligation, a copy of your 32-page booklet, which tells how I can have more and prettier clothes at a half or a third the usual cost and earn money besides. I am most interested in learning—

☐ Home Dressmaking ☐ Millinery
☐ Professional Dressmaking ☐ Cooking

Name.....
(Please specify whether Mrs. or Miss)

Address.....

Mrs. MacDowell

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 103

into its treasury her earnings she has worried as to how they will get along in case of her death. "You see, I earn one-third of the income," she says softly. And not only that, she has never drawn one penny for salary!

Twenty-one of the best-informed people in this country have said that what Mrs. MacDowell is doing is the greatest thing that is now being done for America. Can America afford to let this project lag for the want of a few thousand dollars? Can America afford to take the earnings of a frail little woman for so fine a thing as this, instead of giving it adequate and dignified support?

They say the MacDowell Colony needs an endowment of $300,000 to safeguard the future—to prepare against the day when Mrs. MacDowell can no longer earn one-third of the necessary income! It should be $500,000.

Aren't there three hundred thousand people in America who care enough about what Mrs. MacDowell is doing to invest one dollar each in an endowment fund "to safeguard the future" of her work, to make sure of her one-third of the expense to keep the project going?

Mrs. MacDowell had from childhood a great gift for music, and when she was about eighteen she was sent abroad to study. Acting on the advice of Joachim Raff, she began to study under Edward MacDowell, one of Raff's most brilliant pupils. She made striking progress, but neither realized that romance was budding in their souls until she was suddenly called back to America by a death in her family.

A YEAR later MacDowell returned to America and asked her to marry him. At that time she had a few thousand dollars, and she said to him: "'You have never done your best work while you were teaching. You need to be free from routine work and from restraint. I will marry you if you will agree to give up teaching for five years. We will take five thousand dollars and live on it for five years. This will give you the opportunity to go on with your creative work.' He flung back his head and refused. I said, 'Very well, then I will not marry you.' After a while he consented to my plan."

Mrs. MacDowell allows me to tell this intimate story because she feels it was practically the beginning of MacDowell's realization of the vital need of periods free from interruption and care for creative work.

Mrs. McDowell told me about the little apartment in Germany where they lived during those five years. She told me how for a while she tried to practise while he was out for his walks, and of how difficult it was to find time and opportunity to go on with her work.

"At last I came to see that my career must be sacrificed for his," she said. "I knew I had a gift, but I knew also that mine was interpretative and that his was worth far more to the world because his was creative. And I never for a single moment have I ever regretted that sacrifice. Because of it the world has some of his best work. What could I have done that would have meant anything like so much? Every day I live I am happier because of that sacrifice."

The story of Edward MacDowell's career since the return to America is well known. At Columbia University he was largely instrumental in founding the faculty of fine arts. He played in many cities of the country and his services as a teacher were in the greatest demand.

But it was but natural that after a time he should again feel the need of solitude, and it was natural also that his devoted and understanding wife should find for him an ideal spot, a deserted farm in the pine hills of New Hampshire.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 106

Fame and Glory

came to me, through these beauty aids

By Edna Wallace Hopper

I MADE myself a famous beauty and the rage. I have lived for 40 years a glorious career.

Now I remain at my height—as young and beautiful as ever. The envy of thousands who see me daily on the stage.

All that because I searched the world for aids to youth and beauty. I found the best that science offered. Then all the later, better helps.

Now those supreme helps are at every woman's call. All toilet counters have them. In four preparations are combined 52 matchless ingredients.

Learn what these helps do for women. You owe that to yourself.

My Youth Cream

My Youth Cream is a remarkable creation, containing many factors. It contains products of both lemon and strawberry. Also all the best helps science gave me to foster and protect the skin.

It comes in two types—cold cream and vanishing. I use it as a night cream, also daytimes as a powder base. Never is my skin without it. My velvet complexion shows what that cream can do.

The cost is 60c per jar. Also in 35c tubes.

My Facial Youth

Is a liquid cleanser which I also owe to France. Great beauty experts the world over now advise this formula, but their price is too high for most women.

It contains no animal, no vegetable fat. The skin cannot absorb it. So it ceases to the depths, then departs. My Facial Youth will bring you new conceptions of what a clean skin means. The cost is 75c

White Youth Clay

A new-type clay, white, refined and dainty. Vastly different from the crude and muddy clays so many have employed.

It purges the skin of all that clogs and mars it. Before moves the causes of blackheads and blemishes. Brings a rosy afterglow which amazes and delights. Conceals all lines and wrinkles, reduces enlarged pores.

No girl or woman can afford to omit it. It enlightens beauty. My White Youth Clay costs 50c and $1.

My Hair Youth

The cause of my luxuriant hair, thick and silky, few fair than 40 years ago. I have never had falling hair, dandruff or a touch of gray.

A concentrated product combining many ingredients I apply it with an eyedropper directly to the scalp. It tones and stimulates. No man or woman will ever regret when they see what Hair Youth does. The cost is 50c and $1 with eyedropper.

My Face Powders

They are supreme creations. No face powders can have used can compare. Any face powder branded Edna Wallace Hopper is exquisite. They come in two types. One is a heavy, clinging, cold cream powder, at 50c per box, $1.00. That is the type I like best. The other is light and fluffy, in round box, 50c.

All toilet counters supply Edna Wallace Hopper's beauty helps. If you send the coupon I will mail you a sample of any one you choose. Also my Beauty Book. Clip coupon now.

Your Choice Free

Mark sample desired Mail to Edna Wallace Hopper, Inc., 340 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Ill. 7-25-A, P. P.

White Youth Clay ☐ Youth Cream ☐
Facial Youth ☐ Hair Youth ☐

Name.....

Address

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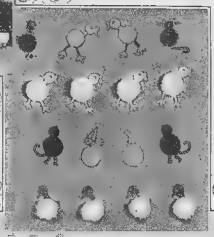
Many Are the Decorative Uses of These Motifs

No. 12960 on Dress 1394

THE Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12960, blue or yellow, 25 cents—1/-. Wool pompons, in bright colors form the bodies of these quaint little chicks and ducks. The heads and feet are appliquéd and the legs are embroidered in wool. Solid satin dots of black, edged with white, may be used for the eyes. Appliqué may be substituted for the wool pompons. Cutting guides for the appliqué are provided. Illustrated on Dress 1394, 30 cents—1/-, sizes 1 to 4 years.

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No 12961, blue or yellow, 25 cents—1/-, furnishes two yards each of five trimming borders to be developed in bright-colored wool and used to trim dresses, blouses, children's clothes, etc. One of these dainty borders is illustrated on Dress 1525, 30 cents—1/-, sizes 2 to 6 years.

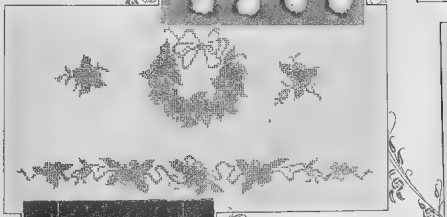
No. 12960 Pompon Borders (.25)



The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12964, blue or yellow, 30 cents—1/-, furnishes 2 yards of border, 2 wreath motifs 10½ inches high, and 1 and 1 reverse each of 2 motifs 4¼ and 5⅝ inches high

No. 12961 on Dress 1325

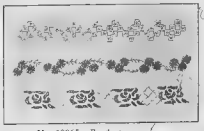
No. 12961 Borders



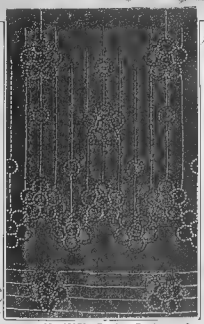
No 12964—Cross Stitch

No 12968 Cut-Work

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12968, blue only, 35 cents—1/-, furnishes duplicates and reverses of six cut work motifs ranging from 4¾ to 7¾ inches in height. Solid satin, eyelet and buttonhole stitches are used.

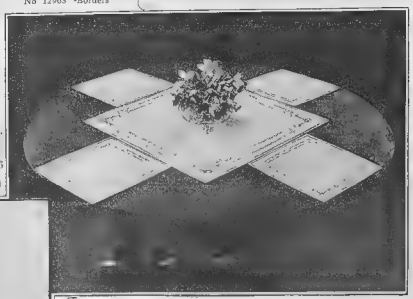


No 12965 -Borders



No 12970—Beading Borders

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No 12970, blue or yellow, 40 cents—1/6 furnishes 2 yards of 4 inch and 1⅞ yard of 24-inch beading border. Beautiful evening gowns as well as street costumes may be trimmed with these borders which were designed specially for round and bugle beads



No. 12962—Five-piece Luncheon Set

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 125

EARN EXTRA MONEY
in spare time at HOME

If You Haven't Money Enough for Things You Need

If you cannot give your children the education you'd like to; if you can't afford new clothes when you need them; if you haven't the money to buy new furniture for your home; if your husband's income is small or uncertain—then write us and let us tell you how we guarantee you fixed and liberal pay for spare-time home work for five years.

She Wanted Independence and Found It!

Miss Mary Hitzeroth, of New York, wanted independence, and found it! Constantly afraid of losing her position, she started Steber Spare Time Work and liked it so well she soon devoted her entire working time to it. A recent letter tells us, "I am now independent and have a sure income. I feel fixed for years to come."

$8.00 A DAY

Mrs. N. S. Pope started to work for us when her savings for a rainy day were just about gone, she was in desperate need. Hearing of a friend who had made $1100 in one year she got in touch with us immediately, and it was not long before she could earn as high as EIGHT DOLLARS in a day

5-Year Contract With Pay Absolutely Guaranteed

This opportunity is open to men and women. No previous experience or special ability is required. There is no canvassing or soliciting; you work in the comfort and security of your own home; you spend as much time at it as you please, and our contract positively binds us to buy all the standard work you send us for five years and to furnish new material FREE.

This guarantee makes you independent; it gives you a tidy sum of money for simple spare-time work at home. It is made by an old reliable house that is given highest credit rating by Dun's, Bradstreet's and banks, because it is quick pay and sure pay.

Special compensation is offered those who are in a position to begin work now. Write us at once for full particulars of this generous and liberal offer.

Use the convenient coupon below. Clip and send it now!

STEBER MACHINE CO.
519 Steber Bldg., Utica, N. Y.

Sign Your Declaration of Independence

The Steber Machine Company, 519 Steber Building, Utica, N. Y. **Valuable Coupon**

Gentlemen:

I enclose 2 cents postage to cover mailing cost of your free 10 day showing how I can earn money in my spare time at home. I understand that this does not obligate me in any way.

Send to .....

Complete Address

NOTE If you wish to see a sample of work done by Steber Spare Time Workers, enclose 50c for complete samples of our finest grade hosiery, or $1.00 for two pairs different colors.

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She Knows No Years

SLIM as a siren — charmingly poised, gowned and groomed to perfection— this woman greets the years with troubadour grace.

Yet it's no secret. Any woman can stay inches thinner — pounds lighter — years happier — with a *Mysteria Rubber Reducing Corset.*

Slip into its silken-comfort yourself. Wear it during your active hours — at work or play. Its gentle, flexing massage reduces naturally — unnoticed and without effort.

Mysteria fits perfectly — pliably. It's as comfortable as a negligee — well-made as an imported gown.

Wear a *Mysteria* a few hours every day. Longer should not be necessary— *Mysteria* reduces so effectively.

Then change to the BON TON model of your choice as a correct fashion foundation — *always. For your* BON TON *corset will correctly preserve the slender lines of youth that your Mysteria Rubber Reducing Corset attains.* Keep the Lines of Youth.

MADE either of pure Para rubber, or of "Tricolastic" (rubberized Tricot); back lace, step-in model with adjustable feature at back; or Round-U, with clasp at front. Prices from $5 to $12. Try on the *Mysteria* today. Sold by leading dealers everywhere.

BON TON
Mysteria Rubber
Reducing Corsets

FOR those hours when one must be doubly certain that the lovely afternoon frock shall look just right, or to assure the perfect drape of evening dress, corsetry in the BON TON model just suited to your own particular need is, *of course,* the proper thing.

ROYAL WORCESTER CORSET COMPANY
WORCESTER NEW YORK CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO LONDON

Which Figure is Yours?

There is a BON TON *Model for Every Figure*
Made by The House of Royal Worcester

Mrs. Edward MacDowell

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 104

The lovely white cottage home they called "Hillcrest," and in the deep woods near by MacDowell built a log house where he did much of his best work.

And then came that long, tragic stretch of three years during which his health and strength steadily failed—hard, sad years for her. There was the promise at dawn as she bent above his weary and weakened form, and then the end.

A fund of $30,000 had been subscribed by admiring friends for the establishment of a memorial to the composer, and after his death his widow went to the committee in charge of the fund and, by dint of determined effort, managed to induce it to invest it in "the Peterborough idea." This was her only chance to make possible for others what her husband had at last gained for himself.

THUS it was that in 1907 Mrs. MacDowell deeded to the newly organized association two hundred acres of ground, the house "Hillcrest"—containing only a life interest—MacDowell's log cabin, a small farmhouse, a dilapidated, cellarless barn, a worn-out pump, a tumble-down double frame tenement, one studio in process of construction, and about half a mile of roadway fairly passable in good weather. Mrs. MacDowell might also have included herself in that deed, for she has given of herself, body, mind, and soul, in addition to all of the worldly goods she possessed, as well as all of her earnings.

When the Edward MacDowell Association was incorporated in 1908 and clearly stated its object, one of the leading financiers of the country withdrew his $500 subscription to a MacDowell Memorial Fund on the ground that the scheme outlined was chimerical and impractical.

It is unfortunate that this financier has not lived to see the successful outcome of seventeen years of consistent, unwavering devotion to an ideal purpose.

In fifteen years the association has increased its holding to nearly seven hundred acres of ground; nineteen studios, with two more promised; a woodland pageant stage, with permanent cement seats holding nine hundred people; the Lower House, remodeled from the tenement, and used as a guest house; the Manner, formerly the men's house, now an overflow guest house; the Rosery, a small residence, with a large barn used as a tea house; Colony Hall, including the almost completed Bond Assembly Hall; the Eaves, the women's house; Sigma Alpha Iota Cottage, residential annex; the Lodge, the men's house.

The farmhouse, the Eaves, the Manner, and the Rosery have all been extensively remodeled since the purchase. Generous gifts have transformed the Tenney barn into commodious Colony Hall. The Lodge and three of the studios are handsome stone buildings.

The standard set for the future by "Hillcrest," the simple, dignified, artistic home of Edward MacDowell, and the log cabin, isolated and comfortable, with an open fireplace, and a crystal-clear spring near by, has been maintained in the living-quarters and studios. The John W. Alexander Memorial, given by Mrs. Alexander and her son, is one of the most beautiful small buildings in America.

Last Summer the colony numbered all told fifty residents. These were made up of thirty-five writers, ten composers, and five artists.

Edward MacDowell felt very strongly that the various arts are all manifestations of the same impulse, and begged his students to broaden an understanding of their own particular art by a study of other art forms, and the colony, as a place where representatives of all the arts meet on common ground, affords opportunity for just that "give and take" in the natural exchange of ideas which MacDowell knew is stimulating to artistic growth.

John W. Alexander said, shortly before his death: "We must do something to put the colony on its feet, for I believe that it is one of the most important art movements of the country." Josephine Preston Peabody said: "Through this heavenly refuge, which I can find nowhere else, I have been able in the last ten days to plan creative work of the most vital importance—to me—for years to come. My nose-worn wits are new and full of happiness. Where are there thanks enough for a thing like that?"

Edwin Arlington Robinson, widely regarded as one of the foremost living American poets, said: "It is practically impossible for me to say, even to myself, just what there is about this place that compels a man to work out the best that is in him, and to be discontented if he fails to do so. The abrupt and somewhat humiliating sense of isolation liberty, and opportunity which overtakes one each morning has something to do with it. . . .

"The place is a workshop, not a wonderland; or perhaps I might better call it a workshop with a wonderland thrown in. But one must work and be in earnest, and he must know that others know that he is in earnest, or the wonderland will give him but a sorry sort of pleasure. A few who have attempted to forego the workshop for the wonderland have not had a very good time, and they are not likely to come again.

"My praise of the place is to be taken without any qualifications whatever. With proper endowment it will be, so far as I know, the most significant thing of its kind in existence."

The life of the colony is very simple. The men have their own house, the women theirs, with a dining-hall and library in common. The colony is self-governing, with a board of its own to regulate all its communal interests.

The studios are scattered through the woods, some of them buried among the trees, some built out over shelving hillsides, and others commanding vistas of blue Monadnock. Each is planned to suit its own particular site. They vary in size, in architecture, and in material. They have but one thing in common, namely, isolation. Once in his studio, a worker knows that he has a long day before him safe from the interruptions of neighbors, telephone calls, and unexpected visitors. He has not even the interruption of lunch, for lunches are delivered at the studios.

THE class of worker eligible for residence at the colony is the productive or creative artist as opposed to the interpretative. This is a general, not a hard-and-fast, rule, for in art, creation and interpretation often overlap. Any applicant for residence must accompany his application with letters from two well-known artists, eminent in the same art as his own, whose opinion of the applicant's talent would carry weight. That is to say, a painter must be introduced by two painters, a composer by two composers, and so on.

After seventeen years Edward MacDowell's dream has become a glowing and palpitating reality. American poets and playwrights and painters and musicians are actually having the opportunity which he begged might be granted them, to work for a season each year under conditions which he himself had found to be ideal. Peterborough is, in fact, a great place of liberation.

And all because one selfless woman with a passionate ideal has given her life for it. In bestowing upon Mrs. MacDowell this first achievement award for American women, are we not doing something for America—something for mankind?

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Who Won IN THE NATIONAL BABY CONTEST

THE FINEST BABIES in America have been found —122 of them. And they have been awarded $2750 in cash and silver cups by the Nestlé's Food Co.

At the head of the entire list stand two babies,—Frederick W. Smith, 89 Fairview Place, Amsterdam, New York; and Karin Johnson, 508 East 78th Street, New York City. Each has received $250 in cash and a solid silver, gold lined cup. Baby Smith won in Division A, for normal infants; he is breast-fed. Baby Johnson won in Division A1, for babies who had an imperfect start; he gained his prize-winning health on Nestlé's Milk Food.

The babies entered came from every state in the Union,—even from Canada, and far-off Mexico, Hawaii, and Samoa. The task of judging all these thousands was tremendous. For the detail work, a corps of twelve graduate baby nurses were employed. Four eminently qualified judges made the final decision; they were Hon. Royal S. Copeland, M. D., U. S. Senator from New York; Dr. H. E. Lewis, Managing Editor of "American Medicine"; Mrs. Sophie Irene Loeb, President of the Child Welfare Committee of America; Mrs. Maud Tousey Fangle, celebrated "baby" illustrator.

Unfortunately, many babies had to be disqualified. Their entries contained incomplete information; and the rules on this point were very strict.

Of all the prize-winners, 64 per cent owed their excellent condition to Nestlé's Milk Food. This fact will be eagerly absorbed by all mothers who wish to raise the future prize-winners of the nation.*

THE PRIZE WINNERS—CLASS A

FIRST PRIZE

$250 cash and solid silver, gold-lined cup

Baby Frederick W. Smith, 89FairviewPL,Amsterdam,N.Y.

SECOND PRIZES

Ten prizes, each $50 cash and solid silver, gold-lined cup

Baby Richard Leslie Libby, R. F. D. No. 2, Freeport, Me.
Baby Everett Roger Lerwick, Lakeview, Ore.
Baby James Deffley, Jr., 407 Howard Ave., Altoona, Pa.
Baby Morgan James O'Donnel, New Russia St., Eliz't'n, N. Y.
Baby Leslie Howard Erb, R. F. D. No. 1, Nashua, N. H.
Baby Vera Mae Dominick, 1813 N. Wells St., Chicago, Ill.
Baby H. Merle Cook, Route A, Fleming, Colo.
Baby Mary E. Gerstenberger, 324 Wentz St., Tiffin, Ohio.
Baby Carl A. Poe, 527 N. Hazard St., Los Angeles, Cal.
Baby John Denboske, 216 Clifton Ave., Clifton, N. J.

THIRD PRIZES

Twenty prizes, each $25 cash and solid silver, gold-lined cup

Baby Betty May Davis, 1669 S. Rockhill Av., Alliance, O.
Baby Mary Emily Spilman, 320 W. Elm St., Kokoma, Ind.
Baby Helen M. Harrington, Bread Loaf St., Ripton, Vt.
Baby Warren H. Humbert, 2308 S. 12th St., St. Louis, Mo.
Baby Ruth L. Pfrommer, 1032Highl'd Av.,Lafayette,Ind.
Baby Richard Edw. Hang, 8129½ So. Hoover St., Los Angeles, Cal.
Baby Louise Mackay, 488 Public St., Providence, R. I.
Baby Charlotte M. Rueber, 3303 Sherry St., Milwaukee, Wis.
Baby Lyle Bertram Price, Walnut St., Dunkirk, Ohio.
Baby Julius J. Dewaelsche, 301 E. 6th St., Mishawaka, Ind.
Baby Barbara Blanche Evans, 4621 38th St., San Diego, Cal.
Baby Gwendolin B. Axelson, 313 S. Cross St., Wheaton, Ill.
Baby Evelyn Grace Marks, Motor Ave., Box 119, San Bernardino, Cal.
Baby Andrew H. Grubbs, R. D. No. 2, Box 100, Columbiana, Ohio.
Baby Ruth Crandal Barber, 111 Glen Ave., Elmira, N. Y.
Baby Marion Louise Goosens, 1624 N. Shore Av., Chicago, Ill.
Baby Haven Lincoln Sanborn, Sanbornton, N. H.
Baby Joseph T. Erk, 2157McKinleyAv.,Lakewood,O.
Baby Robert Kell, 3916 W. 50th St., Minneapolis, Minn.
Baby Joyce Elaine Stromwall, 204 Portage St., Hibbing, Minn.

FOURTH PRIZES

Fifty prizes, each $10 cash and silver, gold-lined cup

Baby Emily M. Reutter, 103 P'kville Av., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Baby Kenneth O. Kudy, 1917 Sargent Av., St. Paul, Minn.
Baby Wallace C. Weidenfeld, 4320 Wakeley St., Omaha, Neb.
Baby Raymond T. Whalen, 422 N. Gaylord Ave., Ludington, Mich.
Baby John H. Cabot, P. O. Box 198, Argonne Road, Hampton Bays, L. I., N. Y.
Baby Quentin Cale, 426-40th St., Milwaukee, Wis.
Baby Peggy J. Jarboe, 6512 Quimby Ave., Cleveland, O.
Baby Donald N. Miller, 6533A Clayton Av., St. Louis, Mo.
Baby William G. Walker, R. F. D. No. 2, Box 10, Kingston, N. Y.
Baby Evelyn I. Hill, 517-8th St., So., St. Petersb'g, Fla.
Baby Bonnie E. Lass, 722 W. 56th St., Los Angeles, Cal.
Baby Nance O'Neill Connors, 512 Mass Ave., Boston, Mass.
Baby James G. Edward, Jr., 37 Young St., Newport, R. I.
Baby Arthur H. Hopkins, Jr., 573 Isham St., New York City.
Baby Lillian G. Matthews, 1307ClarkAv.,S.W.Roanoke,Va.
Baby Charlotte J. Pearce, R. F. D. No. 1, Box 100, Zion, Ill.
Baby Kathleen A. Steele, 3 Clevel'd Ave., Mayfield, N. Y.
Baby Bonnie J. Goeltz, 312 Weller Ave., Zanesville, O.
Baby William C. Orth, 201 E. 87th St., New York City.
Baby David M. Turner, 704 S. Wilbur Ave., Sayre, Pa.
Baby Gerald A. Rosenthal, 101 India St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Baby Robert Shuster, 592 Beck St., New York City.
Baby Shirley L. Hunter, 1715 Winslow St., Racine, Wis.
Baby Glenn E. Menzer, 3039 Junietta Av., Cincinnati, O.
Baby Doris M. Amlong, 1241S.StevensSt.,Tacoma,Wash.
Baby Donald E. Wright, R. F. D. No. 3, Camden, N. Y.
Baby B. Lois Underhill, 35 Hillside Av., Montclair, N. J.
Baby Warren R. Jackson, 35 No. St., Mt. Vernon, N. Y.
Baby Eleanor R. Collin, 16 Pansy St., Glendale, L. I.
Baby John H. Rebman, 403 Vine St., Ashland, O.
Baby Norma Alice McCart, 287 Elm St., Holyoke, Mass.
Baby Lester N. Ohnstein, 3652-42nd Ave., So., Minneapolis, Minn.
Baby Julienne W. Delfs, High St., Canfield, O.
Baby Eleanor L. Grothen, 2101 Laurel Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.
Baby John Albert Simpson, 638 Weeden St., Pawtucket,R.I.
Baby Bessie Louise Ward, 4205 Lucky St., St. Louis, Mo.
Baby Donald Bruce Fuller, R.F.D.Box409,W.Albany,N.Y.
Baby Bessie Pearl Drown, Wetmore, Kan.
Baby Richard L. Myers, Jarrettown, Pa.
Baby Isabelle Patton, 111FairviewPl.,Hartford,Conn.
Baby William D. Sorrell, R.D. No. 2, Box 43, Genoa, O.
Baby Joseph C. Sweeny, 117Albany, Av., Brooklyn, N.Y.
Baby Martha L. Dearden, 174 Coolidge Ave., 174 Culver CityGen.Dl.,LosAngeles,Cal.
Baby Elmer Wentworth Gould, Jr., 235 Chestnut St., New Bedford, Mass.
Baby Grace E. Anderson, 164A Weehawken St., West Hoboken, N. J.
Baby Verne L. Gutierrez, P.O. Box 1163, Susanville, Cal.
Baby Robert F. Smith, Jr., 449-3rd St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Baby Marcella Enos, 327 Layton Ave., Cudahy, Wis.
Baby Virginia R. Huck, R. D. No. 4, Box 74A, Kenosha, Wis.
Baby Marilynn Haenel, Middle Neck Road, Great Neck, L. I., N. Y.

THE PRIZE WINNERS—CLASS A1

FIRST PRIZE

$250 cash and solid silver, gold-lined cup

Baby Karin Johnson, 508 E. 78th St., New York City.

SECOND PRIZES

Five prizes, each $50 cash and solid silver, gold-lined cup

Baby Elinor C. Martin, 38 Schuyler Ter., E.Orange,N.J.
Baby Constance Gunn, Warrington, Fla.
Baby Paul Meyer, 23 E. 108th St., New York City.
Baby George O. Stockbauer, 1251 N. Y. Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Baby Laura V. Lockmann, 1117 B'way St., Cincinnati, O.

THIRD PRIZES

Ten prizes, each $25 cash and solid silver, gold-lined cup

Baby Clara O. Mentis, 17 Spring St., St. Johnsville, N.Y.
Baby Martha A. Eis, 1683 Edison Av., Detroit, Mich.
Baby Harold E. Hesse, 1348 Virginia St., Appleton, Wis.
Baby Harry P. Jenkins, 1108-7th St., Three Rivers, Mich.
Baby Jerome L. Goldberg, 11 Gorham St., Rochester, N. Y.
Baby Forest N. Weese, Rock Forge St., Sabraton, W.Va.
Baby Harvey P. Hawthorne, Woolwich, Me.
Baby Edna S. Berkowitz, 263 Atkins Av., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Baby Mary J. Hale, 2812 Bowser Av., Ft. Wayne, Ind.
Baby Eris M. Davey, R. D., Altmar, N. Y.

FOURTH PRIZES

Twenty-five prizes, each $10 cash and silver, gold-lined cup

Baby James R. Olgevie, 1109 Agnes St., Kan. City, Mo.
Baby Brooks C. Rigsby, Jr. 125 W. 69th St., Cincinnati, O.
Baby R. Sheldon Jones, 926 Richmond St., Scranton, Pa.
Baby Jack D. McCutcheon, Bear River, Colo.
Baby Marjorie LaRose, 10 Henry St., Glens Falls, N. Y.
Baby Hayden A. Nichols, 123 Avon Av., Waterbury, Conn.
Baby George H. Blair, 200 E. Cent. Ave., Delaware, O.
Baby Philip Hutchings, 517 Plymouth Ave., Rochester, N. Y.
Baby William C. O'Leary, 2384-8th Ave., New York City.
Baby Louise S. Blue, Flora, Ind.
Baby Raymond L. Gale, 1409 Holycomb Ave., Detroit, Mich.
Baby Marian Durgin, 1262-58th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Baby Margaret M. Duncan, 570 Commonwealth Ave., Salt Lake City, Utah.
Baby Wilfred G. Nichols, 27 Oak St., Hopedale, Mass.
Baby Dorothea I. Hird, 62 Wayne St., Providence, R. I.
Baby Stanley R. Ovik, Hettinger, N. D.
Baby Allen P. Sampson, 807 S. Blanchard St., Findlay, O.
Baby Gillis Nadon, 203 Amherst St., Montreal, Can.
Baby Fern D. Weese, Rock Forge St., Sabraton, W. Va.
Baby Bruce H. Odell, 1387 Jessup Av., New York City.
Baby Hazel V. Leinaar, 1411 Deyo St., Jackson, Mich.
Babies Natalie M. and Francis H. Bartlett, Watertown, Mass.
Baby John R. Sprake, Main St., Oakfield, N. Y.
Baby Donald Hutchings, 517 Plymouth Ave., Rochester, N. Y.
Baby Phylliss Stein, 502 Crown St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

In addition to the above, one hundred babies in class A and fifty babies in class A1 were awarded Honorable Mention cups; five hundred babies in each class were awarded Blue Ribbon cups.

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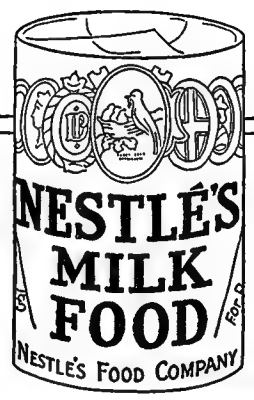

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You Cannot Afford to be Gray

PRESENT day hair dressing makes no allowance for Gray Hair. The shingle, the boyish bob, the masculine pompadour, the chic coiffure of closely bound hair, accents gray, faded, streaked or unevenly colored hair. You cannot afford gray hair no matter how you dress your hair because this is the Day of Youth.

It's so easy to keep your hair youthful. Just a little Brownatone combed or brushed through and you have natural looking locks. You can tint gray, faded or bleached hair any color from lightest blonde to the varying shades of brown or black.

Shampoo or bath do not affect the permanency of color. No rubbing off or washing out. Easy to apply, acts quickly, no muss, fuss or day after day procedure. Apply Brownatone once and thereafter only as new hair grows in.

Brownatone is safe. It is guaranteed to be harmless to hair, scalp or skin. Millions of bottles used with uniformly gratifying results.

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The Radio-Built Hearing Aid

Acousticon

TRY IT TEN DAYS FREE

The Rise and Fall of Minnie Flynn

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9

the butter Jimmy bawled out: "Ain't that the Molowonsky's dish, Ma?"

"Why, Jimmy Flynn," cried Mrs. Flynn in accusing tones, while Minnie flushed scarlet, "if that ain't just like a boy!"

But Jimmy paid no attention to the four flashing pairs of eyes. He was thinking that here was his chance to take his family off their high horse. "It is Molowonsky's," he persisted. "I seen it there the other night."

"Who'll have soup?" cried Mrs. Flynn, now almost unbalanced. "Speak up; we got lots of it in the kitchen."

Without waiting for any response she hurried out of the room. Over the stove she pondered as to the advisability of serving the soup in the Molowonsky soup-plates. She reached to the shelf and took down their own china bowls. They were so badly discolored and chipped that she decided to venture in with the borrowed ones. So she filled one plate brimming full, the three others scantily. Jimmy and she were to refuse soup on the excuse they never ate it. Soup was fattening.

Eleanor and Al Kessler, Binns.

"Gee, ain't you gonna eat more of it?" questioned Jimmy.

Eleanor declined with many apologies.

"Well, what do you know about that," said Jimmy, "after me and ma goin' without it?"

"You said you didn't want any," challenged Mrs. Flynn with emphasis; "there's lots of it outside, Jimmy. I don't know what makes you say things like that," and she scrambled to her feet, but as she did so she reached for Jimmy's foot and pressed her toe upon his instep. Then she moved back of Eleanor. "Let me take the dish out o' your way, Miss Crane," she said, "I'll bring you a clean plate to eat your bread on."

When she returned from the kitchen she brought a bowl of soup for Jimmy.

"You're some little magician, Ma," laughed Jimmy.

"Sit down, Ma," said Minnie, rising suddenly. "I'll bring in the rest of the food. Jimmy dear, I guess you'd like to help me."

"Surest thing you know," said Jimmy, scrambling to his feet. "Fork 'em over, folks."

After a whispered conference in the kitchen, the dinner progressed without further mishaps. When the meal was over Minnie brought out a box of new gowns and paraded them before her astonished family, while Eleanor explained at length the necessity of possessing such a wardrobe. Mr Flynn, with a sickening pallor, sank down into his chair.

One hundred and forty-three dollars —to think that his own daughter had run into such debt. He glanced up to see what Mrs. Flynn thought of it, and was amazed at her unperturbed smile.

"It's an awful lot of money," he said over and over, half to himself, "and so little to show for it. An awful lot of money——"

FOR a week Minnie arrived at the studio every morning at eight o'clock and remained until late in the afternoon, sitting there, white-faced, in the waiting-room adjoining Binns's office. There was no work for her, the office boy told her several times a day, and Binns refused her an interview. Many times she tried to see Letcher, but somehow or other he was successful in dodging her.

On the second day Mrs. Lee, the character actress, had come into the waiting-room, and it was from her Minnie learned that Eleanor and Al Kessler were working at one of the New York studios called the Lincoln. For two days they sat there side by side, Mrs. Lee's volubility checked by that dread atmosphere of uncertainty.

On the eighth day, weakened by the fever of fear and uncertainty, Minnie

CONTINUED ON PAGE 109

To Be Prettier Than Your Picture

By Mme. Maree

Your artist photographer has his chemicals and retouching brush to take off all the wrinkles, lines, spots and blemishes, and thus work up a portrait that is perfect. But you can do even better than that by making yourself naturally just as beautiful or even more so than the artist can make you. And here are some beauty secrets to enable you to do so.

First the Hair

To make each hair alive, to stand out alone and collect vely to make all your hair look like a crown of glory you can get an ounce of betanol from the drug store, mix it with a pint of water and half a pint of rubbing alcohol. Rub this mixture into your scalp and your hair will fairly gleam with beauty.

If there is much dandruff wash it out once a week with eggol crystals The beta-quinol will cost 65 cents and the eggol 25 cents, but they will last several months.

For a Perfect Complexion

Each night and morning you should rub into your face all over as much of some simple creamy mixture as the skin will absorb. Would suggest that you get two ounces of eggol for 65 cents at the drug store mix with two tablespoons glycerine and a pint of water. It makes a thick ovary cream of satiny feel and wonderful perfume It fills up the skin cells, plumps it out smooth and firm and the tissues fine the pores Your sam looks as smooth and delicate as an infants It is marvelous and acts as a skin food

Rub off Blackheads

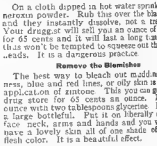
On a cloth dipped in hot water powder some neroxin powder. Rub this over the blackheads and they instantly dissolve, not a trace left. Your druggist will sell you an ounce of neroxin for 65 cents and it will last a long time. You think won't be tempted to squeeze out the blackheads. It is a dangerous practice

Remove the Blemishes

The best way to bleach out freckles, redness, blue and red lines, or oily skin is with an application of kintone. This you can get at the drug store for 65 cents an ounce. Mix one ounce with two tablespoons glycerine It makes a large bottleful. Put it on liberally over the face neck, arms and hands and you will soon have a lovely skin all of one shade of natural flesh color. It is a beautiful effect.

The Call of Spring

That you may be sure to look your prettiest when the warmth and sunshine of summer arrive if your druggist cannot supply you, send the price of what you want to me and I will have it mailed postpaid direct from the makers Address Madame Maree, 751 Thompson Bldg., Chicago, Ill



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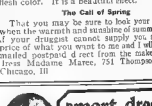

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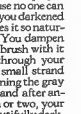

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The Rise and Fall of Minnie Flynn

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 108

reached the studio at half past seven. She was determined to wait on the street corner for Binns, believing that he alone would help her. What nights she had passed at home! The memory of them rose before her like so many distorted and hideous dreams.

On the night that Eleanor had sent a note asking for five dollars more and warning her not to forget her biweekly payment to Madame Papillon, her father had cried too. Tears had welled into his faded blue eyes and had coursed down his cheeks. He said it was because he couldn't bear to see mama so worried. He didn't want to touch that little nest-egg they had saved by years of self-denial, and yet how were they going to pay off Minnie's terrible debts?

Jimmy alone had never reproached her. He thought she'd better go back to the store and see if Jeeps wouldn't speak to the manager about taking her on again. Or else how about making up with Billy MacNally? Better grab him before it was too late, Jimmy warned her. He'd heard that Billy was now keeping company with Madge Connors. That news somewhat electrified Minnie. Madge Connors wasn't a pretty girl, but her father was a well-to-do grocer.

Binns was late that morning. As Minnie stood watching for him Bacon passed in his huge closed car. Minnie smiled and bowed, but he didn't see her.

A second later Letcher jumped off the street-car. He was hurrying to spring upon the running-board of Bacon's machine. She ran after them, but a swirl of dust completely veiled her. Then a sense of helplessness came over her, leaving in its wake a physical pain and a pounding headache.

Many street-cars passed before Binns arrived. He was very kind to her and explained why there was no work for her. They were not dissatisfied with her, but only sixty extra people were needed in Deane's set, and his assistant, Weaver, had chosen them while Minnie was working on the Bacon set.

"But Mr. Bacon wasn't through with me," she persisted; "he was goin' to give me something to do and he didn't. You was there when I showed him my two acts and saw how pleased he was."

Binns wasn't hardened. He was abrupt only because he felt it a kindness.

"Studio work is very uncertain," he explained to her, "and we've had nothing here since Bacon finished. That's five days now. Why don't you try some of the other places? Here, I'll give you one of my cards. Go and see Reeves of the Florentine. That's down on the Twenties off Broadway, not very far from where you live. He may have something for you."

Binns touched his fingers to his hat and hurried away.

REEVES of the Florentine Studio was a very different type from Binns. His face seemed to hold the perpetual crease of a broad, kindly smile, and he babbled pleasantly to every one whom he interviewed.

He told Minnie she was a dear, pretty little girl, and if she came there on Friday morning he would find a place for her as extra girl on the set with Mary Pickford.

There were tears in Minnie's eyes when she walked out of his office. Friday she was to work! Four dollars, and she was to bring a dress to wear at an afternoon tea.

On the way home Minnie tried to decide which gown to wear, the spangled one with the train she had bought from Eleanor, or the afternoon frock from Madame Papillon's. She decided to take both of them. It wouldn't hurt to let the gang at the Florentine see how well she was outfitted.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 110

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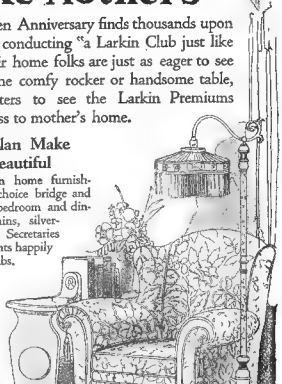

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The Rise and Fall of Minnie Flynn

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 109

That evening Minnie received a note from Eleanor, which read:

I've got to have ten dollars at once to buy a new pair of silver for the picture I'm on. Thanks for the five dollars. You only owe me seventeen fifty now. Love,

ELEANOR.

Minnie went to her father with it. She was too afraid to face the others.

"Pa, dear," she pleaded, sitting on his lap and drawing his head toward hers, "it means everything to me. You remember what Al Kessler said, 'If you ain't a good gambler you'd better not go into the game.' We know what it means now, don't we, Papa?"

Her father was frightened, terribly frightened. "I hate to touch any more of that nest-egg your mother and me have been savin'," he said in despair. "It's to bury us with. But if you've got to have it I guess I can't deny one of my own children. Wouldn't she be satisfied with five dollars, Minnie?"

"I don't think so, Papa. Eleanor's been awful good to me. I don't see how I'm goin' to stall her along."

After dinner Minnie went to Eleanor's boarding-house to pay the debt in person. Eleanor accepted the ten dollars, but she wanted to know specifically just when Minnie intended paying her the next instalment. The prospect of Minnie's work at the Florentine held slight promise to Eleanor. Times were slack. The public was objecting because so many poor pictures had been foisted upon it. From one end of the country to the other it had set up a hue and cry, "Fewer and better pictures!" All of the producing organizations were at a standstill. They were worrying over their output.

THURSDAY was a day of tragic happenings. In the morning Madame Papillon sent her delivery boy for the deferred payment of the clothes bought at her store. She also notified Minnie that she was ready for the second fitting on the suit, adding that unless Minnie came for it within three days she would have to go to law about it.

Minnie sent back word that she was very ill and would start her payments beginning Saturday. The boy accepted this message without protest. But he had had his orders from Madame Papillon, and when fifteen minutes later Minnie hurried out of the house to go to the plumbing-shop where her father worked, the boy was hiding in the shadows of the house next door.

"I'm skinflint!" prickled Madame Papillon when he reported how Minnie had lied about being ill. "I've had all I'm going to take from that movie crowd. Send Morris hurry over to Sol Greenbaum's and tell him I've got a job for him this afternoon."

Michael Flynn refused to let Minnie take any more money from his store of savings. She would have to work it out as best she could. Not even when Minnie cried that her whole future was in danger did Michael Flynn relent. He didn't care about himself, but he was going to let the mother of his children be buried in the potter's field.

Minnie ran home and threw herself into her mother's arms.

"Mama," she cried, "I tried to keep it from you, but I can't. I don't want to worry you, but you simply got to know what's goin' on. Everything's at stake. There's that new job comin' along, me playin' with Mary, think of it, and a dollar more'n I got at the other place, and pa won't listen to reason."

Mrs. Flynn, still under the spell of the movie lure, now there was another opportunity in sight, told Minnie she would do all she could to persuade her father to lend her twenty-five dollars to pay Madame Papillon.

But that afternoon Sol Greenbaum

CONTINUED ON PAGE 111

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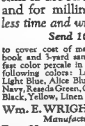

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The Rise and Fall of Minnie Flynn

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 110

came to call upon them. He was large, impressive, and he talked in a voice that rang through the hallway.

He was crying out, "I represent the law, ladies; law and order! I'm a man who loves justice, and I'm here to see that justice is done Madame Papillon. I don't want trouble, but I want things regulated. *And I mean to do it!*"

Minnie reached out; tugging at his arm, she dragged him into the apartment.

"Say, you needn't yell so loud," she cried. "I'm goin' to pay Madame Papillon back, all right. I ain't tryin' to cheat her."

"Very well, if you're going to pay her, give me twenty dollars on account. That's fair enough according to law, isn't it, now?"

"I can't pay anything to-day," and Minnie's voice reached a high pitch of desolation, "but to-morrow, if you only come around to-morrow night—"

Sol Greenbaum shook his head reluctantly. "The law knows no to-morrow," he said gravely.

In Minnie's eyes crept a look of horrified realization. "What're you goin' to do to me?" she cried, growing very pale; "you ain't goin' to arrest me?"

Sol Greenbaum raised a protesting hand. "No need of carrying on, folks," he told them; "just be calm and sensible. I'm not here to arrest anybody. I merely came to collect money on the merchandise purchased at Madame Papillon's shop or take the merchandise away."

Minnie glanced at him apprehensively. "You don't mean that you intend to take 'em away, all of 'em?" she asked.

He nodded his head.

"Well, you can't have 'em!" cried Minnie with sudden defiance. "I need 'em, and I won't let 'em go!"

Sol Greenbaum looked calmly from mother to daughter as he put his note book and the contract Minnie had signed with Madame Papillon back into his pocket. Then, wishing them a pleasant good afternoon, started for the door.

"Wait a minute!" screamed Minnie. "What're you goin' to do about it?"

"There is only one thing to do under the circumstances," said Greenbaum, as if annoyed because they had recalled him. "When a contract is signed and isn't lived up to we place it in the hands of the police. What I'd do, ladies, if I were you, is to notify your attorney at once so he can prepare your defense."

IF HE had talked of long-term imprisonments and electric chairs his words could not have been more terrifying. When Minnie spoke again it was in a whining voice.

"Ma," she said, turning pale, "what're we goin' to do about it?"

Mrs. Flynn asked Greenbaum in a querulous voice what he thought was best under the circumstances. He replied, as he had done before, that the sensible thing for Minnie to do was to let Madame Papillon hold the gowns in her shop until Minnie was ready to pay for them.

Fifteen minutes later he arrived, laughing, at Madame Papillon's shop, and handed over the box labeled, "Perishable. Maison Papillon."

At home Minnie and her mother huddled on the sofa in despair, whispering their decision not to let any one of the family know that Minnie had lost the clothes.

"It's all right, Ma," said Minnie feebly. "I still got the gorgeous gown that Eleanor sold me. At that I bet I'll make something of it on it in it. I seen a lot of 'em at the studio and there ain't one that can touch it."

"You'll make a bit, dearie, don't worry," comforted her mother. "Come now, help me get the dinner ready. As Jimmy says, 'It'll all come out in the wash.'"

CONTINUED ON PAGE 112

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The Rise and Fall of Minnie Flynn

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 111

Nettie had dinner with Elsie and Pete; Michael Flynn went back to work, after a hurried bite. The evening dragged unhappily. Gee, but the hours were long and dull now! What was Billy MacNally doing, she wondered? Probably out to a movie or maybe to a dance, or maybe spooning with Madge in the swell parlor of the Connors's new flat.

"Minnie, don't cry like that," consoled her mother. "Your eyes will be all swole in the morning. Don't cry, Minnie darlin'. I fear I'll kill that Grant girl if I ever get my hands on her. I never liked her the minute I set eyes on her, with her sneaky ways and hifalutin manners."

"Keep quiet, Ma. My head's bustin' I ain't sore at Eleanor. She don't know I got done out o' them clothes. She's sick, Ma. Oh, my head's just killin' me. Where's the vinegar, Ma?"

An hour later Michael Flynn, passing Minnie's room, heard a tremulous sigh rise out of the deepening gloom. He paused, and his heart sank at the sound of it. His girl was unhappy; perhaps she was crying. He rose on tiptoe and bent in the strained attitude of listening. The hand on the jamb of the door trembled. He wanted to go in to Minnie and take her in his arms, as he had held her so often in her childhood, but he dared not. He could only rest there, glowing with an awakened pride as he remembered with what trust she had always turned to him when a child. But she was a child no longer.

CHAOTIC thoughts were filtering through his tired head as he stood there in silent communion with his memories, but somehow he saw in their relationship the parable of the green vine which feeds its sap to the blossoming fruit that it might yield its harvest when the vine is waste. And he questioned himself: "The vine gives all. Have I given all? Have I ever given everything?" The answer beat down upon him with blows that were almost tangible. "No, no, no! Not everything! Not even enough!"

Tho the fruit was fed with the blood of his own heart, what had he done for his children? Michael Flynn's conscience cried out to him.

And then, when another sigh came from Minnie, a shudder passed through him. It was as if an icy blast had wrapped itself around him. Stark fear possessed him—had he come too late?

"Minnie!" he cried, and his voice crashed upon the silence. "Minnie!"

It awakened her from a heavy, dream-disturbed sleep. She sat bolt upright in bed, her heart thumping with the reaction of the sudden shock. "What is it? Who's that standing there? Papa?"

He came stumbling into the room, guiding his way by the dim, suffused light from the light-well. "It's papa, darling. I came in to kiss you good night. Didn't mean to wake you up."

"But you did, tho."

"I'm sorry, dear; I thought you was awake. I—" he paused, struggling for expression, glad of the dark that hid his ashen face. "There's a little matter I wanted to talk over with you. It's about the funeral money. I don't need it—I——"

A sob wrenched out of Minnie. "Papa," she cried, as his arms closed around her, "I won't do it, Papa darling. I won't touch a cent of it."

"Sh-h-h, Minnie; don't let mama hear you."

They sat there in choked silence for several minutes; then she whispered in his ear, which was wet with her tears: "Don't get it out of your sock, Papa darling, because I won't touch it. If I don't make good this time I'll work my fingers to the bone, but I won't touch any more of that money. Kiss me good night," she added hastily when she heard the door

CONTINUED ON PAGE 129

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The Advanced Spring Mode Includes These Lovely Designs

2453—Girls' Bloomer Dress. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 8 requires 2¼ yards 36-inch yellow linen. In its simplicity lies the chic of this cunning little scalloped frock. The oval neck is gathered in front and back and the frock closes at center-front. Scallop design 11695 trims the lower edge and appliqué design, 12682, is used for the ducks which may be cut from linen or sateen.

2573—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust and 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 2⅝ yards 54-inch navy blue charmeen—⅜ yard 40-inch red satin for trimming. Simplicity is the first law of Fashion this season and it is strikingly emphasized in this smart frock designed on slim, youthful lines. Monogram No. 686 may be developed in raised satin stitch.

2588—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 3⅞ yards 40-inch black satin—⅝ yard 40-inch white silk crêpe for jabot and trimming. The jabot is one of La Mode's favored whims and is particularly attractive in white against a background of black satin.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 125

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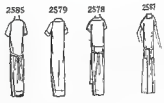
Wherever New Frocks Are Worn, the Jabot and Godet Are In Evidence



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Fashion Lays Emphasis on the Circular Cut, Typified in These Modes

2575—Ladies' and Misses' One-piece Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1¼ yard. Size 36 requires 4⅜ yards 36-inch burgundy faille silk—½ yard tan satin ribbon for trimming the collar. A long, pointed panel cut in one piece with the front of the flounce is an interesting feature of this chic beltless model. The pointed lines are of special value because of their slenderizing effects. The flounce also extends across the back, which is otherwise plain. Long sleeves are puffed at the wrists and finished with trimming pieces of self-material pointed to emphasize the line of the front panel. The sleeves are gathered to straight, narrow bands. The dress is slashed at the center-front, underfaced and rolled with a convertible collar trimmed with satin ribbon in contrasting color. Small, round buttons serve as effective trimming for this attractive frock.

2581—Ladies' and Misses' One-piece Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 3⅛ yards 40-inch black satin—1⅝ yard 40-inch green satin for trimming. How Fashion loves the jabot! It adorns, in lace and self material, the fronts of many of the newest frocks and quite frequently it extends, as illustrated on this model, down the entire left side and hangs in a point below the hem. This gives the uneven hemline that is so popular for afternoon frocks. This jabot is unusually graceful because it is cut wide at the top and graduated to a point at the bottom, allowing it to hang in a very becoming cascade effect. The oval neckline and short kimono sleeves are simple and modish. The Jabot is edged with picot, a quick and effective trimming that gives a finished appearance.

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Among Fashion's New Creations Are These Chic Frocks

2542—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1¼ yard. Size 36 requires 4 yards 40-inch nile green satin. A two-piece circular flounce around the lower edge adds a smart note to this one-piece frock with kimono sleeves. The narrow belt which ties on the side is made of self material. The embroidery motifs and borders on the frock are developed in round glass beads.

Dress 2542

Dress 2556

Blouse 2603
Skirt 2602
Appliqué 12901

Blouse 2604
Skirt 2602
Monogram 693

Dress 2589
Appliqué 12992

Dress 2576

Dress 2591

2556—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 4⅝ yards 36-inch yellow plaid taffeta. Gathered flounces trim the lower edge and the sleeves of this one-piece frock. The front is slashed in from the under-arm edges and the lower slashed edges gathered. Tie-strings which are included in the under-arm seams tie in a bow at the back. The oval-shaped neck is slashed in the center-front and finished with three covered buttons. Kimono sleeves are highly favored for frocks of this type.

2589—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust, and 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 3⅛ yards 36-inch red-and-white check taffeta—1 yard 36-inch plain white taffeta. Inverted plaits of contrasting material extend down from the patch pockets of this one-piece model. The frock is slashed at center-front, underfaced and rolled with a convertible collar. The appliqué motif, 12992, may be cut from satin in contrasting color.

2576—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 3⅛ yards 40-inch tan and blue figured silk crêpe—2⅛ yards 40-inch tan silk crêpe—1⅛ yard 36-inch lining. This frock consists of a long tunic blouse and an underslip. The blouse has an oval-shaped neck and is slashed in from the armhole edges in front and the lower slashed edges gathered. Tie-strings, included in the under-arm seams, tie in the back. Two rows of covered buttons are effective trimming on the back of this lovely model.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 126

Dress 2597
Embroidery 12757

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Slender-Hip and Larger-Hip Models of Unusual Grace

S. H. 2485—Ladies' Tunic Blouse. Designed for 42 to 56 bust. S. H. 2261—Ladies' Bodice Skirt. Designed for 42 to 56 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. The costume, in size 46, requires 3 yards 40-inch silk crêpe—¼ yard 40-inch satin—1 yard 36-inch silk lining. The deep V-shaped neck shows a vestee of contrasting material. The front is laid in upward-turning plaits at underarm seams which are left open part way. Appliqué design 12986 may be made of satin.

L. H. 2610—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 41 to 53 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 43 requires 3 yards 54-inch Poiret twill—⅛ yard 40-inch satin for collar and cuffs—2 yards braid—1 yard ribbon. Slender lines are achieved by a panel which extends down the center front of this twill frock, designed especially for the woman of larger hips. Soutache braid is used to develop the border design 12313 which trims the frock.

S. H. 2517—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 42 to 54 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 46 requires 4⅝ yards 40-inch satin—⅜ yard 10-inch allover lace. The fronts of the sleeveless blouse are laid in plaits on the shoulders, crossed and closed in surplice style. Sleeves are sewn in the armholes of the slip. The attached three-piece gathered skirt is laid in plaits and draped up at the left side.

L. H. 2611—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 41 to 53 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 43 requires 4⅜ yards 40-inch satin—¼ yard 27-inch allover lace for collar. For the woman of larger hips this is a delightful gown for afternoon and informal evening affairs.

L. H. 2623—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 41 to 53 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 43 requires 3½ yards 54-inch flannel—¼ yard 40-inch darker contrasting satin for trimming the collar and cuffs.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 126

These Three Models Are Especially Designed for Women of Larger Hips

S. H. Dress 2609

S. H. Dress 2517

S. H. Dress 2607

S. H. Blouse 2485
S. H. Skirt 2261
Appliqué 12586

L. H. Dress 2610
Braiding 12313

L. H. Dress 2611

L. H. Dress 2623

S. H. 2517 | S. H. 2607 | S. H. 2609

S. H. 2485 | 2610 | 2611

2623 | 2608

S. H. Dress 2608

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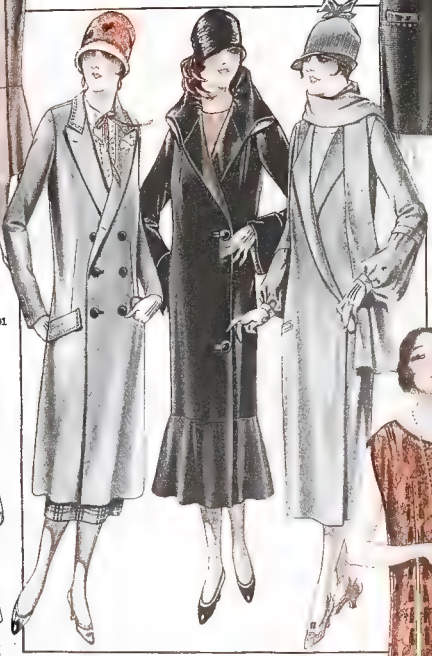
Forecasting Coat and Suit Styles for Spring

2569—Ladies' Double-breasted Coat. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 3⅞ yards 54-inch fawnskin—3⅞ yards 36-inch silk lining. The circular cut that Fashion is so fond of using is evidenced here in a three-piece flounce which lengthens the coat. Fronts are dart-fitted on the shoulders, underfaced and rolled with the collar which is gathered across the back. Long one-piece sleeves are finished with turn-back cuffs. It is an ideal coat for early Spring, typical of the newest creations.

Jacket Costume 2584 Embroidery 12984

Tunic Blouse 2603

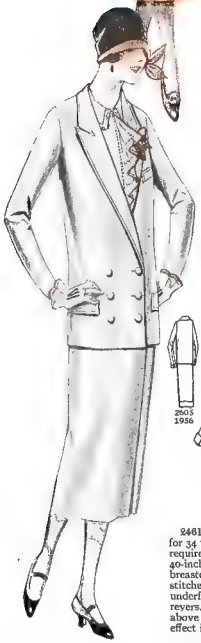


Coat 2601

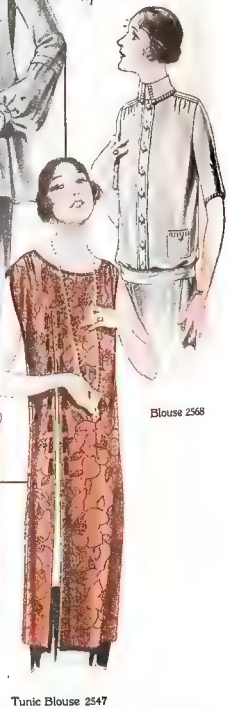
Coat 2461

Coat 2569

Coat 2333



Jacket 2605 Shirt 1956



Blouse 2568

Tunic Blouse 2547

2461—Ladies' and Misses' Coat. Designed for 34 to 46 bust, and 14 to 20 years. Size 36 requires 3⅞ yards 54-inch kasha—3¾ yards 40-inch silk lining. The back of this double-breasted coat has an inverted plait which is stitched down part of the way. Fronts are underfaced and rolled with the collar, forming revers. The front is dart-fitted at neck and above the pockets. The double-breasted effect is new and smart.

2333—Ladies' and Misses' Coat. Designed for 34 to 48 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 54-inch juina—3¾ yards 36-inch silk lining. The scarf collar is an attractive feature of this chic coat. Long, pointed revers achieve a slender line that is most becoming. The one-piece sleeves are lengthened with puffed sections that are gathered to straight wristbands.

2547—Ladies' and Misses' Tunic Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards 40-inch figured silk crêpe—⅛ yard 40-inch satin—1¾ yard binding. The blouse is gathered on the shoulders in front and slashed at the right side with a trimming band arranged under the slash. Silk tassels are used as trimming.

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Tailored Frocks and Blouses for Smart Women

2417—Ladies' and Misses' Jacket Costume. Designed for 34 to 46 bust, and 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 4⅞ yards 40-inch satin—4 yards 40-inch silk crêpe for upper part of dress and lining jacket. Fronts of the jacket are underfaced and rolled with the collar to form revers. Long two-piece sleeves are finished with deep, turn-back cuffs. The dress is slashed at the center-front under an applied band which extends down the entire length of the dress. The narrow border, 12984, which trims the dress, is unusually dainty. It may be developed in either yarn or silk in bright colors that harmonize with the silk crêpe and simple embroidery stitches are used.

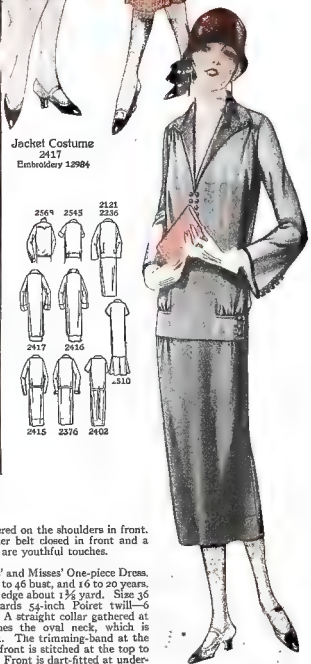
Blouse 2568
Hemstitching 12996

Jacket Costume
2416

Dress 2415 Dress 2376 Dress 2402
Embroidery 12939

Blouse 2545
Monogram 558

Tunic Blouse 2510
Embroidery 12984



Jacket Costume
2417
Embroidery 12984

Blouse 2121
Skirt 2236

2510—Ladies' and Misses' Tunic Blouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards 40-inch satin 2¼ yards binding. Of exceeding chic is this simply designed blouse with kimono sleeves and a two-piece circular flounce around the lower edge. One-stitches are used to develop embroidery design 12984.

2415 Ladies' and Misses' One-piece Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust, and 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 2⅝ yards 54-inch flannel—¼ yard 36-inch linen. Diamond-shaped patch pockets make a novel trimming on this straight-line frock gathered on the shoulders in front. A narrow leather belt closed in front and a flowing silk tie are youthful touches.

2376—Ladies' and Misses' One-piece Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards 54-inch Poiret twill—6 yards binding. A straight collar gathered at the back finishes the oval neck, which is slashed in front. The trimming-band at the left side of the front is stitched at the top to form a pocket. Front is dart-fitted at underarm seams.

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Presenting New Designs Especially Becoming

2437 –Juniors' One-piece Dress. Designed for 13 to 19 years. Size 13 requires 2⅜ yard 54-inch check flannel —⅞ yard 36-inch linen for collar —6¾ yards ribbon. An ideal little frock for school wear is this chic model which crosses in front and closes at the left side.

2469—Juniors' One-piece Dress. Designed for 13 to 19 years. Size 13 requires 1½ yard 54-inch flannel—1⅛ yard ribbon. This smart frock is gathered on the shoulders and buttons all the way down the center-front. The neck is finished with a pointed collar. Monogram 693 may be developed in raised satin stitch.

2590—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years, and 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 16 requires 3¼ yards 40-inch satin—1¾ yard ribbon for tie—4½ yards binding. Two scalloped flounces, bound with contrasting color, trim this one-piece frock with lines that are adapted to youthful figures.

2581—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years and 34 to 44 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 16 requires 2¾ yards 40-inch silk crêpe—1⅜ yard 40-inch contrasting silk crêpe for jabot. Sloping shoulders and a long, graceful jabot extending from shoulder to hem feature this lovely frock. The narrow border is design 12807.

2584—Ladies' and Misses' Jacket Costume. Designed for 16 to 20 years, and 34 to 44 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. Size 16 requires 2¾ yards 54-inch kasha —2¾ yards 40-inch silk crêpe for upper part of dress and lining of jacket. This is a stunning costume for early Spring wear or for Winter wear under a top coat.

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To Young Girls and Women of Small Stature

2399—Girls' and Juniors' Dress. Designed for 6 to 17 years. Size 13 requires 1⅛ yard 54-inch stripe flannel—1⅛ yard 54-inch plain flannel—⅛ yard 36-inch lining for underwaist. The frock consists of a separate blouse and a two-piece skirt attached to an underwaist.

2264—Girls' and Juniors' Dress. Designed for 6 to 17 years. Size 13 requires 2½ yards 54-inch wool jersey—¾ yard 54-inch contrasting wool jersey for trimming. Applied bands trim the front of this pretty dress. The appliqué motif is 12978.

2142—Girls' and Juniors' Dress with Cape. Designed for 6 to 17 years. Size 13 requires 3⅛ yards 54-inch flannel—1 yard 54-inch darker contrasting flannel for trimming. The one-piece, slip-on dress is slashed and closed at the left side-front. Front of dress is gathered at the neck. The cape is finished with a narrow collar which is cut in one piece with the tie-strings.

Dress 2142

Dress 2399

Dress 2264
Appliqué 12978

Dress 2573
Monogram 697

Dress 2594

Dress 2574
Appliqué 12992

Dress 2588
Embroidery 12956

2594 2399 2264 2142
2596 2580 2588
2598
2574 2186 2573

Dress 2598
Beading 12972

Dress 2596
Embroidery 12979

Dress 2580

Dress 2186

2588—Ladies' and Misses' One-piece Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years, and 34 to 44 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 16 requires 3¼ yards 40-inch faille silk—⅝ yard 40-inch silk crêpe—2⅝ yards edging. The fronts are turned under to form underfacings and stitched to a band giving an inverted plait effect. Above the band, fronts are rolled with a convertible collar forming revers. Embroidery design 12956 is effective trimming.

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Embroidery design is included with this dress

Dress 2515

Bloomer Dress 2544 Appliqué 12978

Dress 2613

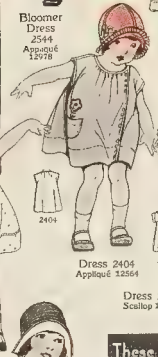
Suit 2433

Bloomer Dress 1594 Appliqué 12720

Coat 2617

Bloomer Dress 1091

Dress 2162



Dress 2404 Appliqué 12564

Dress 2614 Scallop 11694

Dress 2615 Appliqué 12796

Suit 2600

Suit 2301

2301—Boys' Suit. Designed for 2 to 7 years. Size 6 requires 2¼ yards 36-inch linen—4¼ yards braid for trimming collar.

These embroidery designs are included with these dresses

Dress 2564

Dress 2468 Initial 2

Dress 2495

Dress 2561

Dress 2557

Suit 2076

2561—Girls' One-piece Dress, Including Embroidery Design Made to Fit Each Size. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 8 requires 1⅞ yard 36-inch light linen—½ yard 36-inch darker contrasting linen. The dress is slashed in from the underarm edges and the lower slashed edges gathered. A two-piece circular flounce and trimming-bands are of contrasting material.

2076—Boys' and Juniors' Suit. Designed for 6 to 16 years. Size 8 requires 2 yards 54-inch tweed—1½ yard 36-inch lining. An ideal suit for school wear.

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Serviceable Modes for the Schoolgirl

2384 Coat 2384

2616 Coat 2616

2387 Coat 2387

2255 Dress 2255 Monogram 573

2496 Dress 2496 Appliqué 12992

2453 Bloomer Dress 2453 Embroidery 12994

Simple Dresses Designed for Schoolwear

2583 Dress 2583 Monogram 697

1108 Bloomer Dress 1108 Embroidery 12977

2189 Bloomer Dress 2189

2298 Bloomer Dress 2298 Initial No. 2

2577 Dress 2577 Embroidery 12994

2370 Dress 2370 Appliqué 12992

1108—Girls' Bloomer Dress. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 8 requires 3⅝ yards 32-inch check gingham—½ yard 36-inch linen. The dress is trimmed with an applied band and design 12977 developed in appliqué and cross-stitch.

2370—Girls' and Juniors' Dress. Designed for 6 to 17 years. Size 12 requires 2½ yards 36-inch linen. This simply designed dress closes at the left side-front and is gathered at the neck in front. The belt is slipped through slashes in the dress. Appliqué design 12992 may be made of contrasting linen.

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Embroideries

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 101

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12961, blue only, 25 cents—1/–, furnishes 2 yards of border, 4 and 4 reverses of 4 motifs and 4 corner motifs.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 105

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12962, blue only, 25 cents—1/–, furnishes a 5-piece breakfast set.

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design No. 12965, blue or yellow, 25 cents—1/–, furnishes 3 borders.

Fashions

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 113

2589—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust, 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 4 yards 40-inch red satin.

2570—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 4¾ yards 40-inch green silk crêpe. Design 12937.

2583—Girls' Dress. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 10 requires 2⅞ yards 36-inch red and blue flannel.

2017—Child's Coat. Designed for 1 to 5. Size 4 requires 1⅝ yard 54-inch blue kasha.

2593—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 1⅝ yard each rose and gray figured silk crêpe—⅝ yard 40-inch gray silk crêpe.

2005—Ladies' Jacket. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. No. 2629—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. The costume, in size 36, requires 4¾ yards 54-inch white kasha.

2574—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust, 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 36-inch brown stripe flannel. Design 12986.

2596—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 42 bust, 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 2 yards. Size 36 requires 3 yards 40-inch light blue silk crêpe

DESCRIBING MODELS ON PAGE 114

2594—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 42 bust, 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 2¼ yards. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 40-inch blue satin—4¾ yards darker blue satin ribbon.

2579—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 42 bust, 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 2¼ yards. Size 36 requires 4¾ yards 36-inch black silk faille —⅛ yard 40-inch white silk. Design 12864.

2597—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge of slip about 46 inches. Size 36 requires 1⅝ yard 36-inch red and black bordered silk crêpe—1⅝ yard 40-inch red silk crêpe—1¾ yard 40-inch black silk.

2582—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 2⅝ yards. Size 36 requires 1⅝ yard 40-inch green silk crêpe—1⅝ yard 40-inch gray silk crêpe. Design 12983.

2578—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 4 yards 40-inch gray and lavender voile.

2587—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 42 bust, 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 4 yards 40-inch yellow satin.

2591—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 40-inch green and black figured silk crêpe.

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2588—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 42 bust, 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 40-inch figured silk crêpe.

2598—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 42 bust, 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 2⅝ yards. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 40-inch Persian blue satin. Design 12991.

2595—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 2⅞ yard 40-inch figured silk—1⅜ yard 40-inch white crêpe.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 126

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Fashions

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 125

2596—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 42 bust, 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 2¼ yard. Size 36 requires 4⅝ yards 40-inch gold satin. Design 12320.

2580—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 2¼ yard. Size 36 requires 3⅞ yards 40-inch royal blue satin—2¼ yard 40-inch dark blue satin—Design 12313.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 116

2591—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust, 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 2⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 40-inch rose and brown silk crêpe—2¼ yard 40-inch rose silk crêpe.

2597—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, 16 to 20 years. Size 36 requires 3⅝ yards 54-inch navy blue charmeen. Design 12757.

2603—Ladies' and Misses' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 48 bust, 14 to 20 years. No. 2602—Ladies' and Misses' Skirt. Designed for 34 to 48 bust, 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 2¼ yard. The costume, in size 36, requires 2⅝ yards 40-inch white silk crêpe—2 yards 40-inch green silk crêpe. Design 12901.

2604—Ladies' and Misses' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 48 bust, 16 to 20 years. No. 2602—Ladies' and Misses' Skirt. Designed for 34 to 48 bust, 16 to 20 years. Costume, in size 36, requires 2¾ yards 54-inch lavender flannel. Monogram 693.

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S. H. 2608—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 42 to 54 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 46 requires 4 yards 40-inch satin.

S. H. 2607—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 42 to 54 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 46 requires 3⅝ yards 54-inch flannel.

S. H. 2609—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 42 to 54 bust. Width at lower edge about 2¼ yards. Size 46 requires 2½ yards 54-inch charmeen—1½ yard 36-inch silk crêpe.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 118

2584—Ladies' and Misses' Jacket Costume. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 4⅛ yards 40-inch satin—3 yards 40-inch silk crêpe for upper part of dress and lining jacket. Design 12984.

2601—Ladies' Coat. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 3⅝ yards 54-inch kasha.

2603—Ladies' and Misses' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 48 bust, 14 to 20 years. Size 36 requires 2⅝ yards 40-inch faille silk.

2598—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 1⅝ yard 40-inch crêpe de Chine.

2602—Ladies' Jacket. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. No. 1956—Ladies' and Misses' Bodice Skirt. Designed for 34 to 48 bust, 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. The costume, in size 36, requires 3⅜ yards 54-inch flannel—2½ yards 36-inch lining for jacket—1⅞ yard 36-inch lining.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 119

2402—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards 54-inch flannel. Design 12930.

2568—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 2¼ yards 36-inch linen. Design 12990.

2416—Ladies' and Misses' Jacket Costume. Designed for 34 to 48 bust, 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 3⅞ yards 54-inch check kasha—2⅝ yards 54-inch plain kasha.

2545—Ladies' and Misses' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust, 16 to 20 years. Size 36 requires 1¾ yard 40-inch silk crêpe. Monogram 558.

2181—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. No. 2280—Ladies' and Misses' Bodice Skirt. Designed for 34 to 48 bust, 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 1⅞ yard 40-inch silk crêpe for blouse—2¼ yard 54-inch charmeen for skirt.

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2600—Misses' Jacket. Designed for 14 to 20 years. No. 1956—Ladies' and Misses' Skirt. Designed for 16 to 20 years. 34 to 48. The suit, in size 16, requires 3⅝ yards 54-inch flannel—1⅞ yard 36-inch silk.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 127

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Fashions

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 126

2583—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years, 34 to 44 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 16 requires 3¼ yards 40-inch silk crêpe. Design 12312.

2297—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years, 34 to 42 bust. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 16 requires 1⅞ yard 40-inch dotted silk crêpe—1¾ yard 40-inch plain silk crêpe.

2426—Juniors' Dress. Designed for 13 to 19 years. Size 13 requires 2¾ yards 36-inch linen.

2019—Misses' Coat. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 3½ yards 54-inch fawaskin. Design 11602.

8003—Ladies' and Misses' Blouse. Designed for 14 to 20 years, 34 to 48 bust. No. 8009—Ladies' and Misses' Skirt. Designed for 14 to 20 years, 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. The costume, in size 16, requires 2¾ yards 40-inch light satin—1¾ yard 40-inch dark contrasting satin. Design 12943.

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2186—Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1¼ yard. Size 16 requires 1¾ yard 54-inch check flannel—1¼ yard 54-inch plain flannel.

2574—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years, 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 16 requires 2¾ yards 40-inch stripe tub silk. Design 12992.

2575—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years, 34 to 44 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅞ yard. Size 16 requires 2⅝ yards 54-inch wool jersey Monogram 697.

2580—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years, 34 to 44 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¼ yard. Size 16 requires 2¾ yards 54-inch charmeen—1⅝ yard 40-inch silk.

2596—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years, 34 to 42 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 16 requires 4⅜ yards 40-inch satin. Design 12079.

2598—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years, 34 to 42 bust. Width at lower edge about 2⅝ yards. Size 16 requires 2⅞ yards 40-inch satin. Design 12972.

2594—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years, 34 to 42 bust. Width at lower edge about 2¾ yards. Size 16 requires 3⅝ yards 40-inch figured silk.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 122

2515—Child's Dress. Including Transfer Design to Fit Each Size. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 2 requires 1¾ yard 40-inch voile.

2544—Child's Bloomer Dress. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 2 requires 2⅝ yards 32-inch chambray. Design 12978.

2613—Child's Dress. Designed for 2 to 5 years. Size 2 requires 1½ yard 40-inch dotted voile.

2488—Boys' Suit. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 2 requires 1⅜ yard 36-inch linen.

1594—Child's Dress. Designed for 1 to 5 years. Size 2 requires 1¾ yard 32-inch chambray. Design 12720.

2617—Child's Coat. Designed for 1 to 5 years. Size 2 requires 1¾ yard 54-inch Polo cloth.

1091—Child's Dress. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 2 requires 2¾ yards 32-inch stripe chambray.

2102—Child's Dress. Designed for 1 to 5 years. Size 2 requires 1⅝ yard 36-inch dotted Swiss. Scallop 11853.

2404—Child's Dress. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 2 requires 1⅜ yard 36-inch linen. Design 12504.

2614—Child's Dress. Designed for 2 to 5 years. Size 2 requires 1¾ yard 32-inch gingham. Scallop 11694.

2615—Child's Dress. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 8 requires 1¾ yard 54-inch wool jersey. Design 12796.

2600—Boys' Suit. Designed for 4 to 12 years. Size 4 requires 1⅝ yard 36-inch linen.

2462—Girls' and Juniors' Dress. Designed for 12 to 15 years. Size 12 requires 1⅞ yard 54-inch stripe flannel—⅞ yard 54-inch plain flannel. Initial No. 2.

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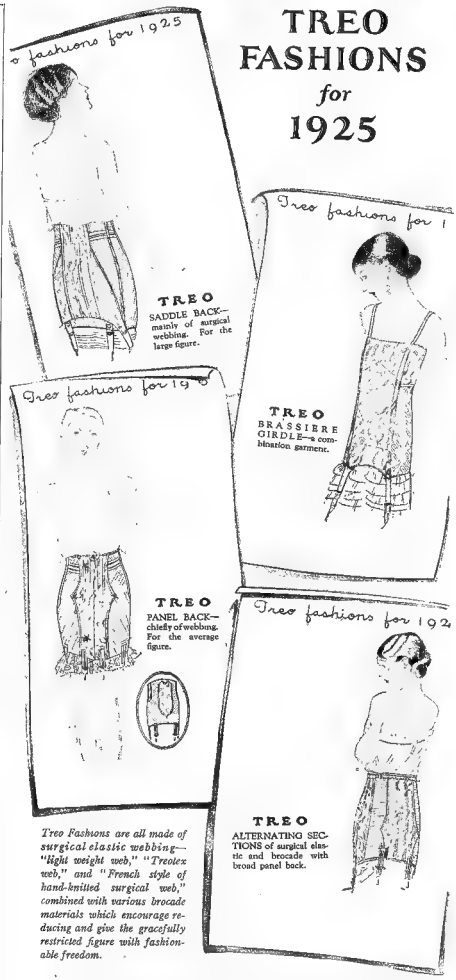
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Fashions

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 127

2504—Juniors' Dress. Designed for 12 to 17 years. Size 12 requires 1⅞ yard 54-inch wool jersey.

2495—Girls' Dress, Including Transfer Design to Fit Each Size. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 8 requires 2⅝ yards 40-inch silk crêpe.

2557—Girls' Dress, Including Transfer Design to Fit Each Size. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 6 requires 1⅞ yard 36-inch dark linen—1¼ yard 36-inch light contrasting linen.

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2384—Girls' and Juniors' Coat. Designed for 6 to 17 years. Size 13 requires 2½ yards 54-inch velour—⅞ yards 36-inch silk crêpe.

2016—Girls' Coat. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 10 requires 2¼ yards 54-inch plaid—2⅝ yards 36-inch crêpe.

2387—Child's Coat. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 4 requires 1⅝ yard 54-inch camel's hair—1⅝ yard 40-inch satin.

2256—Girls' and Juniors' Dress. Designed for 6 to 17 years. Size 10 requires 2¼ yards 40-inch Canton crêpe. Monogram 573.

2496—Girls' Dress. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 10 requires 2⅜ yards 32-inch striped gingham. Design 12991.

2455—Girls' Dress. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 10 requires 1⅝ yard 40-inch crêpe—⅝ yards 40-inch velvet. Design 12994.

2558—Girls' Dress. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 14 requires 2¾ yards 54-inch serge. Monogram 697.

2180—Girls' Dress. Designed for 6 to 12 years. Size 10 requires 2½ yards 36-inch cretonne.

2298—Girls' Dress. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 10 requires 2½ yards 36-inch gingham. Initial 2.

2577—Girls' and Juniors' Dress. Designed for 6 to 16 years. Size 14 requires 3 yards 36-inch linen. Design 12994.

DESCRIBING MODELS ON PAGE 124

2553—Girls' Hat. Designed for 2 to 12 years. Size 6 requires ¾ yard 27-inch velveteen.

2592—Tabot and Cuffs. One size. Requires ¾ yard 40-inch voile—4½ yards lace.

2102—Ladies' Scarf. One size. Requires ¾ yard 54-inch bordered flannel.

2442—Ladies' and Misses' Combination. Designed for 34 to 42 bust, 16 to 20 years. Size 36 requires 2 yards 40-inch crêpe—½ yard 40-inch satin for collar and bosom.

2274—Ladies' Combination. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 1⅝ yard 40-inch voile.

2021—Raggedy Ann Costume. Designed for 2 to 14 years. Size 8 requires 2¼ yards 36-inch cotton print—2 yards 36-inch cambric for apron.

2018—Raggedy Andy Costume. Designed for 34 to 42 chest. Size 38 requires 2½ yards 36-inch linen for blouse—2¾ yards 36-inch galatea for trousers—1¼ yard ribbon.

1168—Ladies' Apron. Designed for 36 to 52 bust. Size 36 requires 3½ yards 36-inch striped percale.

1171—Ladies' Apron. Designed for 36 to 52 bust. Size 36 requires 1¾ yard 36-inch figured sateen—2 yards 36-inch plain sateen for skirt—⅝ yard 36-inch contrasting to trim.

2044 Ladies' Dress Sleeves. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires for No. 1 ⅞ yard 40-inch crêpe; No. 2, ¾ yard 54-inch charmeen—⅝ yard 36-inch linen for cuff; No. 3, ⅝ yard 36-inch taffeta—⅝ yard 40-inch allover lace; No. 5, 1 yard 40-inch satin.

2929—Ladies' Bloomers. Designed for 24 to 38 waist. Size 26 requires 1⅝ yard 40-inch crêpe.

2616—Raggedy Andy Costume. Designed for 2 to 14 years. Size 8 requires 1¾ yard 36-inch striped percale for blouse—2 yards 32-inch chambray for trousers—½ yard 32-inch contrasting chambray for trimming.

2020—Raggedy Ann Costume. Designed for 34 to 44 bust, 14 to 20 years. Size 36 requires 4¼ yards 36-inch cotton print—4½ yards 36-inch cambric for apron.

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The Rise and Fall of Minnie Flynn

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 112

in the front room slam and knew that Nettie was home. "I'm glad you came in here, Papa darlin'; it's comfortin' like it was when I was a kid."

Michael Flynn was in a feverish ecstasy after he left Minnie. His arms ached from the weight of her as they had ached so many years ago. His fingers traced her tears upon his face. Unconsciously he bent back his head so they could pocket in the hollow of his cheek. She had kissed him with such tenderness and she had called him "Papa darling."

Michael Flynn was a simple man and grateful for all blessings that came to him; so in the dark he knelt before his cot cautiously, so Jimmy wouldn't awaken and laugh at him.

THE Florentine Studio was in the loft of a ramshackle building on Twenty-sixth Street, near Broadway. Minnie felt at home in this neighborhood; it was similar to her own noisily crowded settlement. How differently she had approached the studio in Fort Lee! It seemed far out in the country, and the country frightened her. The bare branches of trees, denuded by the winds of late Autumn, threw fantastic shadows on the dusty roads; the quiet had some of the awesomeness of a darkened church. But here it was different. Life exploded at one's elbow, children scuttled across the street like black beetles, pedlers shouted their wares, gongs on street-cars clanged, and horses' hoofs pounded on the cobbles.

Minnie paused in the doorway of the studio, waiting for the elevator. Others swarmed in, and soon the hallway was jammed by the inrush of people. When the elevator door opened Minnie sprang inside. She was hemmed in by the frantic crowd all fighting not to lose one of the minutes which seemed so precious.

As the elevator slowly climbed upward a child's scream startled them; some one had stepped on her foot. They strained to back away from the mother and the crying youngster. One man leaned down and lifted her to his shoulder, but her screams only mounted higher. The elevator came to a standstill, and the crowd swarmed out of it. The man abruptly set the child down and edged his way into the long queue that stretched from the barred window of the casting director's office.

Minnie fell into place, the mother and child in back of her.

The line was moving one by one as the people were being turned away from the window. Some went wearily toward the elevator, others through the door which led into the dressing-rooms By the time Minnie's turn came her body was damp with a cold sweat. Where was Reeves? Who was that man in his place?

REEVES'S assistant was a tall young man who peered at Minnie with near-sighted eyes through his thick, distorting glasses. Without a word he handed her a card to fill out, then started to walk over to the ledger in which were filed the names of the extra people.

"Just a minute, please," she called to him. "I'm Minnie Flynn. I seen Mr. Reeves on Tuesday and he said I was to work to-day."

"What name was that?" asked the young man in a disinterested tone.

"Mineola Flynn," she corrected. "He said I was to work on the Pickford set."

"Oh, he did, did he? Well, I think they've got all the people they can handle. Fill out the card, young lady, and be sure to put down your phone number. I'll call you when we have anything for you."

Minnie's knuckles wrapped upon the iron grating "Please, just a minute," she repeated in a quavering voice, "he promised it to me. I been countin' on it. Look, here's a card from Mr. Binns.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 130

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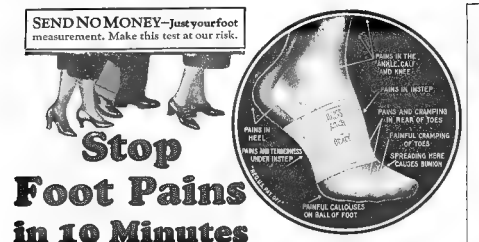
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The Rise and Fall of Minnie Flynn

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 129

That's how he come to see me. He promised it to me!"

"Step aside just a minute; you're blocking up the line. I'll see Mr. Reeves and find out if they can make room for you."

For fifteen minutes Minnie waited. Then she was called to the barred window. The interviewer had very little to say to her, asking briefly if she had brought an afternoon dress. She nodded eagerly, and held up the brown-paper parcel. Motioning that she was to go through the door into the dressing-rooms, he handed her an admission-slip and turned again to the swelling line.

There were a dozen girls in the dressing-room when Minnie came in, but no one paid any attention to her. The first call to the set had been shouted down the corridors and there was no time to lose.

Minnie put on her make-up quickly. Then she lifted out of the paper parcel the shimmering evening gown and held it up, surveying it critically, as if she didn't quite approve of it. A swift glance around the room told her there wasn't another dress to compare with it, and Minnie couldn't resist the temptation to flaunt it before the other girls. She was hoping somebody would exclaim over it so she could answer as Eleanor had done, "Yes, it's a sweet little frock, but simple, quite simple."

A man came to the door, evidently an assistant-director. He spoke in a low, well-modulated voice. "All the girls will please see Mrs. Letts before going downstairs," he said. "Kindly report on the stage as soon as possible."

No loud voice, no presumption, no slamming of doors as he went out. What a strange fellow for an assistant, Minnie thought.

SHE followed a group of girls hurrying toward the wardrobe-room where Mrs. Letts held court. She didn't keep them long; merely looked them over, tied a sash here, adjusted a corsage of imitation flowers there, or removed superfluous false jewelry. When she came to Minnie she leaned back and smiled approvingly.

"I don't think I've ever seen you before," she said warmly. "That's a very pretty gown, dear. Mr. Dorsey's set, of course."

"I don't think so," Minnie answered; "the man down-stairs said the director's name was Porter." With a nod of triumph, "I'm goin' to play in Mary Pickford's picture."

Mrs. Letts threw up her hands and uttered an exclamation. "But some one has made a mistake!" she cried. "It's an afternoon tea."

"That's it," cried Minnie eagerly; "that's what I'm to be in."

"But, my dear," protested Mrs. Letts, "look at the gown you've got on."

Minnie's words were almost inaudible. "What's the matter with it? Ain't it good enough? It cost sixty-seven dollars at a sale. It photographs well. I—"

"That's a evening gown," interrupted Mrs. Letts. "Don't you know that you can't wear a gown like that to an afternoon tea?"

Minnie reached over to grasp Mrs. Letts's hand. "Say, that don't mean I can't work to-day, does it, Ma'am? Honest, I'll go crazy if I got this far and can't go through with it."

Inexorable laws which dare not be broken.

"If I had any kind of a dress in this wardrobe-room I could give you, my poor child," said Mrs. Letts, "I'd do it in a minute. But I've used everything we have in stock. I'm sorry, dear, but I can't pass you. However, I'll be able to give you a very good recommendation, and if you like I'll speak to Mr. Reeves personally. Don't be discouraged; you'll probably be called within a day or so."

Minnie turned and fled from the room.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 131

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"Like a Clean China Dish"

The Rise and Fall of Minnie Flynn

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 130

Hastily she undressed and wrapped the gown in the brown paper. Again in her suit, she rushed through the corridor and out to the elevator. It was only a quarter past eight, and if she reached the Lincoln Studio before nine, by some unexpected good fortune they might be able to use her. But the casting director at the Lincoln told her to drop around again in a day or so.

It was a long, tedious trip to Fort Lee. When she reached Binns's office she was informed by the boy that he had left for California. The new man, Mr. Phelps, wouldn't take charge for a day or so.

The office boy was nineteen. He mentally checked Minnie off as a "peacherino," so he kept her half an hour, whispering confidentially in her ear, assuring her that he would put "one over" on his new boss and slip him Minnie's name every time he got the chance. He told her all the news of the studio. Beauregard was going to reorganize and establish one of the finest studios in the country. The office boy prophesied that it was during this process of reconstruction that Minnie's turn would come.

But this was meager comfort to Minnie, who was discouraged, cold, hungry, and afraid to go home.

"What are the names of the other studios?" she asked the office boy.

He wrote them down on the back of one of Sam Binns's cards—two in Fort Lee, but one was closed. Funny a pretty girl like Minnie couldn't get work, but the world seemed full of pretty girls. He pushed a pimply face close to her and moved his scalp so his ears wiggled.

"How's that for tricks?" he laughed explosively. "Say, if you can't get into the movies suppose we step into vaudeville. How about it, eh?"

She resisted an impulse to slap his face, for after all he really might be able to place her name before this new casting director. "So long, honey; I've got to be toddling," she said, "and I think I'll take in those other studios before calling it a day. Don't forget me, and if you see any of my friends say hello for me," and Minnie was gone on her pilgrimage.

IT WAS five o'clock before Minnie came home. She had been walking the streets since two. She had gone to a pawnbroker with the dress. Four thirty-five, the ticket worth two," he told her. Her courage failed her when she started to hand it across the counter—the first pretty thing she had ever owned. With that money, tho, she could silence those bitter tongues, Pete's and Nettie's and her mother's. They couldn't flaunt her failure at her again. She would give them to understand the money was paid her for work at the studio.

The following day she would try to get her old position back at the store. Then she wouldn't have to go to her father and ask for help. Her father—the memory of his trembling arms steadied her; it gave her a clearer vision.

There was a trace of satiric gleam in the pawnbroker's eyes as Minnie gathered up the bundle and flung out of the store. "She'll come back to-morrow," he said to himself.

Nettie and her mother advanced to meet her as she opened the door.

"Well, dearie," cried her mother. "I seen you got good news for us. Did you act to-day, Min?

Quietly she faced them with the truth and her decision to go back to her old job. Then when she could bear their upbraiding no longer she went quietly out of the house and down the street.

MINNIE didn't know that Billy saw her the first time she passed Hesselman's shop. He ducked behind the counter to watch her, he thought would be an awkward meeting. The second time she passed she walked more slowly. How

CONTINUED ON PAGE 132

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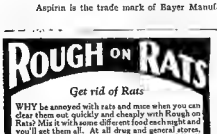

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The Rise and Fall of Minnie Flynn

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 131

pale she was. Billy had never seen her walk with lagging steps before. He rose from his hiding-place and dodged behind a huge quarter of beef. What in the devil was Minnie stalling around the butcher-shop for?

He stepped out from his hiding-place indifferently. It was almost closing-time. After the blocks were scraped and the last of the window-display hoisted on the nails in the ice-box, he would be ready to leave. He would put on his new brown derby, walk right past her, tip his hat, smile, and keep on going until he came to the doorway of the French bakery, where Madge Connors would be waiting for him.

He was glad he had worn his best suit and a white collar. He hoped Madge was sporting the new sealskin coat she had bought at the store for a hundred and twenty-five bucks. Guess that would set Minnie back somewhat when he and Madge walked away to the restaurant where they were to dine.

Weary of waiting for him, Minnie slowly rounded the corner and bumped into Madge Connors.

"WHY, Minnie," cried Madge, checking her first impulse to rush up to her former friend with that careless gesture which has become so much a woman's habit.

"How do you do, Madge? You're lookin' well," Minnie answered icily.

"Thank you," replied Madge in much the same tone. "It's cold to-night, ain't it?"

Minnie laughed ironically. "Maybe for you, Madge, but not for me."

As if rooted to the spot, they stood there, teetering slightly, Madge buttoning and unbuttoning her sealskin coat.

Then they heard the hurried thumping footsteps approaching. Her face was red; he must not guess what lay in her heart. She quickened her steps. She heard him running behind her.

"Min! Wait a minute. I got something to say to you."

"To *me*, Billy?"

"Yeh; don't get sore, Min. I just wanted to ask if you'd have dinner with Madge and I."

"What's the idea? Think I want to be the extra spoke to the wheel? Not me!"

"You'd never be an extra spoke where I'm concerned, Minnie, and you know it. Tell me the truth, honest now. Got anything on for to-night?"

She knew what he intended to ask. If her spirits hadn't been so low she would have turned away from him.

"Sure, but only a dinner date."

"So've, I but I'll have dinner?"

With a shrug of her shoulders Minnie feigned indifference. "Nothing definite. My gentleman's friend's goin' to a theayter-party up-town. I had a headache this evening. I didn't feel like jainin' em. Surely Madge ain't the kind of a girl that's goin' to pass you up after you've fed her, is she?"

"For Billy," she thought to herself, "he is still stuck on me," and sympathy for him almost equaled her sympathy for herself.

"Do you really want to see me very much?" she asked him. "Oh, don't look at me like that; your friend might see you."

"I don't care who sees me, Minnie, the whole world for that matter. Listen, I can break that date with Madge. It won't hurt her feelings. There's lots I got to talk over with you. What do you say I meet you in front of Sullivan's at seven-thirty?"

"Make it eight," said Minnie, who figured she would have time to get out to Eleanor's and back.

"Eight! Say, I'll be there, Minnie, with bells on."

"So long, Billy—*dear*."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 133

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The Rise and Fall of Minnie Flynn

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 132

Minnie was strangely, unexpectedly contented for the first three weeks of her married life. It was a relief getting away from the untidy Flynn home into the small but comfortable sky-parlor of Mrs. Shultz's rooming-house. It was only two doors from Hesselman's butcher-shop, so Billy often ran home, making quite a happy interlude in her long, quiet day. Minnie seldom visited her people. It always meant a hysterical scene. Elsie and Pete were living in the Flynn home, Mrs. Flynn having moved into the bedroom with Nettie, so that the young couple could have the living-room. They despised Minnie because they felt she had lied to them and cheated them. She had promised so much and given nothing.

Minnie wanted to go back to work, but there was no opening in the "odds and ends." Jeeps, the floor-walker, told her that he'd have her in mind when one of the girls left, and would recommend her to the manager of the basement. She wanted to scream at the thought of the girls' hidden laughter. She was a failure, and because of it she had lost her popularity. In such moments of loneliness and ostracism, Minnie, filled with self-pity, sought comfort in Billy's arms. He would hold her on his lap and they would swing back and forth in the squeaky rocker.

She would close her eyes, relax, and dream of the future. Billy was nice—and nobody's fool. He had do very well in a few years. Hesselman had no relations and couldn't live on forever. Billy and she would have a flat in the Bronx—and children, of course. And on Saturday night they would all go to a vaudeville show. She'd probably get fat like her mother. But Billy was like her father. He would never forget how she had looked when she was young, and he would always love her, work for her, fight for her, and protect her. If only he wouldn't sleep with his mouth open and if only soap could rub from his hands the odor of cold-storage meat.

Talking about meat was another thing that sickened Minnie. And Billy talked of nothing else—cuts, ribs, livers, T-bones, the rise in beef, the fall in lamb, the weight of each new carcass. He took great pride in the new meat-grinder Hesselman had bought. He urged Minnie to come into the shop late one afternoon just before closing-time to see it. With a proprietary air he led her over to it. It was red, and the knives were new and highly polished.

"I'll let you turn the handle, honey, while I throw the meat in. Just old scraps so we won't waste nothin'."

Minnie turned the handle. Billy, grinning, passed in several pieces of discolored refuse. Minnie turned away.

Billy was disappointed. He gave up all hopes that Minnie would be what his father had always called his hard-working mother—"a good wife." She would never make an A Number 1 butcher's wife! But she was a dear little thing, and he was proud of her.

MINNIE turned for companionship to the cheap novels which were lying on a dusty shelf. But the fine print hurt her eyes, and she preferred to sit there with her hands hanging listlessly over the arms of an old chair and stare into space, reviewing, as in a daze, her experience at the studios. How drab and colorless every-day reality seemed in comparison to the glitter of the movies! This very room she was in—a bedroom; a great oak-stained, greasy-backed bed covered with coarse sheets, cheap blankets, and a crazy-quilt; oak furniture, crumbling mantelpieces, gas-jets.

How different from the bedroom built on the stage at the studio—the one they called the boudoir! A gilded bed with a canopy overhead, trailing its silken draperies to the floor, pink lamps, and a

CONTINUED ON PAGE 134

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The Rise and Fall of Minnie Flynn

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 133

polar-bear rug before a fireplace. A room fit for a queen, Minnie thought, the kind of setting any woman could be absolutely happy in—provided, of course, she had the right man. Minnie could never see Billy in a room like that. Al Kessler might be at home there, but never Billy. She shuddered when her imagination pictured his old working-suit lying over the back of one of those gilded chairs.

One afternoon Elsie in great excitement came over to see her.

"Minnie, can you imagine—look!" And she pulled a long envelop out of her pocket. "Here's why I come over today. It's for you. It says 'Superior Studio Elite Productions' on the envelop. Do you think——"

Minnie snatched the envelop away from her and tore it open. Her face grew pale as she read aloud in a high-pitched voice:

DEAR MISS FLYNN: We are very anxious to have you get in touch with us regarding a part in Mr. Deane's next picture. Will you kindly telephone at your earliest convenience so we can make an appointment with Mr. Deane?

Sincerely yours,
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"At your earliest convenience" was the phrase that intrigued Elsie. It distinguished Minnie as nothing had ever done before. "What're you goin' to do about it?"

"I dunno," Minnie said dully. "It might be all a fake."

"A fake, rats! Nobody fakes a letter that's set up in that style."

"Oh, Els, wouldn't it be wonderful if ——"

"If what?"

"Nothin'! But some people run into the rottenest luck. Why didn't it come before I was—" She checked herself before she had said aloud "married to Billy."

"Elsie, have you got any o' that rouge left? I'm awful pale."

"What you gonna do, hon?"

"It's one-fifteen now. Guess I can make the two o'clock ferry to Fort Lee."

HAL DEANE had already attracted considerable attention among the producers of motion-pictures. The press, too, had applauded his sincere, intelligent efforts to vitalize the elemental plots of the screen-pictures. He seemed to recognize that striking individual characterization and humor would revive the lagging interest of a public jaded by commonplace plots. Deane was one of the pioneers in this field.

Men like Bacon, who had got their schooling in the second-rate avenues of the theater, scoffed at his "radicalism."

Bacon had been a barnstormer; a stock actor in small towns; later a producer of cheap, tawdry road shows. He had fed the audiences highly colored, sensational melodramas played in an artificial and flamboyant manner. Even when plays had real merit, Bacon managed by his interpretation to destroy in them any semblance of reality. He was convinced that theater audiences like exaggeration of style in dress, of mode of speech, of emotional expression. He carried this idea into the picture business, and it met with approval by most of the producers who were just as ignorant of audience reactions; only a very few among them had had experience in any branch of the theatrical profession.

Bacon used the mechanical plot, hectic emotions, and sensational climaxes. Characterization of individual rôles was a waste of effort to him. He scorned Deane's insistence that the only future hope for the screen lay in individual interpretation of type.

Bacon believed in bald, obvious cartooning which would provoke what he and the men of his school called "belly laughs." Deane achieved a more subtle

CONTINUED ON PAGE 135

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The Rise and Fall of Minnie Flynn

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 134

humor. By balancing laughter and tears he made real the marionettes on the screen. He chose stories about real people. When he launched them upon their melodramatic ways, guided them through situations often vague and distorted, he made them seem reasonable because of the sincerity and the reality of the acting. He wanted the audience to see themselves in these simple interpretations of every-day people—and they did. Breathlessly they saw themselves—and followed through any maze of plot.

The public soon began watching for the pictures which Deane was directing. They could laugh at them, they could cry over them. "Human," they called them.

Deane was a skilled mechanic. He would not have himself called anything else. That was his pride. He could not see much art in the movies. If the public wanted pap, he would give it to them. He would grind out happy endings, which would bring success and money both to him and George Beauregard, the man for whom he was working.

At college, while he was studying to be a chemist, he had noted the possibilities of motion-pictures as a new prosperous industry with Gargantuan power. He saw that with intelligent coordination this new medium possessed potentialities for the actual enlightenment and amusement of the masses.

WHEN he finished college, received his bachelor's degree of science, and knew he had a profession to fall back upon, he turned to the moving-picture studios, keenly curious. He was interested in the amazing strides already made in the studio laboratories. Each year new inventions made more beautiful the photography of the screen. Each year more skilled mechanics improved the electrical department until there had been perfected gigantic, powerful lights which brought a semblance of clear, crystal daylight onto the very stages of the studios. Architects were contributing their skill in designing stage-settings. Costumers were learning photographic values of all fabrics. Skilled artizans from all over the world were turning toward the movies.

Deane began in one of the laboratories. His quick, incisive mind soon attracted the attention of those in charge. They dismissed his radical ideas on labor-saving devices. They were amused at his worry over the useless, wholesale waste of money in the careless hands of the so-called creative people of the studios. But they were awed by his college education and often turned to him for advice or information. Being well read, Deane suggested many stories which were screenable. He corrected the doubtful English of the titles written upon the screen. He even took a fling at writing copy for the advertisements of their productions.

Directing pictures had never seemed an opening wedge. Most of the directors were men with some experience in the theater. But so many of them failed in this new medium. During that period, when the motion-picture industry was aching from its growing-pains, artizans sprang to the positions formerly held by artists. Many of this new school of directors were making good. Among them were men without academic training, but with vision, a keen, sympathetic understanding of the masses, and humor of the streets. Above all things, they were fearless men because they were not fettered by the traditions of the theater. Deane saw their success and realized that probably here was the channel through which his opportunity was to come.

He began as an assistant director. He worked in this capacity for several months. Then his chance came. Oddly enough, he didn't succeed at once. His pictures were quite mediocre. Deane

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The Rise and Fall of Minnie Flynn

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 135

realized this to his chagrin, and with wry humor confessed to the producer: "I guess I am cross-eyed with introspection. I've been too full of theories, and I've found them difficult to put into practical use." He marshaled all these theories, evaluated them between what was practical and what was merely visionary, finally rejecting everything but the idea of humanizing the characters of the stories given him to produce. His success was a slow but definite growth. After five years of tireless application he was recognized as one of the most capable, intelligent directors of the screen.

Beauregard paid him a larger salary than was being paid to any director. For this reason alone Beauregard acceded to all his demands.

Deane bought a story of the tenement districts of New York. The locale was lower Ninth Avenue, and he knew that in order to give a semblance of reality to the characters they must be well chosen among the actors and actresses who typified such an environment. The story was the romance of a shallow, ignorant little girl who succeeded because of a pretty face and native wit.

"I've got the girl!" Deane cried out, his arms cutting through the heavy fog of tobacco-smoke swirling to the low ceiling of Beauregard's office. "I've got her!"

THE men, aroused from a strained, tense silence, sat mechanically upright and bent forward eagerly. They had deliberated long and seriously over the girl to play the rôle of *Margie Tait* in "Women for Sale."

"Who?"

"Big star?"

"Nobody you ever heard of before. Can't even remember her name. Extra girl. Send for Letcher."

Letcher was brought in, his fat, pulpy face gray with fear.

"Who was that kid who worked on Bacon's set? Girl—Minnie—something or other! Did some stunts one day—made you all laugh. Think she called it a 'Chink Act,'" Deane shot at him.

"Oh, gee, that little kid?" Letcher turned to Beauregard, a choking sound in his throat. "Don't fire me for a thing like that, Mr. Beauregard," he pleaded, his huge head rocking on his neck. "It was Binns that lied to me about her. On my honor, I ain't laid eyes on the little fool since that day."

"What's her name and address?" came in Deane's quiet, compelling voice. "I want to send for her."

Beauregard laughed at the blank, crestfallen expression on Letcher's face as he left the room.

When Letcher was gone Deane said, "He's right—she is stupid. Tried to bluff her way into the studio, but she has the old spark we're always searching for. She'll photograph well and she's the type! Pliable if I have patience, and she is worth the experiment."

"If you believe she's the one, I won't argue over it, and, say, Deane, I'll be glad to have you start on the picture. But don't stint on this one—I'm ready to spend some money. We need a knock-out right now. We always depend on you to give them to us."

"You'll get it in this one. It's commonplace enough to be a great commercial success," Deane laughed. "Box-office written all over it. Poor girl, rich villain, honest lover, sweet, self-sacrificing mother, train-wreck rescue—all the tried and true ingredients of hokum."

George Beauregard moved uneasily and lowered the tight, red lids of his pop-eyes. With amusement Deane saw the color mount to his temples. He knew that Beauregard hated to have pictures spoken of as being ground out of a sausage-machine. Beauregard wanted to call them "art." He had always resented his own background, his poverty-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 137

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The Rise and Fall of Minnie Flynn

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stricken childhood. For years he had been pointed out as the "Junkman," even the "Junkman of Fifth Avenue," until after several successful years in Wall Street he had retired and bought himself one of the conspicuous palatial residences on the avenue.

Longing to satisfy the creative force in him, he became a patron of all the tributaries of art. The man who sold him the controlling stock in the motion-picture organization known as "The Elite Productions" spoke of the movies as the great new art, and prophesied that the pioneers in the field would meet with international recognition. So Beauregard became a producer in order that he might command the artizans in the vain hope that he, as the head, would be recognized as the artist.

In the presence of Deane he was always uncomfortable. He felt that he was being ridiculed, tho there was no evidence of this in Deane's quiet composure and frank, smiling eyes.

Beauregard boasted of Deane's college education, for there was only a handful of college men in the whole profession —several of them were actors.

BEAUREGARD was present when Deane interviewed Minnie. He saw at once why Deane wanted her—her delicate, oval face; her waving, lustrous hair; white, even teeth; gray eyes, shadowed by long lashes; and a full, laughter-loving mouth.

Deane sat there in his chair behind the desk looking at her with keen, appraising eyes. He weighed his words, at the same time intensely studying the reaction on Minnie. Beauregard stirred uneasily. Baiting human beings, especially pretty young girls, always seemed a cruel sport to him. But Deane's cruelty was quite subtle. He made his victims laugh, hope, and suffer poignantly so he could analyze how kaleidoscopic were their emotions.

Deane told Minnie briefly but with dramatic emphasis the story of "Women for Sale." She listened dazedly, awed because she was the focus of his attention. Her ears heard little above the beating of her heart.

"It's a great story, isn't it?" he said when he had finished.

She flushed. "Yeh, it sure is!" she answered nervously. "Thanks awfully for telling it to me, Mr. Deane. He tells stories something swell, don't he?" and she made an awkward gesture to include the others.

Beauregard, spitting out another piece of his cigar, swallowed and nodded.

"Well, young lady, what do you think of the part of *Margie Tait*?"

Minnie wanted to answer quickly and intelligently, but the silence in the room stifled her. So she repeated in the same unstudied way, rising in crescendo to a titter, "Yeh—I think the part is swell, isn't it?"

"Look here, Miss Flynn. How would you like to play that part? The star in the picture, do you understand?"

"What, *me*? You don't mean me?"

"Yes, you. I picked you out for it. You're just the type of girl I want. What's more, I believe you can act."

"Oh, Mr. Deane! Honest—oh, you're kiddin' me!"

"No, he's not," interposed Beauregard. He was growing more uncomfortable. He was beginning to wish that Minnie was a homely girl.

Tears sprang to her eyes. "I sure can do it, Mr. Deane, if you only give me a chance. Please say you're not kiddin'."

"What salary do you want?"

"Anything—nothin'!"

She leaned for support against the big oak table, resting her damp hands upon it, bending forward queryingly, her eyes growing black with dilating pupils, searching Deane's face, fascinated, yet terrified by his enigmatic smile.

"Here's what I'm going to do for you, Miss Flynn: Let you play the part and give you seventy-five dollars a week." Minnie made no outward move. But within came a violent physical disturbance. Her stomach seemed wrenched and twisted—nausea overcame her. The figures of the men merged into one and swayed like heat-vibrations. Again she grasped the oak desk, straddling out her legs to get her balance.

"Quick—a glass of water!" cried Beauregard, who thought that she was going to faint.

"Oh, don't bother!" she forced a wan smile. "I got sick to my stummick for a minute. I'm all right now. How much did you say you was goin' to give me? That wasn't by the week, was it?"

Deane turned to Weaver. "Bring that contract here. I want her to sign it."

Minnie was afraid. She had signed something once—that paper at Madame Papillon's. "If you don't mind, I'd rather not. I'll take your word for it. Do I work for a couple of weeks?"

"You'll have to sign the contract," said Deane. "Don't worry. There's no catch in it. It's very simple, merely a form. You're going to have at least eight weeks' employment. This picture is a special."

Minnie Flynn gasped, "You mean to say you're gonna pay me seventy-five dollars a week for eight weeks?"

Deane nodded. "Not only that, Miss Flynn—I'm going to give you one hundred dollars in advance. Buy some wardrobe with it. You'll need two hats with feathers on them."

"Two hats with feathers on 'em?" echoed Minnie in a dazed monotone.

"You'll need a sweater and a tam. Do you like red?" Deane was smiling.

"You bet your sweet life I do," Minnie answered, brought out of her hysteria by his commonplace question. Then she added hastily, her face burning, "If you don't mind, I'd like to get a green tam. It goes lots better with my hair."

"Get anything you like," answered Deane. "Buy a few bangles for your wrists. Girls like bracelets, don't they?"

Minnie had lost all of her self-consciousness. "Sure, I like bracelets. I'm a girl, ain't I?"

"You're *the* girl; that's more to the point," Deane answered, always with that detached smile.

WEAVER returned and put the contract and a fountain pen in front of Deane, who glanced over them casually, made a slight notation, then read the contract aloud to Minnie, who stood there listening, her mouth half open and her eyes half closed.

"You can sign here." Deane pointed to the dotted line. When Minnie reached for the pen, he felt her finger-tips cold against his. "Clean act," he thought to himself. "I'll be able to get something out of her. Ignorant, but emotional."

Minnie signed on the dotted line, "Minnie Flynn."

"I thought your name was Mineola?" This was the first time Weaver had spoken.

"Yeh, it is; Minnie for short. Ain't it funny?—I'm that nervous!"

"It's not such a pretty name for the screen," Beauregard tried to mention casually, speaking always in his soft, colorless voice. "Don't you think we had better suggest to the young lady that she change it?"

"If she doesn't mind."

"Gee, of course not. I've got another name. Do you think MacNally is any better than Flynn?"

Weaver looked swiftly to the ceiling and put his tongue in his cheek. Minnie saw the gesture and hated him for it. It reminded her of Pete. Like a bird in swift flight Minnie's thoughts flew home, and for a breathless second she felt sharp pangs akin to ecstasy as she visualized

CONTINUED ON PAGE 138

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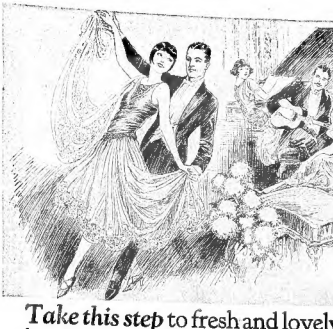

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The Rise and Fall of Minnie Flynn

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 137

her triumphant return. How she would astonish them, tantalize them; how she would shame them by her generosities! Billy, Jimmy, and her father in new suits and flaming neckties, with silver-foil-wrapped cigars protruding from vest pockets. She was drunk with the glamour of possession.

"We've been talking over a new name for you!" The sharp, decisive inflections of Deane's voice brought her back to sudden consciousness. "Mr. Beauregard thinks it wiser to give you another one."

"Yes, we are planning to christen you to-day."

"Oh, but, Mr. Beauregard, I ain't dressed for a christenin'."

"Not a formal christening, Miss Flynn. Beauregard slowly lowered his lids and smiled. Flynn was beginning to be attracted by her prettiness. He made a pleasant mental note of the smooth, slender column of her throat, the delicate roundness of her figure as she bent over the desk.

DEANE glanced swiftly from Minnie to Beauregard with an expression of disgust. "We were discussing names, Beauregard. Read the list, Weaver. I've written down all that have been suggested. You'll find the crop has been pretty well culled."

Weaver read the list: "Love—Lovely —Sweet—Pretty—Gay—Joy—Darling —Caprice."

"Ah, yes, I'm afraid you're right," said Beauregard. "They've all been used. I'm sorry about Caprice—it seems to fit the young lady. 'Capriciousness, thy name is woman.'"

Deane shot him a contemptuous, understanding glance, but Beauregard didn't see it. He was looking at Minnie under half-closed lids, and smiling—"like an old bullfrog," raced through Minnie's mind, "but a nice old gent at that." To Minnie he seemed a fat, kindly man in his forties, and he certainly showed that he had respect for women. How Eleanor had lied about him!

"Yes, Beauregard, the name of Caprice has been used. They have all been used—even Mona Lisa."

"Lady of the Inscrutable Smile! Remarkable name for a picture star, especially a vampire. I wish I had thought of it first," said Beauregard.

Deane had a sense of humor. He was laughing at Beauregard, at the stupidity of the game as he saw it played every day in the studios.

"Opal would be the name for this charming young lady," said Deane.

Minnie tittered.

"There's a chorus girl who does extra work here. Her name is Opal Escent," said Weaver. "She hasn't had the name very long, and she may be persuaded to change it for a slight consideration."

"Escent—Opal Escent—Miss Escent—" Beauregard was ruminating aloud. "No, I don't like the name of Escent; it isn't quite euphonious enough."

"Have you a middle name, Mineola?" Weaver asked her.

Minnie had always wished that her mother had given her the middle name of June instead of May. "Yeh—it's June."

"June! Not half bad. In fact, I rather like it. What goes well with June, Deane?"

"June Day," with a scarcely veiled smile from Deane.

"June Day!" echoed Beauregard, bringing his short, fat hand down upon his knee with a resounding thud. "You've hit upon it! May Day—June Day. Yes, that's the name for this young lady. Well, young lady, how do you like it?"

"Swell," answered Minnie, flushed with the triumph of the moment. "I think it's swell!"

CONTINUED ON PAGE 139

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The Rise and Fall of Minnie Flynn

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 138

"Well, christen her right in this office, Weaver! Open that cabinet and get me a bottle of Scotch. Four glasses!" He was already searching the desk drawer for the corkscrew. "Ring for the photographer, Deane. I'm going to give out the story of our new acquisition. Don't be stingy with the Scotch, Weaver. June Day! We've got to drink a toast to you."

Deane's mouth was drawn into a thin, jagged line. He rose abruptly. "Come on, Weaver. We've got work to do."

"Not one highball?" asked Beauregard with a pretense at regret, but welcoming the chance to be alone with Minnie.

Deane didn't answer Beauregard. He turned to Minnie. "Step into my office in a few minutes, please. I'll have a hundred dollars in cash for you. There are two or three things I wish to discuss."

Minnie was instinctively uneasy before Deane. "Yes, sir."

The door swung open, and the photographer entered. "Flash-light, Mr. Beauregard, or do you want to step outside?"

"Flash-light," he said, setting the bottle and the two glasses under the desk so they could be hidden by the waste-paper basket. "This is Miss Day, Walter. Don't go, Deane. I want a 'still' of Miss Day signing the contract.

"Miss Day had better stand between us two," said Beauregard. "There! That's it, little girl. Lean over, pen in hand, as if you were signing the contract, then look up into the camera and smile. No, I guess it's better if you look at *me* and smile."

Minnie had had many snap-shots taken. She looked right into the camera and smiled boldly. The sharp report and the puff of smoke startled her.

"Well, that's over," said Beauregard, "and now the preliminaries are on. Develop the negative right away, Walter, and turn a couple of prints over to

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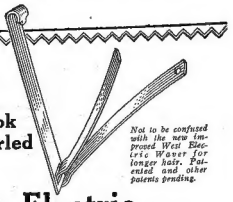

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The Rise and Fall of Minnie Flynn

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 139

the publicity department. I want the story in to-morrow's papers."

Minnie shook hands with Walter. He turned on his heel and stalked out, grinning, followed by Weaver. Deane slammed the door after him.

"You'll like Deane when you know him better," apologized Beauregard as the smile died away in Minnie's eyes. "He's a great director. I'll see that he makes you."

"Gee, but you're awfully good to me, Mr. Beauregard. I don't know how to thank you."

"Little June Day," said Beauregard, and his voice dropped to a lower cadence, "all the joy we get out of life is but a reflection of the joy we bring into the lives of others. Your happiness is to be my happiness. Shall we drink a merry old highball together?"

"No, I don't want to, really. I gotta get home. You heard what Mr. Deane said. He wants me to do some shoppin'." With sudden childish eagerness, "Think of it, Mr. Beauregard—a hundred dollars! Why, I never dreamed I'd ever hold that much money in my own hands. Pinch me and see if I wake up!"

He leaned over and took hold of her arm, pressing it between his two soft palms. "Dear little arm, I couldn't bear to pinch it. Very well, June Day, run away from me and get your hundred dollars." He sighed ponderously. "It's a great joy to be able to give it to you. I'd like to be there with you while you're spending it. It's a veritable passion with me, enjoying another's happiness."

Minnie let him hold her hand. She was hardly conscious of his presence. Racing madly through her mind were fragmentary pictures of the heights she was to climb—money, power, position, and Billy MacNally.

"Good-by, June Day. I'll drink my toast to you alone."

"Aw, that's a shame, but you heard what Mr. Deane said. Honest, it's gettin' terrible late, and the stores'll be closin' on me if I don't look out. I'll come in again to-morrow, Mr. Beauregard."

"Promise, little June Day."

"Sure; what do you think I am? Ungrateful or somethin'?"

"I've only just begun to do for you, my child. Wait—wait until I have worked out more definite plans for your future."

"The store'll be closin'."

"All right, then, June Day, run away from me."

Minnie's hand had already turned the door-knob. With a flashing, happy laugh she called her farewell.

Beauregard smiled sadly, the pretense of hurt in his eyes. Minnie saw this, and tossed him a kiss. It was a frank, childish gesture. To her he was a nice old man, old enough to be her father, and she owed him everything. She wanted to laugh outright when he quivered at the salute. "Posy old man, like an actor," she was thinking to herself.

"By-by," she called. "See you to-morrow."

The third instalment of "The Rise and Fall of Minnie Flynn" will appear in the next issue of Pictorial Review, published March 15th. If you don't like to read a serial by instalments, save your Pictorial Reviews and read it all at once.

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